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ROSEDALE RAVINE





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## *Two Men*

EDWARD WILSON WALLACE, B.A.

ONE said with a smile, "I am well content,  
I have reached the goal toward which I bent ;  
My ideal is gained—not the highest I own,  
But the world will judge by success alone.  
Better a lower aim that is won,  
Than to miss by striving to reach the sun."

But an angel who heard him, whispered, "O fool !  
Can you measure a man with a twelve-inch rule?"

\* \* \*

The other sighed with an aching heart  
As he humbled himself in sorrow apart.—  
"Write above me: 'A failure here lies,  
Who spurned the earth but missed the skies.'  
I reached for God, not lower my aim ;  
I strove and failed—no reward I claim."

Then God came down in the form of a man,  
And lifted him up to a God-like span.

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***Joseph Brant***

A. M. HARLEY, '06

“ Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,  
     ‘Gainst Brant himself I went to battle forth ;  
     Accursed Brant ! he left of all my tribe  
         Nor man nor child, nor thing of living birth.  
     No ! not the dog that watched my household hearth,  
         Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains !  
     All perished ! I alone am left on earth,  
         To whom nor relative nor blood remains,  
     No ! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !”

—*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

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A MONG the notable Indian chiefs who figure prominently in Canadian history, a high position must be given Joseph Brant, or, as he is known by his Indian appellation, Thayendagea. His period of activity was at the latter end of the 18th century, being a sort of Black Douglas during the American revolutionary war, and while he never figured in any battles of consequence, his many predatory campaigns among the outlying settlements of the revolutionists harassed the enemy to no little extent. His name alone was a terror and menace. Legends of his fiendish cruelty and wanton disregard for human life existed for years in the Ohio region of the United States, and it has not been until of late that his character has been shown in its true light. Then, when it is taken into consideration that his was the Indians' conception of the value of human life, a heritage from hundreds of savage red-skinned forefathers, the tolerance and consideration shown at times is remarkable. To understand his character one must look at his life.



He was born sometime about the year 1742 at Canajoharie Castle, along the Ohio river. His father's Indian name was Anglicised into Barnet, or, as it was later known, Brant, and he was an Indian of considerable importance, though not of the status of chieftain. In early life, Sir Wm. Johnson, well known in Canadian history, took the youthful Brant under his tutelage, later giving him a thorough English education at one of the best New England grammar schools, where, among other labors, he translated the Gospel of St. Matthew into his native tongue.

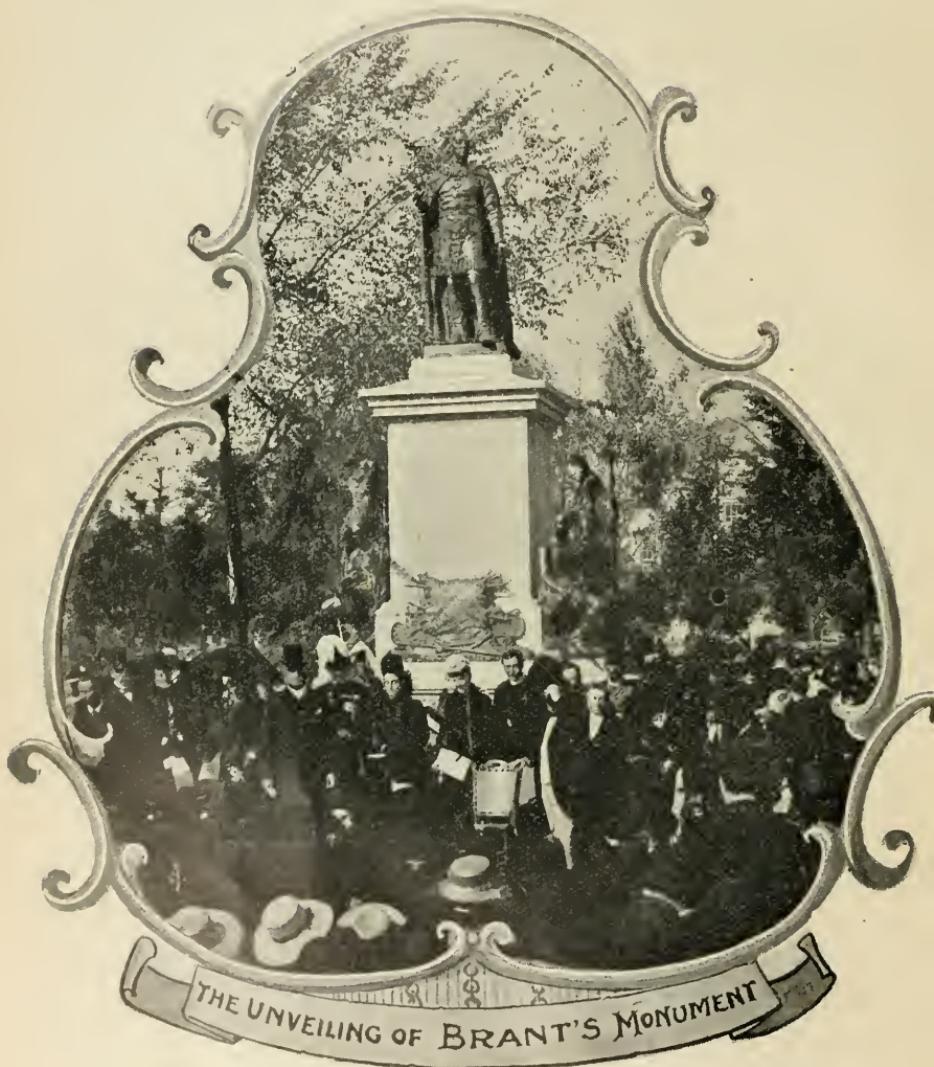
On returning to his tribe, his learning and connection with Sir Wm. Johnson, together with a recognized military prowess, was instrumental in having him chosen a chief, and later, in 1771, he was elected the principal war chief of the confederacy. His early life was spent in petty warfares with neighboring tribes. An epoch in his career was his trip to England in 1775, at the invitation of Sir Wm. Johnson. During this visit Brant was treated and entertained by royalty, and his presence at social gatherings was eagerly sought, but the dusky warrior yearned for his old home among his kin on the Niagara frontier.



JOSEPH BRANT.

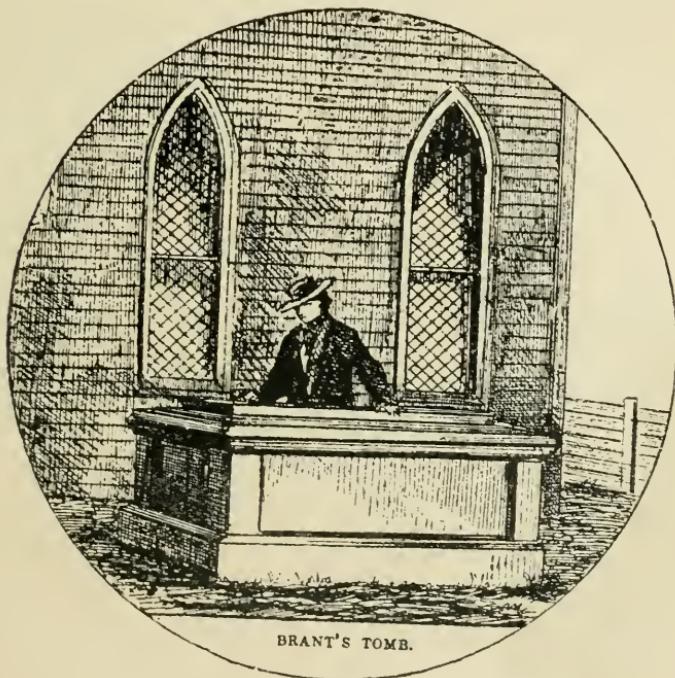
The outbreak of the revolutionary war a year later caused him to swear eternal fealty to England, and he went home to fight the battles of the Great White King.

His enthusiasm and eloquence aroused his own and kindred tribes. A large band was formed, one of the largest in Canadian history, and throughout the long years of the war the peculiar military tactics pursued by them wrought the greatest havoc among the outlying settlements in New York State and those along the Ohio river.



In 1777 he joined the forces of General St. Leger, but in a pitched battle which occurred, his Indians were unable to cope with the trained white soldiers on the open field and hereafter Brant adhered to the guerilla warfare, natural to the Indian.

The success of his raids was forcibly recognized by Congress in 1778, when persistent efforts were made to break up the great Indian alliance under Brant. But Brant's powerful personality and dominant influence held his warriors faithful, and all overtures by the Americans came to naught. The contest was renewed with even greater vigor than before. Frequent were



the instances in which individuals and whole families in outlying places disappeared without any knowledge on the part of those who were left that an enemy had been near them. "The smoking ruins of their dwellings and the charred bodies of the dead, together with the slaughtered carcasses of the domestic animals were the only testimonies of the course of the catastrophe until the return of an escaped captive or the rescue of a prisoner furnished more definite evidence."

We are now brought to the time of the Wyoming expedition,



OLD MOHAWK CHURCH, BRANTFORD.

the blackest spot in American history, and the most bitter and sanguinary encounter in the whole war. It was the alleged responsibility for this expedition which heaped so much obloquy upon the name of Brant.

The first suggestion for the expedition was when Col. Guy Johnson asked permission from Lord Germain to direct an expedition against the inhabitants of the valley of Wyoming, the scene of conflict for generations between Indian and Indian, Indian and white man, and, last of all, white man and white man, all struggling for the possession of this beautiful and fertile spot. The expedition was a bloody success. The provincial troops were scattered and the victorious loyalists and Indian allies flung themselves on the helpless settlers, inflicting the most unpardonable atrocities and carrying out a most complete pillage. For many years the entire blame for this was laid on Brant, even by the time Campbell wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming," he was still held responsible. The real facts as subsequently borne out by later evidences are that the pillage was ordered by the English officers, was more than carried out by Brant's Indians, and that Brant himself was several miles away from the scene of destruction at the time. It is interesting to note that Campbell later apologized to a relative of Brant for the unjust accusations made against him. "The accounts of Brant's cruelties at Wyoming are gross errors, and, in fact, Brant was not present at the scene of desolation."

Many more encounters were experienced before the war ended, but none like that of the valley of Wyoming. In all he was eminently successful. His valor and intuitive skill, combined with the horror of his name, made his foes retreat before him and his band of Indians. He never advanced into the enemy's country, preferring to make a quick attack and retire before the enemy could recover.

At the conclusion of the war he was once more invited to England. This second trip was made in the interests of his people. England, in her many troubles, had forgotten her faithful Indians, and signs of discontent were showing among the allies. It was for the purpose of securing justice that Brant made his second trip to the court of the Great White Father. In this he was successful. Grants of money and reservations of land were made, and under the leading spirit of Brant the various tribes peaceably settled on the several Indian reservations in Ontario. He did much for the spread of Christianity and education. The first temple of worship to be

erected in Upper Canada was on the Indian reservation near Brantford.

Part of this reservation was purchased by settlers who saw at the site of "Brant's Ford" a suitable place for a trading centre. The name was later shortened into Brantford. The church referred to above is still used for worship, being the chapel attended by the pupils of the Mohawk Institute. The church still contains a communion service presented to the Six Nation Indians by Queen Anne.

After a life of hardship and toil, in which the interests of his own Mohawk tribe were always uppermost, Brant died in the year 1807, near the present village of Burlington. His body was subsequently interred, along with his son, beside the church he founded, the old Mohawk church near Brantford. It is interesting to note that the city to which he gave his name intends celebrating his centennial in 1907 with appropriate ceremonies.

The Brant Memorial, a cut of which accompanies this article, was erected some twenty years ago in Victoria Park, Brantford. Brant is represented in his full chieftain's regalia, and his statue surmounts the monument proper. The unveiling ceremonies were attended by many Indian chiefs from all over America.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.

## *An Ethical Consideration*

"THE HAMMERER."

I 'LL tell you what I'll do, Steel," said the young man's partner, looking at him steadily, "cut your construction estimates for the rest of the work down by fifteen thousand and I'll share even with you on the profits."

They had been looking over plans and estimates of a new skyscraper, which the firm was just putting up.

"You can easily do it," he continued, eagerly. You sunk a good deal more than I expected in that piling and concrete in the foundation work. Seems as if you expected to hold up the whole town instead of only a hundred feet of it, but that's done now and can't be remedied. You can clear yourself on the upper stories. Why can't you substitute some lighter "T" beams for those eighteen-inch pieces in the main frames above the tenth story and cut down on your steel work all round. It's got to be done some way."

Steel's head came up with a jerk, but his face showed more determination than surprise. The evening's conference had revealed several hitherto unsuspected traits in his partner's character.

"It's impossible, Mr. Barclay, he said, decisively. "I can't and I won't. You know I've cut those estimates down to the last possible safety notch working along the lines of the specifications, and—"

"Hang the specifications!" broke in Barclay. "What difference do they make? You know how I stand with the city hall gang. If I didn't we wouldn't have had this contract. A word to Jennings will insure that the inspection goes all right. It's a farce, anyway. It seems to me that you're a little kittenish, Steel. You're trying to make your pile as well as the rest of them. Why won't you use the same tools? How did Mead and Pollock get where they are? Got a set of plans passed by the city architect, worked from different ones and cut out a tidy bit of stuff from each contract. The inspection amounted to nothing and nobody outside the ring knows of their system. Their buildings are safe enough."

"Perhaps they are," said Steel, quickly, but in a biting tone. "But next time you go down Chestnut Street look up at the overhang on the top story of the Towning wedge, which, you remember, Pollock ran up in four months two years ago, and see

if you can't find where it's sagging. And if you go up to the top story," he continued, looking out of the window, "the nineteenth, I think, and go to a little hallway at the back, you can look down beside the fire-escape and see where the cement wall has buckled about two feet on the outside of the elevator shaft. I ran a plumb down there one day when no one was looking. Yes, it may be safe!"

"Oh, those are little things," said Barclay, speaking in a brazen way, "and only one man in a thousand, a crank like yourself who's looking for such things, would find them. The people know nothing of it. Look at the Standard building, Murphy's new job, just across from yours. It looks all right and he's four stories ahead of you now. Some one told me yesterday that he expected to rake in forty thousand on the contract. How's he doing it? We can make a good haul out of this job, and you can manage it some way. I've made you my offer."

Steel's temptation was stronger than at first appears. Only a few months before a certain plump little god, who is usually pictured with an archery outfit, but minus his trousers, had pumped a few telling missiles into a vital spot in the young man's anatomy, and the sufferer was even now fighting for recognition and a pile of ducats, with a view to founding a home of his own. However, the grit instilled into him by a long line of straightforward grandfathers stood him in good stead. Barclay noticed that his jaw was protruding even more than usual when he looked up to reply.

"If you mean that I'm to inch on specifications and go below the safety point for the sake of a few extra thousands, Barclay, you've gripped the wrong man. I don't care to carry the responsibility for the safety of a couple of hundred of my fellow-citizens on my conscience. Very evidently that idea doesn't bother these other big fellows very much. I tell you, Barclay," Steel was getting vehement, "I'm hot on this thing. Your gang and others like them have no more regard for human life than you have for a sack of cement. It's altogether an unconsidered element with you. And it's not only in this town and in building construction that the thing's felt. You can see it in everything. It's simply a case of graft and grab above any consideration for human safety." Steel was talking like a phonograph geared above the ordinary. "A chap nowadays gets a bridge contract through a pull, or by buying up a few directors. Then he goes to work and calculates how he can follow the

official plans in seeming, and at the same time cut down on the original estimate. He takes a big chance, puts in some rotten stuff or leaves some out, has the inspector 'fixed' by the ring and his job is passed as O. K. It may stand for a month or for five years, but some day, after an ice jam, one of the piers gives way under an excursion train and the papers are black with a horrible casualty list. What's the result? The thing is talked about for a day, but is hushed up by the system and immediately forgotten, and the chap who murdered, yes, murdered, I say, that bunch of people, gets off scot-free and does the same thing over again. Isn't it true? The same thing occurs every day. Look at the destroyer *Perth*, whose port boilers blew up in Vancouver harbor the other day and roasted sixty of the poor devils in her. The inspector had been over her a month before but had been bought up by the Clyde builders and passed everything as first-class. I heard yesterday that he told an old engineer, a friend of mine, that the middle boiler—they were Bellevilles, you know—was full of rotten tubing?

"Who suffers for this? The inspector? Not a bit of it! You know how the thing works out. I tell you, Barclay, God Almighty has a magnificent score written down against some of these fellows. And," Steel continued, more quietly, though with even greater earnestness, "I want you to know that I don't propose to be one of the number. It'll ruin me, I suppose, to get out of the firm as things stand at present, but I'll do it, yes, and I'll do a hundred times more before I'll cut down on those estimates you've seen to-night. I did spend more than I expected on the piling and concrete in the foundation, but it struck me just at the last moment that the shaft of the new Verdun underground would pass that corner. You can never depend on how those railway tunnels will affect your foundation, particularly if you're in quicksand, which we struck there, so I had to provide for that."

Barclay had been studying his partner closely during this lengthy speech, but evidently years of political experience had hardened his sensibilities. "Quite a sermon, Steel, quite a sermon," he said, with rather an unnatural laugh. "You take these everyday affairs very hard. But I see your mind's made up. We'll think the matter over for a week or so. In the meantime go on with your work."

Steel had become thoroughly roused. He grabbed up the bunch of estimates, jammed them in his inside pocket, and flung

himself out of the office without waiting for his partner. The elevators had stopped running hours before, so he ran down the several flights of stairs and out into the street.

The night was unusually bright, and at that late hour traffic was almost suspended. He met no one. A few minutes of rapid walking brought him to a more rational mood, and he began to think of things about him. The idea that Murphy's building was ahead of his own, and that the other contractor was so successful, troubled him a good deal, and after a moment's thought he decided to walk down to the new Standard building, and to try to find out what his rival was doing.

As he neared the corner the web-like steel framework of the two new buildings, Murphy's near him, and his own, across the corner, was accentuated in the moonlight. The Standard building was enclosed somewhat further up than his own, but beyond that he could see no difference. A word to the watchman, a former employee of his, let him pass through a gate in the shelter sheds, which hung out over the sidewalk, and, inside the enclosure, he began to look about him. Piles of massive steel beams which would later be hoisted into place in the upper framework and huge heaps of fat sacks of cement for the concrete wall, lay around everywhere. The end of a pile protruding from the bottom of one of these heaps drew his attention and he called the watchman with his lantern over for a closer inspection.

"So Murphy uses hemlock piling in his foundation," he said to himself. "Saved a few hundred by that this time, but I wonder how long he thinks it will last in that quicksand? Wonder if the rest of this thing is run on the same plan." Some commotion outside attracted the watchman's attention and in a moment Steel was on a narrow ladder leading to the open framework at a dizzy height above him. Everything seemed finely put together here and Murphy had certainly not skimped on his girder work and bracing in the lower stories. But when he came up level with the fifth row of floor beams and reached the end of the concrete enclosing wall, he stopped in surprise. The concrete was only three inches thick. True, it was fairly well supported with truss work, but such a covering seemed but a mere paste over the framework of the towering structure. His own building was being faced with twelve inches of brick. So this was Murphy's system. He went further upward, but now the ladder was discontinued, and he had to climb by means of the trusswork between the main running beams. This

gradually became less frequent, and Steel realized that the framework was without the usual amount of wind-bracing. In the street he had noticed no breeze, but at that height the wind was quite strong, and he fancied he could see the corner piers above him swaying slightly. What would happen when this framework was enclosed with a wall which would present itself like a gigantic sail above the surrounding buildings. Murphy had certainly calculated closely and was taking some big chances.

Steel had seen enough to substantiate his suppositions. He made his way laboriously downward.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks later Steel was enjoying a breezy afternoon in a cat boat on the bay. His fiancee was with him and he had been telling her a little of his conversation with Barclay and of its probable consequences. Then the wind began to come in glorious puffs, heeling the light boat over until the deck ran awash and the breeze spilled over the top of the big mainsail. As they came round Pickett's Point the city loomed up quite distinctly before them, and gaining the lee of the breakwater they got into temporary shelter. Then Steel had a chance to point out the two new sky-scrappers, which, side by side, towered over the structures below them. The Standard building appeared to be almost completed. Murphy had somehow forced his concrete workers to chase up after the framework, and the whole building was nearly enclosed with a white, substantial-looking wall. Though they were gazing at one side they could see, in profile, the many-windowed front, showing the unique architecture of the modern office building. It was a magnificent looking structure.

The building adjacent was rather disappointing. The brick-work had gone up rather slowly and now the outer wall only enclosed seven rows of window frames, marking the seven stories. Above this the great steel framework rose in very evident slenderness, for the network of bracing and trusswork was hardly visible at that distance.

"If I didn't believe in you, Frank," said the girl, "I'd be inclined to think Mr. Barclay was right. Murphy seems to be ahead of you in this race."

"Perhaps I have been too cautious," said Steel, "but—" Just then a squall heeled the boat over, preventing further answer, and the storm which had swept up unnoticed while they had been studying the buildings was on them in sudden

fury. For several moments Steel saw nothing but the approaching squalls, wondering if he could manage to get another reef in the sail, but a sudden horrified cry from the girl at the other end of the cockpit made him wheel round and fix his eyes on the new buildings. The sight photographed itself on his memory as if through a moving lens. Murphy's buiding seemed to give a great stagger, and then, as if pushed by a gigantic hand, it toppled over sideways, the front buckling outward as it slowly fell. A cloud of white dust floated upward for a moment but the storm closing down suddenly blotted out everything at a distance.

"God help the poor wretches inside of it," muttered Steel, between his teeth. The girl sank sobbing into the bottom of the cockpit, but in a moment recovered herself and scrambled up to help Steel with the boat, which was now almost unmanageable.

\* \* \* \* \*

After seeing the girl in a cab, Steel rushed to the scene of the disaster. He could hear the quick throbbing of the fire-engines above the roar of the crowd several blocks away. Turning the corner he breathed a deep sigh of thankfulness for his own building stood as solid as a mountain, though the lower stories were plastered with white dust.

The corner opposite presented a fearful sight. A horrible mass of twisted steel lay in stupendous confusion. Huge beams, some showing jagged ends and others doubled up like half-open jack-knives, protruded from the debris. The wreck lay half in the street and half in the ruins of a departmental store which had stood beside it. The falling mass had crushed in the roof of the lower building, and, piercing to the very cellars, had crunched out the lives of the hundreds of unwarned human beings inside. A cloud of odorous smoke ascending from the rear of the ruins and the presence of the fire engines, suggested other horrors. Scores of begrimed firemen were working frantically, though seemingly unavailingly, in the depths of the wreckage. At irregular intervals white-covered stretchers bearing burdens which at times gave forth nerve-racking groans and again were silent with telling portent, were carried up to the crest of the ruins and out to the row of ambulances at the side. The crowd, which had at first been hysterical and noisy, became quieter as these burdens were brought forth, and only a few clamorous voices were heard calling for the name of the builder.

Steel fought his way through the crowd and with some difficulty got past the cordon of police. Murphy was standing on a pile of broken concrete at the edge of the wreck, talking to a crowd of reporters. It was evident that he had been excited but was rapidly recovering his usual nonchalance.

"It was this Verdun tunnel which did the mischief," he said, coolly, pointing downward. "The retaining plates behind their shield, forty feet down, gave way just before the accident. Poor joints, I guess. The quicksand rushed in, filled up the tunnel and drew away from the piling in our foundation. Just then that cyclone came along and did a share of the work. No one's to blame. It couldn't be helped."

Just then some one burst in from the outside of the group and made for Murphy. It was Barclay. Coatless and with hat stoven in, for he had been doing his share in the rescue work, he confronted the rather disconcerted contractor. "It could not be prevented, eh?" he burst out, "then how do you account for the fact that the building behind you is still standing? Still I can't blame you much, Murphy. I would have done the same thing myself."

Then Barclay saw Steel and, rushing round the edge of the group, he gripped his partner's hand and wrung it for a full minute. "Thank God for such a man as you, Frank!" he exclaimed, earnestly. "I see it all now. You saved us from this horrible thing. I was here when the whole business happened. Murphy had a man 'phone to the office that the tunnel had caved in and would likely affect our foundations. I ran down and looked over your work, but everything was tight and solid. Then I went across the street. Down in the basement Murphy was on his knees examining some long cracks in the uncovered cement around one of the main pillars. "It's nothing," he said, when I came near him; "let's see if your piers ain't the same." We came over and then the storm pushed his building over and buckled it up like a cardboard box. Jove! but the crash was awful. One of those long, ripping, grinding roars, which burn out your very nerves."

"How did Murphy take it?" asked Steel, quietly.

"I didn't notice him much," answered Barclay, "only that he muttered something about wind-bracing. When he saw that we were safe he groaned and said that it would mean three hundred thousand to him. He seems to be taking it cool, now."

"He's taking it cool!" Steel exclaimed, in a tone that was biting, "but Murphy's time's coming."

E. J. M.

### *Storiette*

SEVERAL years ago the C. P. R. company was building a branch line from Winnipeg into the fertile territory that lies to the north of the city. At the end of this branch there sprang up in a night, as usually happens, a little western town. Like Jonah's gourd, these frontier villages possess neither beauty nor permanency. They are filled with the men who follow the road, with prospectors, Indians, and often the dissolute, and not infrequently are the scenes of lawlessness. When the construction party proceeds upon its way, the village disappears to reappear just as suddenly a few miles farther on.

A widow and her daughter, probably cultured in a more refined atmosphere, had landed in the town and opened a little restaurant. Their affability and the cleanliness of the resort gained them a host of friends and patrons; among the latter were not only the better class of railroaders, but even the rough men from the hills.

One day a Burly Giant from the wilderness entered the town and observed the restaurant. He was drawn by its inviting aspect, for it had a certain "hominess" about it that reminded him of days long since past. He crossed the threshold, sat down and called for dinner. His coat and trousers of buckskin were torn and frayed, while his long hair and beard were matted and dirty like the coat of a grizzly when in the springtime he emerges from the darkness of his cave or hollow tree and issues forth in quest of food.

When the Burly Giant was devouring (we use the word accurately) his dinner, a new arrival entered the cuisine and sat down immediately in front of the plainsman.

The two men formed a remarkable antithesis. The latter was short and lithe and dapper. He might have been a railroad agent, a bunco man or a card sharper. He carried with him a swagger that announced to all within sight that here at least was a man who had absorbed the western air, and, as the handle of the Smith and Wesson in his belt would indicate, was a desperate character to molest.

He called to the girl who was in attendance and demanded soup. He was evidently in a hurry.

Presently the waitress returned and set it in front of the Man with the Swagger. In the meantime he had changed his mind and now as soon as it was set before him—

"I don't want soup," he growled. "Why in thunder are you giving me soup?"

"But, sir, you ordered soup"—the poor girl entreated.

"Soup, slops, dishwater—O Lord" (with an expression of disgust).

The maid prepared to carry away the offending plate.

Just at this juncture the Burly Giant began to rise from his seat and he kept on elongating his six feet four inches until it seemed as if he were going like the Genii in the Arabian Nights, right through the roof.

"Hold on, pardner," he bellowed in a voice of thunder. The Man with the Swagger grew apprehensive; while the girl in astonishment set the soup plate again upon the table.

"Hold on, my friend," he continued, bending over the narrow table and tapping the little Man with the Swagger on the shoulder with a huge forefinger—"Looke here—You ordered soup (pause)—you've got soup (longer pause)—now, condemn you, eat that soup."

He ate it.



THE ALBERNI CANAL, B.C.

***Florence Nightingale***

MISS EDNA WALKER, '05.

DURING the past two years, when the eyes and attention of the whole world have been fixed on the titanic struggle between mighty Russia and her plucky, though diminutive antagonist, Japan, the minds of men have reverted instinctively to that other great conflict in which Russia engaged with the world powers, just fifty years ago.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

but the name of the refined, tenderly-nurtured woman who left her quiet home for the noise and turmoil of the battlefield is continually in our minds and on our lips.

Florence Nightingale was born May 15th, 1820, in the beautiful Italian city which gave her its name. She was the daughter of a wealthy English gentleman with estates in Hampshire and Derbyshire, and in this latter county the greater part of her girlhood was spent. Being possessed of a strong love for Nature and for all animals, there is no cause for wonder that she should have the deepest sympathy for all suffering, and, naturally, also a keen desire to allay it. When a child

There are two incidents in that war that will be remembered as long as time shall last. One of these, the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, Tennyson's poem has made immortal; the other, which begins when Florence Nightingale leaves England for the East to nurse the wounded, has its monument everywhere in the world, in splendidly equipped hospitals both for times of peace and times of war. The names of the men who led those mighty armies to battle are soon forgotten,

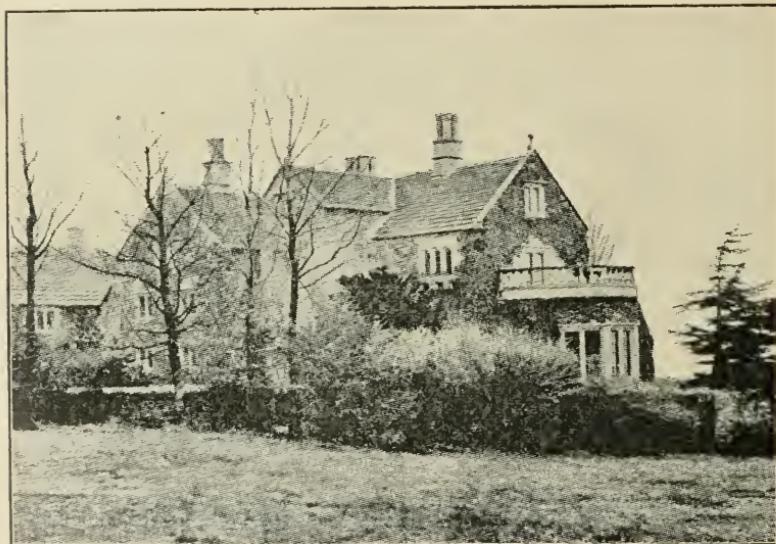
this trait showed itself in her favorite pastime of nursing her dolls and bandaging their limbs. Her first living patient was a shepherd's dog.

As was fitting to one in her station, when she reached a suitable age she was taken to London for the "Season," and presented at Court. But instead of spending her time in a round of gaiety and festivity, she occupied herself in examining the management and arrangements of the hospitals, evidently having in mind her future work.

In honoring Miss Nightingale we must not forget that the influence and example of Elizabeth Fry had much to do in directing her attention to the care of the sick, for Elizabeth Fry was the first in England to recognize how great a work was being done in this direction by the Protestant Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth. In 1849 Miss Nightingale went to Kaiserwerth and spent several months there, studying and preparing herself for her chosen calling. From there she went to Paris and studied under the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. On her return to England she took charge of the home in Harley Street, London, for governesses incapacitated by illness. This had been very badly managed, but Miss Nightingale spared neither time nor money to put it on a sound basis. It was while she was there that the war broke out in the Crimea.

On September 20th, 1854, the battle of Alma was fought, and won by the allied forces, though at a terrible loss to both sides. We are led to believe, however, that the greatest loss was not suffered on the battlefield. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of the wounded, who were brought into the hospitals, died. The accommodations were wretched, and utterly inadequate. There seemed to be no order or discipline. A storm of indignation broke out in England when tidings came of the terrible sufferings of the sick and wounded. A Royal Commission of Inquiry was appointed and a Patriotic fund was opened for the purpose of alleviating this suffering. The heart of England was touched and money flowed in from all sides. The clear intellect of Miss Nightingale saw the only solution of the problem. Prompted by her sympathetic heart, and realizing that she was fitted for the work, she wrote to Mr. Sydney Herbert, Secretary of State for War, offering to go out to the scene of conflict with a corps of nurses. Her letter crossed one from Mr. Herbert, asking her to undertake the work at the cost of the Government. Probably the best statement of the facts is given in the official announcement of the enter-

prise in the newspapers of the time: "We are authorized to state that Mrs. (*sic.*) Nightingale, who has been for some time acting as superintendent of the Ladies' Hospital at No. 1 Upper Harley Street, has undertaken to organize a staff of female nurses, who will at once proceed with her to Scutari at the cost of the Government, there to act under her direction in the English Military Hospital, subject, of course, to the authority of the chief medical officer of the establishment. Mrs. Nightingale will herself select the persons who will accompany her, and will recommend them to the War Office for certificates, without which certificate no one will be admitted to the hospitals.



LEA HURST, DERBYSHIRE.  
(The early home of Florence Nightingale.)

After her departure arrangements will be made for the granting of certificates upon the recommendations of persons to whom Mrs. Nightingale will have delegated the duty to such additional number as may from time to time be forwarded to Scutari upon her requisition. By this arrangement it is hoped that much confusion and disappointment may be prevented, it being obviously impossible in any hospital, but especially in a military hospital, to admit as nurses any persons offering themselves without any proof of their possessing the knowledge, experience, and general capacity requisite for duties so difficult

and so responsible, and the willingness to submit implicitly to the regulations of one central authority."

It was fortunate that Miss Nightingale had an intimate knowledge of the comparatively small field of nursing of those days, and was thus able to turn at once to those whom she felt to be suitable for the work. Protestants and Catholics alike responded instantly and gladly to her call. Among those chosen was Miss Erskine, of Pwll-g-crochan, who, it was thought, would be valuable on account of her practical knowledge of cottage-nursing, and because her understanding of the Welsh tongue would be helpful with the soldiers from Wales.

On October 24th Miss Nightingale, with a corps of thirty-seven assistants, set sail for the East on the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, "Vectis," and reached Scutari in November in time to receive the wounded of Balaclava. A few days later six hundred were brought in from Inkermann.

The conditions under which she began her work were most discouraging. Fever, undressed wounds, overcrowding, dirt, absolute lack of sanitation, and even the want of a proper supply of food were the appalling circumstances that met this courageous woman at the very outset of her career. But utterly undismayed she took up the stupendous task and carried it through to a successful issue. She would stand for twenty hours at a time till she saw that all were accommodated and properly cared for. She also took her place in the operating room, and by her presence and sympathy gave strength to the men to undergo the dreaded ordeal.

" Lo ! in the house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom  
And flit from room to room.

" And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls."

Within a few days after her arrival there was marked improvement in affairs, and before the end of the year the transformation was complete, the measures that she adopted having lowered the death-rate very materially.

But the strain was too great and she herself was stricken with fever while at her post. She refused, however, to leave, and remained till the British evacuated Turkey in 1856. The

effects of the fever have been lasting, and have compelled Miss Nightingale to spend her life in quiet retirement, scarcely even leaving her room.

The appreciation of the nation manifested itself in the sending out of a warship to bring her home. She, however, escaped the ovation thus prepared for her, returning quietly and unostentatiously by a French steamer. Queen Victoria, as a token of her gratitude, bestowed on her a magnificent jewel, designed by the Prince Consort, while the people presented £50,000 to her in recognition of her services to the country. Madame Jenny Lind was a warm supporter of this fund and



MISS NIGHTINGALE AND THE DYING SOLDIER.

£4,200 of it was contributed by the non-commissioned ranks of the army. This sum Miss Nightingale asked to be allowed to use in the furtherance of education for nurses. As a result of this we have the Nightingale School and Training Home for Nurses, established in 1860, in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital.

To see how world-wide had been the extent of Miss Nightingale's influence we have only to see how Japan is conducting affairs in the present war. Miss Nightingale confined herself to the cure of disease once contracted, Japan goes further and tries to prevent disease. Attached to each division of the army

is a corps of medical officers, who proceed ahead of the army, testing the water in wells and labelling it as to its fitness for use, inquiring into the health of communities, and placarding all districts and houses where contagious disease is found and forbidding the army to go there. In this respect Japan is ahead of every European nation.

In England Miss Nightingale led public opinion to see that better and more efficient sanitation was necessary in the hospitals, and she has several times assisted the British Government by adding her advice to the reports sent in regarding the sanitation of the military camps in Asia. Before she went to the Crimea the hospitals were no better than shambles, while the dirt and wretchedness were appalling. She improved all this and insisted on cleanliness, thus very markedly lowering the death rate, as we have already said; and this, although Pasteur and Lister had not as yet made their marvellous discoveries with regard to the use of antiseptics.

Another result of Miss Nightingale's mission is the increase in the number of women of gentle birth who have taken up the profession of nursing. In the sixties it was a most unusual thing for refined women to undertake the care of the sick. But one or two, more independent than the rest, having followed Miss Nightingale's example, the number has gradually increased till now nursing is held as one of the most honorable professions for women.

The eightieth birthday of Miss Nightingale in May, 1900, was the occasion for many congratulations. One of the most pleasing incidents of the day was the presentation to her of an album, "containing the signatures of no fewer than six hundred and fifty ladies who had been trained either at St. Thomas's or at the Notting-hill Infirmary for Poor Law duties, and including the names of two of the original probationers of 1860 and nurses then at the front in South Africa, from most of the colonies, America and Russia."

Miss Nightingale is in as good health to-day as she has been in for many years. She is pleased to see her friends at any time in her quiet home in South Street, Mayfair, though only one can go in to her at a time. She delights to know of what is going on in the great world from which she is debarred. One of her greatest pleasures is reading, and particularly such as relates to her chosen profession. Flowers, too, are her delight, and her many friends, realizing this, keep her room bright and fragrant with many of the choicest blossoms.

As we look back over the long life of this noble woman, and realize what she has done for mankind, there comes to our minds the prophecy made some years ago:

“ On England’s annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.”

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### *The Chainman*

A POSITION which is somewhat arduous, and yet at the same time extremely interesting, is that of chainman with a surveying party. In a new country like Northern Ontario the arduousness rather overbalances the interest. In the rural parts of older Ontario, however, a position on one of the gangs may be regarded as a sort of holiday.

The party, if it is an extensive piece of work, such as a railroad, probably consists of four men; a transit-man, who is also the “boss,” an axe-man, and two chainmen. Of course, an engineering party usually contains more than this, but the surveying parties are small.

Perhaps the party has been working for some days over good, level farm land, with no difficulties to speak of. There is something, however soon to be encountered, which will relieve the monotony. The line must be run through a swamp. The water is about a foot and a half deep, and there is a pond right on the line which may have no bottom for all the men know. Sometimes a rail fence, in the form usually called “snake,” has been built through the water-hole at some remote date, and has become rather dilapidated by process of time. The head chainman is ready to face anything, and he starts off, with the greatest of assurance, to clamber across on the old fence. He gets about half-way safely, when suddenly the top rail slips out of place, and leaves him in such a position that he can hardly move without being thrown into the deep, dirty water. Finally, by dint of much care, he manages to pursue his difficult course until fresh trouble overtakes him.

It does not make him feel any better to see the other boys standing on a log at the edge of the pond laughing at him, and his ill-humor causes him to proceed with more haste than is compatible with his personal safety. Just as he thinks he is about to reach the other side of the hole he is brought up suddenly by the rear chainman, who is holding the end of the chain firmly at the last tally-point. The jerk causes him to lose his balance, and he is forced to jump from the fence into water, weeds, and mud up to his waist. There is nothing for it but to mark the point and wade on.

The rear chainman has been enjoying his mate's predicament immensely, but his turn is coming. He must hold the end of the chain at that point in the water, and he does not in the least relish the idea of getting wet. However, there is no help for it, and after spending a great deal of time in picking his way around the bog, he finally wades to the point. Then he finds to his dismay that the head chainman has dragged the chain about twenty feet too far, and he must wade to the end of it and bring it back. It is now the head man's turn to laugh, and there is a certain sound about his merriment that raises a suspicion in his colleague's mind that the dragging too far was not altogether unpremeditated. He is now on dry land beyond the swamp, and does not mind a few feet extra walk.

They have now reached a higher piece of land, which is used as a pasture field. Beyond this a second swamp. This is not merely water and weeds like the first one, but is covered with a thick growth of small poplar trees. Here is work for the axe-man. Two pickets are set up on the line, some distance apart in the pasture field, and by "lining" with these the boss is able to direct the chopping. The line must be kept absolutely straight, so that he can see along it with the instrument. The chainmen follow slowly, marking every chain length, as soon as the axe-man has gone far enough. Suddenly the transit-man shouts to the rear chainman to go back and straighten up one of the pickets which a cow pasturing in the field has knocked to one side. The head man is usually considered to have the hardest time in the regular work, and so his mate usually comes in for any nasty little jobs like this. And it most certainly is disagreeable, clambering for perhaps a hundred yards over the fallen saplings, and then back again, sometimes to find when he returns to the party that the cow has again pushed the picket out of place, and that the whole journey must be repeated.

When the party has passed this swamp, they are perfectly willing, for a time at least, to endure the monotony of dry, level land with no trees. The axe-man then becomes the errand-boy since there is nothing else for him to do; the chainmen have no difficulties to face; and the transit-man, being able to see farther, does not have to set up his instrument so often. Thus all hands have much easier work.

This, however, is not the only phase of the question. The men usually board at the farm-houses near by, and even the fat salt pork and fried potatoes are eagerly devoured by them when they come in from a particularly hard day's work. Nor are they at all fastidious as to their sleeping quarters and slumber as peacefully and contentedly on the hay in the farmer's barn as they would on the most comfortable beds.

In spite of its difficulties and hardships, the work is, as we said at the beginning, very interesting. It is also conducive to good health if one is careful, and though not a fortune-making occupation financially, it usually brings a substantial income. It is a good experience if one has time to spend a few months at it, and in older Ontario the dangers to life are exceedingly small.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.



## *Parasitism*

J. R. MOORE, M.A.

**A** PARASITE is a tramp, that is an animal that can get along more safely and easily by living at the expense of some other animal, than by its own efforts. Parasitism is a one-sided association between two animals, in which the parasite has the advantage, sometimes even getting all the necessities of life, while the host gets nothing but discomfort, and in many cases loses life itself. Parasitism is found throughout the whole animal kingdom, from the lowly protozoan to the mammalian vertebrate but the large majority of the parasites belong to the lower class of life, namely, the invertebrates.

A convenient, yet arbitrary classification of parasites, might be made on the basis of (*a*) position, and (*b*) time. As to position, we might classify them into external and internal parasites. The bird louse, which feeds on the feathers and skin scales of fowl, illustrates the former, while the tapeworm represents the latter. As to time, we might classify them into permanent and temporary parasites. The bird louse never leaves its host, and several generations may infest a common host, but the larva of the Bot-Fly is parasitic in the stomach of the horse, only while it is undergoing the necessary transformation leading to the adult Bot-Fly. The former is called a permanent and the latter a temporary parasite.

The body of a parasite is, in every case, simpler in structure than the bodies of its relatives that live the free, active, independent life and enter into the struggle for existence, particularly the struggle for food. The atrophy in its structure is due to the fact that its mode of life renders certain organs useless or superfluous, and nature, in time, prunes them down, or plucks them out, or lops them off. For example, the parasite is carried by the host, and consequently loses its wings or legs. Not having any need for self-locomotion, it does not need the

aids to locomotion, namely, the special senses. It does not need to search for food, or avoid a single enemy, consequently its nervous system is of the simplest. Not having to digest its food, an alimentary canal is useless, and is often absent. Not having to exert itself in any way, complex respiratory and circulatory systems are not found. In fact a permanent parasite may become so simplified that its relationship may become very obscure and it might be classed with animals much lower in the scale of life. The simple body form of a parasite is due therefore to degeneration brought about by the animal taking up a sedentary, non-competitive, indolent, lazy life.

The following two cases of parasitism are interesting because to complete their life cycle two hosts are required. One of these is the common tapeworm, parasitic in the intestine of man. Its body, composed of several hundred segments, has no mouth, no alimentary canal, no eyes or special sense organ, no organ of locomotion. It feeds by absorbing the already digested liquid food of the intestine, through the surface of the body. The eggs pass from the intestine with the excreta, and must be swallowed by a pig, or hen, or some other animal. In the stomach of the pig, the egg hatches, and the young worm bores through the wall of the stomach and becomes encysted in the muscles. When the flesh of this pig is eaten by man the tapeworm continues to develop to the adult stage. The other interesting two-host parasite is the micro-organism of malaria. This is a protozoan which lives on the red blood corpuscles of man, and possibly other animals. Spores are flung off from these into the blood serum but the sexual generation is not developed until these spores are drawn into the stomach of a mosquito of the genus *Anopheles*. These sexual forms produce what are known as blasts and these penetrate the stomach wall of the mosquito, enter the mouth glands, and are injected into the next human being punctured by this mosquito, and thus the cycle is completed.

There is an old adage which tells us that "It is an ill wind that does not blow somebody good luck," and its truth is well illustrated by some parasitic insects that do more to keep in check the injurious and destructive larvæ or caterpillars than all the artificial remedies yet devised by man.

Frequently the farmer longs for a miracle to remove the hordes of locusts, cut-worms, tent-caterpillars, etc., that produce such widespread destruction to his crops. Perhaps more frequently than he has any idea the miracle does occur, and a

year of plague may be followed by one in which the pest of the previous year is scarcely to be found. The writer well recollects that six years ago, last spring, the tent-caterpillar overran the Ottawa valley district, and destroyed many orchards and sugar maple groves. So thick were they, that a person could literally scrape them in pansfuls off fences and trees. Everyone was predicting that the following year would mean complete ruin, but when the following spring came, there was scarcely a caterpillar to be found, nor have they been any source of annoyance in that part of the Ottawa valley since.

The parasite to which I refer, which saved the situation that year, forms a class of insects belonging to the same order as the bee and the ant. There are several species of them, and they get the general name of *Ichneumon flies*. There seems to be a periodic ascendancy between these insects and their hosts. When the parasites are few in number the host increases very rapidly. As the food for the parasite gets more and more plentiful, the parasites, with favorable conditions, also increase in number until they become so numerous that they practically exterminate the host, and then, on account of their own numbers perish themselves. Individuals of both host and parasite, in isolated districts, maintain the species and make this periodic ascendancy possible.

One species of this Ichneumon fly helps to keep in check the Tussock moth, which has been quite destructive to the horse-chestnut and other trees the past summer. If the pupæ of the Tussock moth are examined, many will be found to contain the larvæ of an Ichneumon fly as small grubs about a quarter of an inch in length. If this species of fly could be successfully reared and protected, the Tussock moth would be a thing of the past.

Another very interesting Ichneumon fly, called *Thalessa lunator*, may be found at this season of the year on tree trunks, infested with the larvæ of *Tremex columba*, a wood-boring horn-tail. I have often observed the female, which has an ovipositor four inches in length, elevate her ovipositor in a loop over her back, down by her waist, and drill away for hours until she reached the burrow of the *Tremex*. Frequently the operation costs her her life, for the ovipositor becoming fastened in the wood, often holds her there, a victim of her own industry, until some sharp-eyed bird takes in the situation, and puts an end to her life.

Not many vertebrates are parasitic. The most familiar case is the common hag-fish, which attaches itself to the body of some other fish, and by means of its rasping tongue cuts through the skin and devours the muscle. I might also mention the parasitism practised by our North American Cowbird and the European Cuckoo, both of which have given up the duties of maternity. This is not, however, body parasitism.

Many plants are parasitic, and just as with animals the parasitic habit is always accompanied by a degeneration in structure. This degeneration may be more or less complete. For example, many Fungi, such as the Rusts and Smuts, absorb their complex carbon compounds, which they cannot manufacture themselves, from other living organisms, either animals or plants. Generally, these parasitic plants possess peculiar root-like organs, the haustoria, by which they attach themselves to the host and absorb their nutriment.

They frequently have a prejudicial effect upon the host, and sometimes cause malformations, such, for instance, as the "witches' broom," in the fir, produced by a parasitic rust fungus the *Accidium clatinum*. Some cause various diseases in animals, and others, called *Entomophthora*, are parasitic on flies, and at this season of the year, the infested fly may frequently be seen, sticking to the wall or window pane. The Dodder begins life independently, but after it has attained a certain period in its life, it attaches itself to the clover plant, cuts loose its connection with mother earth, and trusts wholly to the host to supply it with food already digested. Degeneration becomes very complete here and leaves are scarcely discernible, and chlorophyll is not produced. The mistletoe, on the other hand, takes some food from the ground and manufactures this food in its own leaves, but it supplements this with manufactured sap, drawn by its suckers from the host on which it grows.

I mentioned above, some peculiar cases of animal parasitism, in which two hosts were necessary to complete the life cycle of the parasite. Plant parasites present parallel cases. This is well illustrated by the common wheat rust. The life cycle of the wheat rust consists of three stages, (1) The non-parasitic stage which originates from teleutospores and produces sporidia; (2) the ascidium stage which arises from the sporidia and is parasitic on the shrub called Barberry; (3) spores produced on the Barberry which, on germination, are parasitic on grain.

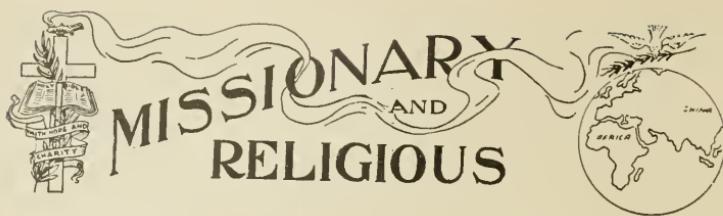
Now, although parasitism is the principal cause of degeneration among animals, it is not the only cause. If for any reason,

an animal becomes fixed and lives the inactive life, even though it is not parasitic, it will degenerate. To insure degeneration, it is only necessary that the animal withdraw from the crowd and the struggle which the crowd necessitates. The common ship barnacle is a good illustration of this. When just hatched the barnacle is a free-swimming, six-legged creature much like a young crab. After molting it has two compound eyes, six pairs of feet, two large antennæ, and leads the free, independent life, but when the final molt occurs, it attaches itself to a ship's bottom or some other object, loses its eyes and feelers, gives up its power of locomotion, develops a shell and loses most of its external resemblance to its cousins.

Parasitism is therefore the stimulus which eventually leads to degeneration. How it does this is not really known. We do know that the unused leg or arm of a cripple has small, soft flabby muscles, but whether the effects of parasitism can be inherited and passed on down to succeeding generations, is an open question. We might, however, say that parasitism and disuse, coupled with natural selection, produces simplicity of structure where action is not required.

Parasitism is therefore looked upon as a disadvantage in life, and the degenerate creature is thought of as not the equal of the non-degenerate. This is true if both had to face the same stern environment and free competition, but the degenerate animal is unacquainted with free competition, in fact the degenerate animal is the product of natural selection, and being so, no better type could be produced. It is the best that could be devised for the position or the life which it leads, but, and here is just where the weeding-out process of natural selection comes in, it leaves itself open to sudden and complete extinction, for should the host perish the parasite goes down without a struggle, or if only the conditions or the environment should change, the parasite cannot, to any extent, adapt itself to them.

The independent, active, energetic animal, on account of the fact that it enters into free competition, is continually creating a potentiality for itself, for, should the conditions or the environment change, it is ready and able to adjust and adapt itself to them, and this is where the future of that particular animal lies.



### *Silver Bay Conference*

"I have been crucified with Christ : yet I live ; and yet no longer I but Christ liveth in me : and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself up for me"—*Galatians ii. 20.*

THESE words were the theme of the Thirteenth Eastern Student Convention for young women, which convened at Silver Bay on Lake George, N.Y., opening on the evening of June 23rd, and continuing throughout the evening of July 3rd. The purpose of the Conference had been sent broadcast over the land, and nearly seven hundred of those young women who wished to be led into the doing of God's will and the service of His love, as the one satisfying mission in life, responded to the call by leaving the crowded streets of the city to dwell for ten happy days among the lakes and hills of God's Out-of-Doors.

Silver Bay lies at the foot of the Adirondacks, on the shores of what Francis Parkham has called "the most beautiful lake in America." Winding in and out like some broad river entrenched between mountain ranges, with here and there islands floating in the dreamy haze of summer, lies the historic Lake George, whose rocky and wooded shores fairly breathe of the storied past when New France and New England were battling for supremacy in North America.

But a new kind of warfare had brought together the army of young women then camped there; the battle between right and wrong was being fiercely waged in that secluded valley, and right was triumphant. They had found that the early college days were an unsettling time, and here they hoped to receive the peace which Christ had promised to His people. It was simply the old human yearning of the finite for the infinite, and at the sight of God's beautiful handiwork the unuttered prayer rose to their lips that they might not mar the beauty of God's world, by refusing to be moulded and fashioned by the hand of Him who made the universe.

The men and women who had made this Conference possible, were members of that Inner Circle of Christ's Love, to which we can only be admitted by sharing "the fellowship of His suffering." They had looked unto Him and were radiant, and their light illumined the dark places. It is truer than we can possibly realize that "Men are convinced more quickly and certainly by what they see than by what they hear." It is not "let your lips speak," but "let your light shine." The living epistle is not known and HEARD of all men, but known and READ. And so we found it here. It was the heart-throb behind the words that found an echo within our own breasts.

"Use tends to increase and disuse to decrease the efficiency of organs and parts." These words of Mr. John R. Mott's formed the prelude to one of the strongest pleas against spiritual atrophy. He showed that neglect to cultivate the moral and spiritual nature gives rise to doubt, and that such neglect at last destroys the religious faculties, so that one misses being saved from sin by losing the capacity to be saved. It is alarmingly present, this spiritual atrophy, indifference, numbness, the creeping on of the fingers of death, and even if we don't feel that we are suffering from this invisible consumption, we may be, unless we are consciously cultivating the Christian graces. To arrest the process we must have exercise, and Drummond has told us that he "would rather be active than orthodox." So let us, too, keep in constant training, for we must remember that the Christian life is not adjusted once for all; it is a walk, a life, for if to be a Christian is to know Christ, it requires experience, and experience needs time. Preparation is necessary for overcoming. Christ prepared in the Garden and did not fail on the cross; the disciples slept and therefore failed. Now this exercise must be constant, so let us have method in our prayers, have regular times beside special times. Have the Morning Watch to forearm us for the day, and make no exceptions, for it is a well-known fact that he who would form a habit must suffer no exceptions. God has His surprise tests, and we dishonor our profession, so let us be wise in time. Jesus Christ alone has power to communicate life and arrest the currents of death, and so what hope is there unless we multiply points of contact with the foundation of Christ, Bible Study, Prayer, Communion, Meditation, and being with people who know Christ, all these things bring us close to the heart of God. When Christ overcame the power of death He released the great life-current, and to-day we hear that clear call ringing in our ears, "Awake, thou that sleepest, from the death, and Christ shall give thee life!"

Again Mr. Mott spoke on that question, which so many of us have tried to answer: "Is it possible for Christ to be a great reality to all?" He showed that Christ might be made and kept a great reality in life, by studying the life, works, and words of Jesus Christ, for confidence must be based on knowledge. Without thorough, reverent, continual study of the Scriptures, without the motive to know and obey Him, Christ never became real to a Christian. There must be freedom in the heart-life from all deceit, meanness and uncharitableness, a complete and unconditional obedience to Christ, the heart renunciation of anything that does not lead to God. *Christ must be Lord of all or not Lord at all.* If we preserve our sensitiveness to the approaches of sin, and if we confess a sin the moment we find it to be a sin, then this constant reminding ourselves of the presence of Christ, makes Him real to us. And such advantages there are of the presence of Christ. It preserves hatred of sin; it inspires and ennobles our lives.

And how are we to know God? By right habits of secret prayer, for which the very best time in the day should be given; by this communion with Him God should be brought very near to us. Whenever a temptation comes, make that a time to think of Christ, and then that very temptation becomes an opportunity for virtue. Again, by associating with people to whom Christ is real, He is made more real to us, and by serving those in need Christ will draw near, for those for whom we sacrifice most become most real to us. Christ may also be made real to us by availing ourselves of the Holy Spirit whom Christ sent, for it fills the heart with love, and we have experienced in the pathway of our daily battles that we do not succeed of ourselves. But it is only when we have the deliberate well-reasoned purpose to make Christ a reality, that He ever becomes one. "Ye are as holy as ye truly will to be holy."

The last day of the Conference was a memorable one. Mission Study Classes, Bible Classes, Student and Alumnae sessions were held as usual, and at the morning platform meeting Mr. Robert E. Speer sent forth the last appeal for the progressive Christian life, speaking from Philippians iii. 10. "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His suffering, becoming conformed unto His death." Why not live the normal Christian life, why strain toward a higher mark? he asked. Because we would not keep what we had received during the previous ten days unless we pressed forward, and we could just as well be shut out from God's

fulness by lack of progress as by sin. The publican discontented with himself was a great deal better than the Pharisee with his contentment, and throughout the whole Word of God the positive duty of a steadfastly gaining life is set forth. Goodness is not being good, it consists in becoming good, and the only virtue for us is to be dissatisfied with what we have. Then the biography of every true life is that of the seeking soul. Trumbull tells us, "If I cease becoming better I shall cease being good." Let us believe, also, that we *can* become better and not only *think we should*. Now, how may we become so? In the first place, let us trust the inworking of God in us, for "He who began a good work in you, will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ." Secondly, we are to throw our wills forever on the purest and the best. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things. Then, too, setting our hearts on the things that are true, will take sin out of our hearts, and we will become faithful, loving and obedient. In the next place we must be watchful. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith!" By self-denial, by hidden loyalty to Christ, let us be watchful of the forms of our weakness. We should seek faithful friends whom we can talk to about our souls, but if we cannot find a friend for ourselves, ask Him to help us to be a friend to somebody else. Let us not be impatient if things come slowly. We are in school to be made like Christ, so let us go forward and do the work of Christ.

How impossible it is to try to convey to others the subtle, but powerful, influences that have transformed our lives! Silver Bay will forever be stamped upon our hearts, and I hope, upon our lives, and when we pray to the Father to send forth laborers into His harvest, may we answer the prayer ourselves—"Here am I, O Lord, send me!"

ROSE N. CULLEN, '03.

### *Lakeside Conference*

LAKESIDE is a beautiful summer resort about midway between Cleveland and Toledo. It is reached very conveniently, going by way of Buffalo and taking advantage of the boat accommodation wherever offered. The resort itself is well protected from the scorching heat of the summer sun by a

wealth of beautiful and wide-spreading shade-trees, and by its proximity to the Lake. Under the trees in the beautiful park looking out over the lake, at the Lakeside Conference, men with hearts hungering after righteousness sought for closer communion with God. Not far away is the famous Put-in-Bay, at which is Perry's Cave. It is said that here Commodore Perry had his soldiers in hiding at the time of the naval engagement during the War of 1812. To this cave excursions were made from the Conference. There is also a campus in connection, to which all the students repair each afternoon for recreation. All these go to make this an ideal spot for the Conference.

The Conference this year easily sustained its reputation as the brightest spot in the lives of the attending students. The boys who were there this year will never forget the inspiring vision of the full significance of College life. Instead of the too prevalent impression that students are at college to set forces going in their own lives, forces that will bring returns only to themselves, there was presented the conception of life in which these returns are the opening doors of opportunity for services for their fellow-men. This view took possession of the men and urged them forward to definite acts of consecration. Throughout it seemed that the intended issue of the Conference was to be decision as to "the best and wisest disposition of our lives." Many who previously, through God's direction, had decided the question of their life-calling, were strengthened in their devotion thereto, whilst others, at the high levels of experience and insight, solemnly devoted themselves to lives of service for God in the calling in life then and there revealed to them.

The different departments of College Y.M.C.A. work studied were Mission Study, Bible Study, Home Problems, Claims of the Christian Ministry, the Claims of the Foreign Field, the Claims of the City Mission, and Personal Experience. These were all ably dealt with by specialists, among whom were Bishop McDowell, Dean Williams, Robt. E. Speer, Clayton S. Cooper, R. H. Edwards, and Messrs. Shelton, Williams, and Ward. The Central States and Ontario were represented by forty-six colleges, from which there were two hundred and eighty-eight students, of whom twenty-two were from Toronto University. Eight of the last named were from Victoria College. One of the results was that twenty students volunteered for service in the foreign field.

Throughout the Conference, the presence of God was felt by every man. Whether on the campus or in the study-class, the

same spirit prevailed. Each man before long found himself in the spirit of the Conference and all waited together of one accord, like the disciples on the Day of Pentecost, for whatever special blessing God desired to bestow. In meeting after meeting, men were given a glimpse of themselves and their relation to God and the world, and just as often the voice of God was distinctly heard by them, through their consciences. It was no unusual thing to see men go from these meetings, two by two, engaged in silent meditation, to seek a quiet spot among the trees for consultation and prayer. Many and many of these spots were made sacred by the struggles of men with their own natures, and the consequent victory for a higher life. God graciously drew near and, as he did through Christ after his resurrection, walked and talked with them by the way.

They go to their various colleges stronger men and more capable of facing the duties of college life, carrying with them remembrances of the precepts and practical examples of manhood which it was theirs to enjoy. And Victoria College will certainly be richer for sending such a large contingent this year.

WM. G. BULL, '06.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.

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## Editorial

After the long (but all too seeming short) WELCOME. respite from the arduous duties, which form a very necessary part of the life within our college halls, we have again donned cap and gown, dusty textbooks are again brought forth into the light of day, the pigskin is again sent flying down the field, racquet and bat once more fan the air, corridor and classroom, campus and lawn, in short the whole city is alive with a new activity, and re-echoes with voices more joyous, louder and lustier for the summer's rest.

The smiling face, the elastic step, the face of tan bespeak a holiday season well spent, wherein deep draughts of pure, fresh air, and fearless exposure to the noonday sun, and a wholesome forgetfulness of all cares and ties incident to the academic year have wrought a rejuvenating and toning influence on overdrawn energies and flagging spirits.

Some there are who come from the secluded haunts about our fair lakes and streams, holding face to face talks with flowers and birds, living close to the heart of nature, contemplating her wonders and drinking deep of her beauties and her charms.

Others again return from the broad plains of the west or from the giant-tossed mountains; these have been impressed and refreshed by the vastness and grandeur of creation, and come back, doubtless, filled with larger views of life, higher and nobler aspirations, and a determination to achieve greater things.

And not a few come back to us from across the briny deep, invigorated by the life-giving breezes of the sea, enriched by a closer view of places in the old land, long ago made known to us through pages of history.

And here comes a sturdy group of fellows, from which we can hope to draw the stalwart timber for our Rugby line,—each has spent the summer on "my father's farm"—and from this popular resort, where the order of the day is "early to bed and early to rise," with considerate provision for regular and systematic calisthenics, we welcome these bundles of brain and brawn.

Students! Undergraduates! one and all, from far and near, *Acta* greets you and welcomes you in your forthcoming or return to our time-honored institution at Victoria,—time-honored, "for hath she not stood since the time of the flood, on the old Ontario strand?"

And to our readers all, we would extend the hand with best wishes for many an enjoyable and profitable hour together, through the medium of *Acta's* pages.



We have met people, and those not a few, who  
**HOLIDAYS.** seem to draw a sharp dividing line between  
the holiday season and the rest of the year.  
The former is set apart as a minimum of rest, necessary to the  
constant and unremitting toil of the latter. In fact, scraps of  
the working day, with its planning, calculating and worry, often  
trespass into the holiday region and rob it of its benefits.

Perchance some of our readers have become possessed by some such tendency, and it is to those we would speak, not to such as have yet to awake to the fact that "life is real, life is earnest," and that it has a great and serious purpose.

He who is injudicious in being over-ambitious, though perhaps not so blameworthy, may fail in the accomplishment of the task he has set himself quite as miserably as he who shrinks from putting his shoulder to the wheel, and who prefers to spend his life in one long, endless play-spell.

Just how to fix the balance between recreation and work, so that neither may gain the preponderance is a vexed ques-

tion, and its solution must largely be governed by individual temperament and other varying factors.

However, a tried and most successful method is, not to make a few weeks of holiday serve as spice and tonic to the remainder of the year, but rather to interject an half-hour here and there throughout the working days, in addition to the regular time allotted for exercise. This is especially feasible and advisable for the student. In most cases, after an hour's close application, concentrating on some abstruse and intricate passage or problem, a little relaxation, both of body and mind, will prove most profitable. The high pressure and mental stress may be relieved by short excursions back into the holidays, dwelling upon the sweet, refreshing memories, and experiencing anew the restful feeling from the music of the waves, the invigorating breeze, the exhilarating morning ride or the bracing walk, the merry-making frolics, and the social laugh and talk.

Thus, much of the fatigue attendant upon hard brain work may be alleviated, the worker will acquire a greater zest and relish for his work, which will also be done much more effectively. Try it.



Surely the students of Victoria ought to con-  
OUR NEEDS, gratulate themselves on having a Board of  
PAST AND Management that believes in progress, one that  
PRESENT. is ever alive to their interests and wants, and  
is ever ready to co-operate or to take the initiative  
in meeting the need.

A few years ago (we could number them on the fingers of one hand) our wants were many, so as seriously to overshadow the advantages which were ours. There was then no campus, and our athletes chafed under the handicap which prevented them from landing home the coveted championships, but now, with the campus, and every facility for the needed team-practice, we have high aspirations and ambitions toward the Mulock and the Jennings cups for the coming year.

There is still a much-felt need of a gymnasium of our own. But, however, the imposing structure that has sprung up at the north of the campus, gives promise that this need may be met in the near future, if the Board of Regents but second and supplement the enterprise of the Athletic Union, as it deserves.

A women's residence, too, was then an ideal still to be realized. The ladies of those days had to undergo the same hardships and privations under which the men still silently suffer and languish. But in Annesley Hall we have all that could be desired—by way of equipment and accommodation—and the co-educationists have not been slow to take advantage of it, in keeping with Spencer's theory, readily adapting themselves to those conditions most conducive to the increase of the vital, moral and intellectual functions and faculties.

Prior to last year, the men had no suitable place for quiet conversation or thought, except such as they could snatch here and there, wherever chance afforded seats and seclusion. But now the "Men's Common Rooms" provide adequate accommodation, with comfortable seats, current magazines and periodicals, and quiet enough for all, thanks largely to the Alma Mater Society.

The Senate Room and the annex have long been made to serve the purposes of a library, but these have proven inadequate and inconvenient. And the valuable collection of curios, relics and antiques, has as yet never been provided with a proper place for preservation and exhibition. But negotiations have already been completed for the purchase of the Drynan estate, adjoining the College, to be converted into premises suitable for library and museum purposes.

With improvements and additions coming in such rapid succession, surely we may hopefully scan the horizon for the speedy appearance of still another and not the least of our pressing needs—a men's residence. This want is especially marked under present conditions, when suitable lodgings are next to impossible within a reasonable radius of the University. A residence suggests itself as the only possible solution of the difficulty. It has long been desirable, but is now felt to be an absolute necessity.



AN EXHORTATION. The increasing burden of years ought ever to tend to bestow an added dignity, respect and wisdom on the bearer; and surely we have not spent the past three years in vain and for naught. Therefore, as seniors, may we not venture to drop this one word of counsel, by which we trust that not only the new-come students may benefit, but that we ourselves, by the

very reiteration of the thought, may make it more a part of our own lives and daily practice.

It is one of our privileges and obligations that we may and ought ever to strive to profit by the mistakes of others, and it is only right and just that we should endeavor to help others over the places where we have fallen.

We have heard, and doubtless shall hear, much about our over-organization and the overdraughts that are made on the time of the student at Victoria, in connection with the various societies and social gatherings. And the charge may not be wholly unfounded. If one attempts to attend each and every meeting of each and every society in College, to occupy a place on each executive, to be present at all the social functions, then he will probably find that the time remaining will be all too short to do justice to the academic demands. The student must early learn to discriminate, to select and to appropriate to himself those factors of which he stands most in need. Demands upon his time will be made on all sides, but he must make prompt decision for himself and not be afraid to make a refusal.

But what appears to be a greater bane to the average student, is the very easily acquired habit of idly whiling away the precious minutes just preparatory to doing something. A few minutes here and a few there soon mount up into hours and days of wasted time, while we deceive ourselves into believing we have been busy. A splendid working rule is, whenever a task is waiting to be done, instead of planning to do it to-morrow or sometime soon,—DO IT NOW. No time is so opportune as the present. The next moment will have duties of its own. To realize the importance of this truth, will mean to make a good beginning at the first of the term, allotting October's duties to October, so that March and April may be free to take care of their own special calls upon us. Have you something needs doing? Do it now.

We believe the smallest part of the benefits to be derived from adopting such a rule of life will be the higher standing obtained in the honor lists at examination. The chief value and great end of our studies here lie not in the small store of knowledge we may accumulate during our four years or more, but rather in the habits of mind and bent of will which we acquire and develop, and which will influence and mould our whole after life. Promptness and decision are necessary traits in a well-rounded, fully-developed character. We must cultivate them now.

ESSAY  
CONTEST.

As ACTA stands for a higher standard in Canadian literature, and as her primary aim is to promote and encourage the efforts of the undergraduates along this direction, she holds annually an essay contest, under the auspices of the Union Literary Society.

All members of the Women's or Union Lit. who are paid-up subscribers to ACTA are eligible to compete, and it is strongly urged that as many as possible avail themselves of this opportunity of testing their strength and of measuring up with their fellow-students.

All essays must be prepared expressly for this competition, to become the property of the journal, and must be in the hands of the Editor-in-Chief not later than the 21st of December, 1905. The article must not bear the signature of the writer, and must not exceed twenty-five hundred words. The selection of a subject is left with the writer, but topics of distinctively Canadian interest are recommended.

Essays will be adjudged by the Advisory Board of ACTA, and the Professor of English at Victoria, with power to set a standard of excellence; and for the best essay attaining this standard a prize of fifteen dollars will be awarded.





# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

THE paths of the Editor of Personals and Exchanges are not all strewn with flowers. Try as he may he cannot keep in touch with all the graduates of Victoria unless he has the co-operation of those who are interested in the welfare of her students. So in this opening issue we ask all readers of *ACTA* to aid us by sending all items of interest to this department of our paper.

WE are pleased to note that Mr. E. N. Burwash, M.A., B.D., has been appointed professor of science in the Columbian Methodist College, at New Westminster, B.C. We wish Mr. Burwash the best of success in his new field of work.

WE are glad to welcome Mr. Chas. T. Currelly, M.A., back to Canada once more. Mr. Currelly has been for some time connected with the Egypt Exploration Fund, and has been fortunate enough to make some exceedingly valuable discoveries. We will leave a description of his munificent donations to our museum to some later edition of *ACTA*.

THIS fall the staff of Victoria College has been augmented by the appointment of the Rev. W. T. Allison, to take part of the work in English and Rhetoric. The Rev. Mr. Allison is pre-eminently fitted for this branch of work. He is an honor graduate in English and History, a post-graduate of Yale in Theology and English, and has spent two years in literary studies in London. Added to this he is a poet whose ability is widely recognized, and a frequent contributor to magazines and reviews. For several years he was on the editorial staff of the "News." At the present time he is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Stayner, Ont. Mr. Allison graduated from Victoria with the class of '99, taking his M.A. degree in 1900. *ACTA* is glad to welcome Mr. Allison to Victoria; a man of such pronounced talent cannot fail to be a great acquisition to the College in general, and his experience in journalistic and literary work will be of great assistance in making *ACTA* the finest academic magazine in the land.

ANOTHER of our Victoria boys has entered the work of foreign missions. Mr. J. H. Wallace, B.A., is now on his way westward, having set sail on the tenth of this month for Shanghai. Jimmy goes under the auspices of the International Y. M. C. A., and his work will be principally among the educated classes of the Chinese. He graduated brilliantly in Political Science with the class of '03, and was one of the best known and most popular men in the College. We will often think of Jimmy and his work in the Far East, and hope that he will sometimes remember the friends that he has left on "the Old Ontario Strand."

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### *Weddings*

WHILE we have been enjoying our holidays the mischievous archer has been busy among our graduates, and many have gone the way of all Theologs. The Editor of this column is not infallible, and he may have omitted some of these joyous incidents. But to all those mentioned below and to all Vic's graduates, who have recently taken this momentous step, ACTA offers her warmest congratulations.

A PRETTY wedding took place in the College Chapel on Sept. 20th, when Miss Florence Watts, B.A., '04, became the wife of Rev. G. K. Bradshaw, B.A., '04. The bridesmaid was Miss Bradshaw, of Hamilton, and the groomsman, Rev. F. Louis Barber, B.A., of Guelph. Chancellor Burwash performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. W. F. Wilson.

THE home of the Rev. D. A. Chown, of Toronto, was the scene of a very happy wedding on Sept. 14th, when Miss Mabel Louise Chown, B.A., became the wife of Mr. Douglas John Thom, B.A. Rev. D. A. Chown, father of the bride, and Rev. Joseph Thom, father of the groom, performed the ceremony. Both Mr. and Mrs. Thom were members of the Century Class. A few days after the ceremony the bride and groom left for their new home in Regina.

AT Markham, on the 23rd of August, Miss Nellie May, daughter of Henry Wilson, J.P., was united in marriage to Rev. M. R. Chapman, B.A., B.D., '95, of Alden, New York. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Chapman M.A., of Centreton, father of the groom.

FEW men have been more popular in Victoria than Rev. E. S. Bishop, who married Miss L. Rodgers, in this city on June 20th.

The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents, and was performed by the father of the groom, Rev. Geo. S. Bishop, of London. After a visit to Muskoka, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop left for their new home at Okotoks, Alberta. Knowing Ed. as we do we feel sure that he will take the same prominent part and exert the same influence for good among the men of that Western community as he did among his fellow-students at college.

ON Thursday, June 22nd, the marriage took place of Miss Gertrude Ethel Taylor, to Rev. Arthur Newton St. John, B.A. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Bascom, by Rev. Geo. Bishop, of London. The bridesmaid was Miss Breckenridge, of Toronto, the groomsman, Mr. F. L. Farewell, B.A. After a trip to Western points the happy couple went blithely on their way to minister to the needs of the natives of Thessalon. Mr. St. John was a popular member of the class of '01, and worked hard to give us a campus worthy of Victoria. Hark! was that a sigh of relief from the inhabitants of that "inextinguishable thoroughfare—Czar St.?"

IN the presence of immediate relatives, a very pretty wedding took place at the home of Wm. Kelly, of Brecken, on August 24th, when Miss Christine A. Kelly became the bride of James P. Berry, B.A., '01. Rev. W. G. Clarke performed the ceremony.

A MOST happy wedding was celebrated in the Mount Brydges Methodist Church, on Wednesday, August the 23rd, when Miss Mary Maud Tuck, daughter of Mrs. John Betts, was married to Rev. Robert E. Spence, M.A., B.D., of Maryland Methodist Church, Winnipeg. Rev. L. W. Reid, S.T.L., B.D., officiated. After visiting friends at various points in Ontario, the bride and groom left for Winnipeg. The bride was a prominent worker in the Church at Mount Brydges, and the groom, a graduate of '07, is one of the rising young ministers of the West.

ANOTHER of last year's theological students joined the ranks of the Benedictines on June 27th, when Rev. Wellington A. Findlay, of Kincardine, was united in marriage to Miss Harriet A. Reid. The ceremony took place at the Methodist Church, Wingham, and was performed by Rev. Dr. Gundy, the pastor. After the happy event Mr. and Mrs. Findlay left for their home at Fairground, where a new field of labor opens for them.

ON Thursday, June 29th, in the Methodist Church of Dungannon, Miss Minnie E. Robinson was married to Rev. J. E.

Hunter, of Stratford. Rev. J. W. Robinson, father of the bride, performed the ceremony. Miss L. Robinson acted as bridesmaid, and the groomsman was Mr. F. W. Langford, '05. Mr. Hunter was a popular member of last year's Theology class, and took a prominent part in all departments of college life. Harmony is the name of Jimmie's new circuit, and we will hope for his sake that it will pass for face value.

AN interesting wedding took place in the Methodist Church, Penetanguishene, on the 14th of September. The bride was Miss Jenny, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Hall, and the groom, Dr. Robert G. Parry, B.A., of Hamilton. The rites were solemnized by Rev. John Power, pastor of the church. The bride is a graduate of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and the groom a graduate of '96 Victoria.

ON June 26th, Miss Mabel R. Rickard became the bride of Mr. Harold G. Martyn, B.A. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's father in Darlington, the Rev. J. C. Wilson being the officiating clergyman. Mr. Martyn is a graduate of '01 and a teacher in Berlin High School.

NAUGHTY seven is beginning early. Who says they don't break all records? It was with pleasurable surprise that we learned of the marriage of Rev. G. T. Chenoweth to Miss Nancy A. Rodger, M.D., of Menominee, Mich. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Geo. Pascoe, at the home of Mrs. Alexander Rodgers, of Escanaba. Mr. Chenoweth and his bride then left for their new home in Walsh, Assa., where they are reported to be doing good work in that stirring western land. The bride is a graduate of Trinity, while the groom was a prominent member of the Sophomore class of last year. George intends, at some future time, to complete his Arts course, but he considered that a preliminary training in domestic science would prove beneficial. Next!

At Winnipeg, on July 12th, Miss Mamie D. Brown was united in marriage to Wilbert Hartley Hamilton, of Casselton, North Dakota, fourth son of the Rev. Christopher Hamilton, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D. Mr. Hamilton was a graduate of '02, and was a prominent worker in all the college societies.

*Obituaries*

DURING the summer two of our students have lost a beloved father, and Victoria an honored graduate. Rev. T. J. Edmison was born near Peterboro, Ont., in the autumn of 1845.

For thirty-seven years he was in the Methodist ministry, quietly and without ostentation setting an example of true Christian manhood. He took his B.D. degree in 1880, graduating in Arts in 1891. In 1893-4 he was president of the Bay of Quinte conference, and at the time of his death chairman of the Brighton district. Thus in the prime of his manhood, "God's hand beckoned unawares," and, leaving his earthly duties, he assumed the higher task to which his Master called him. To the bereaved family, and especially to his two sons, Alex. and Ralph, who were with us in '07 last year, we offer our sincerest sympathy.

ONCE again Victoria College is called upon to mourn the loss of one of her students, Ira C. Kee. Mr. Kee spent last year as a member of '08. Although with us but a short time we were fast learning to appreciate his worth. Of pleasing countenance, athletic figure, genial disposition, and manly character, many of us were glad to call him our friend. Ever ready to do his part, his class chose him as their secretary for the Easter term, and also appointed him a member of this year's "Bob" Committee. Mr. Kee was a native of Peel County, and a matriculant of Brampton High School. He entered Victoria with the hope of preparing himself for the Christian ministry—a hope that was to be fulfilled only in a higher sphere. He left college in apparent good health, but soon afterwards was



REV. T. J. EDMISON, B.A., B.D.



IRA C. KEE.

attacked with typhoid. Four weeks he lingered, but on Saturday, July 28, he answered the universal summons. As one who knew him in home and High School more than in college life, we gladly bear tribute not simply to his general popularity, but also to his unobtrusive but sincere manly Christianity. To those who mourn most ACTA extends sincerest sympathy.

AMONG those who graduated with the class of '64, was the Rev. O. R. Lambley, who died in Belleville, Ont., on the morning of Sunday, July 23rd.

Dr. Lambley was born in the township of New Ireland, Quebec, in 1837, and received his early education at Newberry Seminary, Vermont. From there he went to old Vic. at Cobourg, taking his M.A. degree in '68. After leaving college he began his active ministry in the Wesleyan Church, which he had entered in 1862. From that time he occupied many responsible charges in the connection, some of the most important honors in the gift of the conference having been



REV. O. R. LAMBLEY

PHOTOGRAPH

conferred upon him. For twelve years he was chairman of district and was a member of every general conference since union, except the last. In 1891 he proved himself a very efficient president of the Bay of Quinte conference. His interest in educational affairs is shown by the fact that he was a member of the senates both of Albert College and Victoria University, receiving from the latter, in 1895, the D.D. degree. So another of Victoria's grand old men has dropped from the ranks, having finished the work which his God had given him to do.

ON September 26th, the death occurred in St. Catharines of Edward J. Odlum, B.A., C.E. Mr. Odlum graduated from Victoria in 1879, and was one of the most prominent civil engineers in Canada, spending much of his time in supervision of the work on the Welland Canal. We wish to assure his bereaved family of our deepest sympathy in this their great loss.



**G**ONE at last are summer days,  
As the autumn tints the sky.  
We must seek our old-time ways,  
Holidays—farewell—good-bye!

We were glad of you in May,  
For those days our courage try,  
Now—without regret we say:  
“ Holidays—farewell—good-bye.”

Careless now we let thee go  
Heedlessly without a sigh;  
But we'll meet again and so—  
Au revoir and not good-bye!

DID you see the athletic executive wince when the Chancellor called the new athletic building a “ bath room?”

DR. BELL—“ When Cicero does anything it's like a hen who had laid an egg, you usually hear about it afterwards.”

N.B.—This joke has doubtless a hidden classical meaning to recommend it, which only the classically inclined can appreciate.

R. P. STOCKTON, '08, on being asked to join the Glee Club, had to blushingly decline on the grounds that his voice was changing.

MR. C. B. KELLY was summering at Guelph Bay during July and August. In that vicinity there were upwards of twenty young ladies, while C. B. was the only man. He claims to have had his hands full. Only your hands, Belfry?

WE are glad to welcome to our ranks Miss Bullock, who comes to us from Mt. Allison, and Miss Bicknell, from Chicago University. Both of whom enter with the Class of '07.

At the first Y. M. C. A. meeting, a certain freshman was introduced to Honey, '09. “ My,” he said, “ that's homelike, we keep bees.”

DURING the summer months Herb W. Baker has been attending to the affairs of the country in the building across the park. "God save our native land."

MISS M—KL—D, '07. I hope you new girls will not be dreadfully shocked to hear us talk so familiarly of "Bob" and "Gym."

C. J. FORD, '07, the talented athletic editor, spent most of his time during the summer trying to decide whether he should be a ladies' man or a sport. He has decided to be a little of both. Now watch him go!

FRESHETTE, looking across the campus—"What is that old red brick building with the green roof and no windows?"

MISS BERNIE and Miss Grange have both brought younger sisters with them this year. 'Tis said they are as charming as their sisters of '07. We hope so.

HARRY OLDHAM, '08, it is said, captained a team of bare-legged baseball laddies during the summer months. He had a big time with the "Muskrats," as they were called, but says he is glad to get back to "school."

'09.

He comes from the pasture fields lazy,  
Where the mild-eyed Jerseys browse.  
And we ask: How he grew 'midst the daisies,  
And escaped the omnivorous cows.

WE are sorry to have to draw the attention of the readers of ACTA to the absence from college of so many of the seniors. The tone of the College depends largely upon them, and incoming men cannot fail to notice the absence of strong, guiding hands. Surely the love of our Alma Mater means more to us than a slight personal convenience.

THE question that naturally presents itself is: Is it or is it not Morley Madden? True, the voice is the voice of Morley, but the lip is the lip of Esau. Several romantic freshettes have already fallen in love with him as a melancholy Don Desperado. For the sake of the *Morale* of the College, we hope that Morley will soon ask himself the question: "To be or not to be?" and sacrifice all with the bared bodkin.

THE other day a little black spaniel wagged his way into the College, bearing a bone half as large as himself. The Sophomores, seeing it, dropped tears of regret, believing that the puppy had forestalled them. Whether this was so or not the

local editor was unable to ascertain, but wishes to state that if any fond family has missed a freshman, we will see that the dog is sought for and dissected.

MR. J. N. TRIBBLE was seen during the fall inspecting *solitaire* rings in Ryrie's new "Diamond Hall." When detected he attempted to hide his confusion by saying that he was performing this duty for some trusting friend. A Freshman would accept this explanation,—a Sophomore, might; but those who are on the inside track say that it is time to give the glad hand to John Norman.

MR. DOUGLAS HENDERSON spent most of his summer going to and fro on the earth, trying to lure young ladies to Whitby. It is stated that Dr. Hare said: "Douglas, you smile and we do the rest." Douglas smiled—and they came. Some of the unfortunate damsels thought that Douglas was to be part of the institution, and now sit sighing and singing:

"Will you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

"FULL fathoms five *Decorum* lies." Several times we have noticed couples in amiable conversation within the College halls. They have not sought the seclusion of the steps, or the campus, or even "the shade of the old apple tree," but have unblushingly held converse sweet within the very walls.

W. G. CONNOLLY (to referee in football match)—"I want you to understand that I'm no ordinary man." Referee—"No, you're a divine."

WE are glad to welcome in our midst once again Mr. Graham Wright, who entered with '05, but dropped out of college to spend two years in circuit work. He now returns to add brightness to the lustrous constellation of '07. He has already secured his place in college life, both as a student and as an all-round man, and Victoria gladly welcomes him to her halls once more.

G. E. MORLEY, who spent his Freshman year with '07, has returned after a year's absence to throw in his lot with '08. He will set a hot pace for the Semitics.

MISS GALE, '09, (on being told of the Bob)—"How perfectly harrowing. Am I not characteristic enough to Bob? O Pollywogs! how absolutely funny."

ED. JENKINS, '07, has just received the announcement of the marriage of his best girl. You have our sympathy, Ed., but you shouldn't procrastinate in those matters.

WE expect that the Ladies' Hockey Team will be materially strengthened this winter by the advent of Miss Ross, who, we hear, is invincible on point, and Miss Hamer, who was captain of the Havergal team last year.

AMONG the encouraging words with which the Chancellor greeted the athletically inclined, at the first chapel service, he stated that he was always delighted to see us after our game was over coming from a good, cold bath, fresh and rosy as the dawn.—Blushes from the East side.

WE are told that there was a jolly summer party near Napanee not long ago. Some of the charming Juniores were there. So were Robby and Douglas. Is it necessary to say that things happened? When Robby was asked about it he merely lay back and gurgled, looking unutterable things.

THE first meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was in every respect a success. We were glad to notice the number of first year men present. In the absence of the President, Mr. J. N. Tribble occupied the chair, and welcomed the new men to the Society. Prof. McLaughlin, in his address, gave a splendid plea for a higher, broader, truer ideal in college life. It is a message that we need, and we appreciated it. The meeting closed with the usual refreshments and a general hand-shake.

BEARING the euphonious name of Lester Green, a "strappin'" youth comes to us from Orangeville. His father is the Mayor of that thriving town. Lester is tall, well-built, some say he is good-looking—tastes vary—on which account he should prove popular with the sweet Freshettes. But better than this, he is an expert baseball twirler and a good all-round sport. We have published his virtues, his faults we leave to the Bob Committee. But after passing through their hands we predict that he will prove a valuable acquisition to '09.

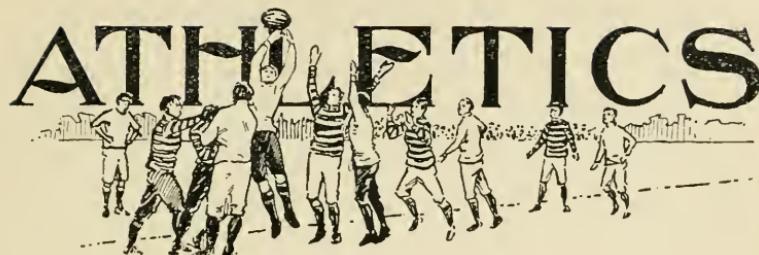
ANOTHER Freshman who evidently intends to make his mark is C. W. Stanley. He enters with a double scholarship, and a good stand in all his subjects, and will, no doubt, do honor to his class in his academic work. He is beginning to work already. You may see him any day sitting on the benches in the park, doubtless engaged in the study of Nursemaid Psychology.

AMONG the new arrivals at Vic this fall is the son of Prof. Horning. He is tall and slight, and looks a student. He is enrolled in Mathematics and Physics, and also in English and History. We wonder, has he his eye in Moderns and Philosophy as well? Fortunately—or unfortunately for James Horning, he

has had a father before him, but we hope the Bob Committee will not visit his father's sins on his head. In his youth James rejoiced in the name of Jamie, but this is a family secret, and as such, of course, is sacred. He has been brought up in a literary atmosphere, and we hope he has absorbed some of it. Victoria needs more of this, and we are looking to him to take a high place in this part of college life. Surely this is not too much to expect of Prof. Horning's son.



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, KAMLOOPS B C



### *Athletics and College Spirit*

NO well-regulated seat of learning is complete without a campus. Here, the champions in padded football armor struggle for victory, not a crown of olive leaves nor winsome ladies' smiles, but more—the superiority of their college in the athletic world.

To the indifferent, this means little, but not so to the man imbued with college spirit. To him the value of a traditional winning team is manifest. For this, besides in itself indicating a strong college spirit, is an important factor in strengthening it. And on this bond of union that unites alumnus and undergraduate in common sympathy, depends the highest interests of his Alma Mater.

Now, we are told repeatedly that Victoria has a strong college spirit. Yes, but it is rather enigmatic that we do well in all things, save one,—and that, athletics. We take honest pride in our societies, in our Lit., Y.M.C.A., and others, but let one of us mention our stand in athletics, at least outside of friendly precincts, and the scornful smile derisively, the wise assume a wiser look and say nothing. Who can wonder that our youthful enthusiasm is chilled, and the genial flow of our ideas checked just as we are about to enlarge on the subject. These are only human failings, when one is brought from a dear, ideal realm down to the dead level of the facts.

But this shall not always be. The past has its effect on the present. Even now the fires that burned in the breast of our "Invincibles" at Cobourg, when "Old Vic" stood equal to Queen's are kindling anew. Last winter they flashed out for the first time, and their brilliancy almost blinded us. Again we watch for the beam. May it be no flickering light, but strong and clear as the orb of day.

## *Our New Athletic Building*

THERE are many conjectures about the new building that has suddenly loomed up on the north side of our campus. Some even hint that the alley men have taken pains to rear an edifice where they may reside, near to their favorite haunt. Others go so far as to imagine it connected—in some mysterious way—as an annex to "The Hall." To the curious we offer a word of explanation.

This building stands as a monument to the enterprize of our Athletic Union. They, with the hearty support of Chancellor Burwash, have by it supplied a long-felt need. For many years we have been handicapped in our sports by the lack of proper shower-baths, dressing-rooms and lockers. Now, thanks to these men, such is no longer the case. Our demand is to be adequately met by this building.

Perhaps many have already discovered it to be a two-story structure, divided above and below by double brick partitions into several apartments. On the ground floor, which is of cement, there will be an office, besides other rooms, fitted up with five shower-baths. The second story is to contain suitable dressing-rooms with about 125 individual lockers. A Gurney heater is to be installed, and our well-tried Jerry Breen will be in charge.

This provides us with accommodation and comfort hitherto unknown. But one word more. The Chancellor and those having direct oversight are doing their work well. And while full particulars must be reserved until another issue, we can assure all that the fee charged will be reasonable. May we be permitted to hope then that by the middle of this month, when the building is ready, at least 150 students will be eager to take possession.

## *Our Rugby Chances*

IN this article it is not possible to give a history of Rugby at Victoria College, but we must deal in a practical manner with the problem, as it is under the present circumstances. But in passing it seems not unwise to make reference to the men of the year '04, who, throughout their college course, did so much in the interests of the game and through whose efforts Victoria enjoys the position she holds to-day with regard to

Rugby matters. Our task is to state and solve the problem of making Rugby a success at our college.

The two essentials of a successful Rugby team are a sufficient number of men for a strenuous practice, and a captain or trainer who knows the game and can whip his men into form. In both of these up to the present time we have been lacking. Certainly we have never had the combination of these two absolutely essential factors in the training of a team that is bound to win.

At present we are sure of one of these essentials. In M. C. Lane we have a captain who knows the game as few men know it, and he is sure to do the best possible with the material at his command. All that is necessary is to provide a sufficient number of men who are not afraid of work. And this is the problem the men interested in Rugby must solve.

Victoria has not been so favored as some colleges in the number of men who enroll here, and are already conversant with the rules of the game. This fact is certainly a handicap, but not of necessity a barrier to ultimate success. There is at present a sufficient number of men who know the game to form the nucleus of a very strong team, even though the other members of the team have never played the game before coming to College. But there is nothing more certain than that past failures have been almost altogether due to lack of systematic practice. There has never yet been a sufficiently large number of men at the college, who, for the love of the game and the honor of their college, which holds such a proud position among her sister institutions have been willing to follow the instructions of the men who had the team in charge. This fact has made it very hard for the men who were interested, and necessitated a large amount of unnecessary work. But we look for better things this year. Though disappointed in the past, we are still hopeful.

In conclusion, may I say a word to the men who are entering college at this time. You who have taken part in the game already need no invitation to get into the game. The captain wants to meet you and the college team needs your ability and energy. But more especially I would urge upon you men of much muscle and Roosevelt activity the necessity of making yourselves familiar with the great game, and thus helping the management.

If any man wishes to really know and be known by his fellow-students, the one best way is to meet them on the campus.

And should you desire to develop into that ideal of so many minds, the all-round college man, you certainly cannot neglect the lessons to be learned on the football field.

That this year's Rugby team may be a real success in every sense of the term is the wish of all Victoria's friends.

H. D. ROBERTSON, '05.

### **OBSERVATIONS**

Businesslike is the term that describes our A. U. E. The chief officers were promptly on hand at college opening. It is distinguished by being the first society executive to meet. Congratulations to the President.

Tennis balls are no longer to be had from the Union. The question of their supply is now in the hands of the Tennis Club.

We find that there are kickers outside as well as in college. Very creditable news of one has just come to hand. C. B. Sissons, '01, now in charge of Revelstoke High School, besides aiding his town teams to achieve victory in football and baseball against Golden, on Sept. 18th, won the free kick as well.

That the Alley Board was not ready at College opening, is due to the great amount of work on the hands of our A. U. E. We offer apologies and some humble suggestions to those disappointed. Instead of succumbing to attacks of ennui, or daily rubbing the hands with resin, in preparation, why not enter Rugby, and after taking a few swift turns *round* the compus, to get in wind you will be a literal *whirl* wind on the Alley Board.

Our hopes are running high for the Victoria-Whitby Tournament. We are even venturing to claim the trophy already. Whoever censures us as premature in this will right-about-face on seeing our dear champions in training. Their playing is an inspiration and the enthusiasm is catching.





C. P. R. BANFF HOTEL AND MOUNT RUNDLE



# ACTA VICTORIANA

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## *The Amber Army*

### I.

RED-COATED, amber, gray,  
The falling leaves to-day  
Drop in dead drifts within the wood  
As soldiers should.

In their green, glorious prime,  
Through the short summer time,  
They swung like soldiers on parade  
In sun and shade.

Then came the stern campaign  
With wind and frost and rain,  
Making the brilliant country-side  
One ruin wide.

Of hosts so fair and fine,  
Witness the thin red line,  
The sole survivors of the fray  
Of yesterday.

Soon the last leaf will fall  
From every tree, and all  
The leaves which drew such valiant breath  
Lie hushed in death.

The amber army dies  
Under the frosty skies ;  
They fall by myriads in the wood  
As soldiers should.

## II.

Like men the leaves go down,  
Careless of all renown,  
But all are heroes, leaves and men,  
In God's kind ken.

Life's grim, courageous fight  
Rages by day and night  
In forest and in city street,  
Charge and retreat.

But no good ever dies,  
Success in failure lies :  
New life shall spring from out the mould,  
New from the old.



*Edgar Allen Poe*

J. L. RUTLEDGE, '07.

THE issue of a new edition of the works of Edgar Allen Poe, which is having a considerable circulation in Canada, has drawn fresh attention to the personality and work of this remarkable man. There are some names one never hears mentioned without the saddening thought, "What might have been," and Poe's is one of these. A man of extraordinary genius and great promise, he leaves behind him a mark disappointingly small upon the life and literature of his time—and not only the disappointment, but the tragedy of his life at once raises the question as to the cause.

What was it, we may ask, that blighted the life and promise of this man, who, with his mighty brain and generous heart might have taken front rank among the greatest of America's

literary men? The readiest modern answer would probably be—the influence of heredity. His father, we are told, was a dissolute ne'er-do-well, and his mother, though a woman of no mean ability, had led the unsettled and wandering life of an ordinary actress. No doubt it is true that man derives from his past along all the lines of his being, physical, mental and moral. But while heredity doubtless must account for some of the vagaries of this eccentric genius, the mysteries of that subject are beyond the scope of this paper, so we would look in other directions for the explanation of the man as he was.

Probably the influence more potent even than heredity in fashioning the life of Poe was the experience of his early years. "Give me a child," someone has said, "until he is ten years old, and I care not who has him afterwards." The formative years of childhood largely determine what manner of man he will be, and do we not know that the most difficult work of teachers is to correct the mistakes of parents and guardians in the training of their children?

When Poe was but two years old his mother and father died, and he was adopted by a Mr. Allen, a Baltimore merchant, and friend of the family. While he was thus lifted from penury to affluence, the material benefit was, perhaps, more than counterbalanced by the loss he had sustained : for the admiration of his beauty and cleverness which prompted Mr. Allen to come to his relief, was, after all, but a poor substitute for the mother love which Poe, of all children, would seem to have needed most. Under his guardian's roof he was made familiar with an almost prodigal luxury, and grew to his eighth year amid the convivial customs of the Old South, and at the same time without the presence of other children to share his infantile diversions and relieve his loneliness of heart.

His guardian, we have every reason to believe, was most kind to the child, or rather, we should say, indulgent, which with many people stands for the same thing, and in his mistaken kindness left him absolutely without discipline or restraint.

In such an atmosphere it was that the strange, unchildlike childhood of Edgar Allan Poe began—a childhood in many respects resembling that of another boy-poet, Lord Byron, both of whom lived their earlier years alone, without love, without sympathy, and with none to understand them.

At the age of eight he accompanied his guardian to England, and was there entered at a school at Stoke-Newington. Here, for the first time, he came in contact with other boys, but

the melancholy nature derived from heredity and early environment was too deeply ingrained to be soon, if ever, effaced. Indeed the locality was such as to intensify rather than change the character already impressed upon him. An old, rambling, ghost-like building, surrounded by deep elm woods, where the black forest-pool lay concealed, was a setting that seemed to have fitted in all too well with the child's mood. Besides it must always be remembered that Poe was in almost all respects unlike the ordinary child. The boy capable of writing one of the most perfect lyrics in American literature at his fourteenth year could hardly have been insensible to his surroundings whatever they might be. And indeed the influence of the Stoke-Newington days can be traced long afterwards in many of his published works; for scattered here and there through his stories one catches glimpses of the weird surroundings of the old manor school. Here it was, too, that his mind first received that classical bent which is such a marked characteristic of all his writings.

A few years later another crisis in his life was reached, when, owing to his guardian's refusal to be longer responsible for debts contracted, he was compelled to leave the University of Virginia at the end of his first year. Cast thus upon his own resources he found his way to Boston, and there, in his eighteenth year, he published his first volume—a little booklet of eighty pages, which contained many poems afterwards elaborated, and also the poem, "To Helen," previously referred to:

" Helen, thy beauty is to me  
 Like those Nicean books of yore,  
 That gently o'er a perfumed sea  
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore  
 To his own native shore.

" On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
 Thy naiad airs have brought me home  
 To the glory that was Greece,  
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

" Lo, in yon brilliant window niche  
 How statue-like I see thee stand !  
 The agate lamp within thy hand,  
 Ah ! Psyche from the regions which  
 Are Holy Land ! "

As we read these almost flawless verses, we need to remind ourselves that this was the work of a boy-poet in his fourteenth year, so little of the juvenile is to be seen in them. Their subtle beauty catches the eye instinctively, and especially are we arrested by the forceful simplicity of the oft-quoted lines :

“ The glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome.”

In these may we not say the genius of the true poet is revealed ?

Some two years after this venture, Poe and his guardian becoming reconciled, Mr. Allen secured for him an appointment to West Point, and thither the poet went in 1830. Here the fatal laxity of his early training again began to manifest itself. He was unable to bear the restraint and severe discipline of the place, and as a consequence was soon expelled for neglect of duty. This failure brought about the deep and lasting resentment of his guardian, and from henceforth Poe had to practice the, as yet unlearned, lesson of self-dependence. The habits and training of a Southern gentleman were a doubtful asset with which to set up in life, but Poe had one unfailing resource in his pen, and with admirable courage he entered upon the task of earning his own living.

Shortly after leaving West Point he published his second volume of poems, which he dedicated to his comrades at the Academy. This was hailed as a joke by those to whom it was addressed. The names of the jeerers, however, have long since been forgotten, while the jeered-at has to-day a world-wide fame. This incident, we might say in parenthesis, is almost paralleled by the recent exclusion of Poe from the Hall of Fame at the New York University. “ It must be,” as one of our great journals remarks, “ a small and select company of Americans if Poe is not entitled to figure amongst them.” Meanwhile, the poet turned to journalism as a means of livelihood, but this calling in which he found little inspiration and no time for more serious work proved to be anything but congenial, while the brevity of style and condensation, which he necessarily learned to practice there, mars, if it does not spoil, much that he afterwards wrote. Here, again, his early training told against him. He seemed absolutely incapable of sustained effort, and his disposition, perverse and often pettish, made for him a host of enemies, where the generous-hearted man that he really was should have gained him troops of friends.

In 1835 Poe was married to his cousin, Virginia Clemm, who was scarcely more than a child, and already in the first stages of consumption. Despite all drawbacks, however, this was the best part of his life. His wife and her mother worshipped him, and he, even in his darkest hours, was never other than kind to his child-wife and her devoted mother, who appears to have been the good genius of his life. The death of his wife in 1847 plunged the poet in the deepest gloom, from which he sought relief in the "nepenthe" of drug and liquor. Much has been said of his intemperate habits, and, no doubt, much that has been said is lamentably true. But it was long ago noticed that genius often borders on insanity. Dryden said:

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And their partitions do their bounds divide."

This was especially true of Poe. His mind always hovered perilously near to madness. He was never a heavy drinker, it is said, but the least drop of liquor was sufficient to unbalance his sensitive brain. In dissipation, he himself says, he found no pleasure, save as an escape from "a sense of insupportable loneliness and a dread of some strange, impending doom."

Swiftly came the last sad act of his life's tragedy, black with the terror he had so long feared. Taken ill in the train on which he was returning home, he was found unconscious and dying on the streets of Baltimore. He was removed to the hospital, and there on Sunday, October 7th, 1847, Edgar Allan Poe, unknown and friendless, went to answer "Adsum" to the great roll-call.

The life of Poe is the world-old story of the man whose name was "writ in water" when it might have been "engraved in eternal brass." He was a failure, not because he failed to do great works, but because he failed to do greater. He came short of what might rightly have been looked for from him. His life throughout was an unfulfilled prophecy; there was no kind of proportion in him between power and performance. And the explanation of it all may be found in those grave, exalted words he himself chose for his "*Legiae*":

"Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his own feeble will."

Turning now from the consideration of the man, let us look for a moment at Poe the artist. A poet, a novelist, a critic and a lecturer, his genius was almost universal. For some time, by

his papers on the New York literati, he left his unfortunate victims trembling and mutilated beneath the blows of his broad-axe, and it must be added, often unjust criticism; for Poe can scarcely be said to have done himself justice or even credit in work of this kind. It is on his gifts as a poet and story writer that his fame most surely rests. Probably of all the American poets—though it must again be said, in promise rather than fulfilment—Poe stands among the very first. The amount of work by which we must judge him is all too slight. In the battle for bread he had little leisure for true poetry, and he held his gift too high ever to mar it for mere gain. "With me," he said, "poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot at will be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensations, or more paltry commendations of mankind."

As a poet Poe was the creator of a new form, so marked and individual that one could tell his work among a thousand. He made himself master of music, of strange modes and stranger words. His verse forms, while having the appearance of complexity, are, in fact, of the simplest kind; indeed one of his biographers has claimed that he owed much of his art in form and music to the simple, crowning, Southern melodies of his childhood's home.

In any reference to Poe's poems it is impossible to omit mention of "The Raven"; as doubtless it is the one by which he is most widely known. In this poem we have the most direct exposition of his peculiar genius. It has all the grotesqueness of a gargoyle. But for all the *bizarre* effects, the solemn, stately music, fraught with the terror of pitiless memories of the days that are no more, never for a moment loses the almost hypnotic effect which it throws over the reader.

One of the peculiarities of Poe—his marvellous use of alliterative harmony, which even Swinburne, the master of that art, cannot equal—is here very markedly shown. Witness these two examples chosen at random:

"And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain."

And again:

"Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by seraphims whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor."

In a scarcely less known poem, "The Bells," we see what a complete mastery he has of rhythm and cadence, and we notice

the almost human interest that the bells excite, with their deliriously intoxicating medley laden as they are with joy, with terror, or foreboding :

“ Hear the sledges with the bells,  
Silver bells !  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night !  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight ;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.”

Another characteristic feature of Poe’s poetry is his incessant use of the repetend, a device which is often almost tiresome to the ear. For example, this from “Eulalie”:

“ I dwelt alone  
In a world of moan,  
And my soul was a stagnant tide,  
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride,  
Till the yellow-haired Eulalie became my smiling bride.”

In fact, it would seem that in his poetry Poe subordinates everything to sound. He loves the music of words, and so we find the beautiful old words to which we are strangers occurring everywhere; such as in halcyon, scintillant, Wier, Auber, Israfel and the like.

Poe was a poet of a single mood, and, perhaps, this would have told against him had his work been more extensive in its scope. But if he is not the greatest of poets, he has, at least, the power of compelling the attention and leading it whither he will, and this in itself is an art.

Scarcely beneath his power in poetry comes that of Romancing. Poe, as we have seen, was addicted to the use of opium, a drug which is said to sharpen and intensify the imagination, and it is not difficult to trace the effect of the habit in his various works. The painfully sharp perception of terror and despair—something of the touch that De Quincey has, only of a more pronounced type—is to be found throughout them all.

One especially noticeable feature in his stories is his ability to create an electrical atmosphere which will make the reader tingle, an actual physical effect. Especially is this the case in that sombrely beautiful tale, "The Fall of the House Usher." We can see the old manor house standing among the trees, the black tarn below; we feel the chill of the mist that surrounds it, and almost before we have read a page we are numbed by the foreshadowing of the doom that awaits it.

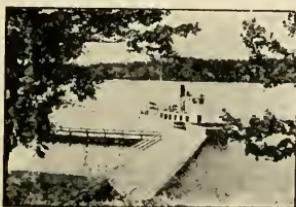
While the dominant note of all his stories is the same, their diversity is simply marvellous. From the weirdly beautiful "Legiæ," to the story of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," the forerunner of the Sherlock Holmes story, or "The Gold-Bug," the tale of hidden treasure, or the matchless art of "The Masque of the Red Death," never is there the hint of repetition, never the feeling that he has written himself out. Every story is as distinct from its fellows as if it were the product of another pen. Such was the genius of this *Wizard of the South*.

But while there is much to admire in his wonderful romances, they can scarcely be called healthy reading. About them all hangs the miasma of disease. They were never the outcome of a thoroughly sane mind, but of one already half-crazed, and made doubly so by opium and drink.

It is difficult, however, by our common standards to measure either the man or his work. As he himself says:

"From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were—I have not seen  
As others saw—I could not bring  
My passions from the common spring."

So may we not in conclusion say with Mr. Stedman: "Instead of recounting Poe's infirmities and deriding them, we should hedge him around with our protection. We can find one man of genius among a thousand, but how rarely a poet with such a gift"?

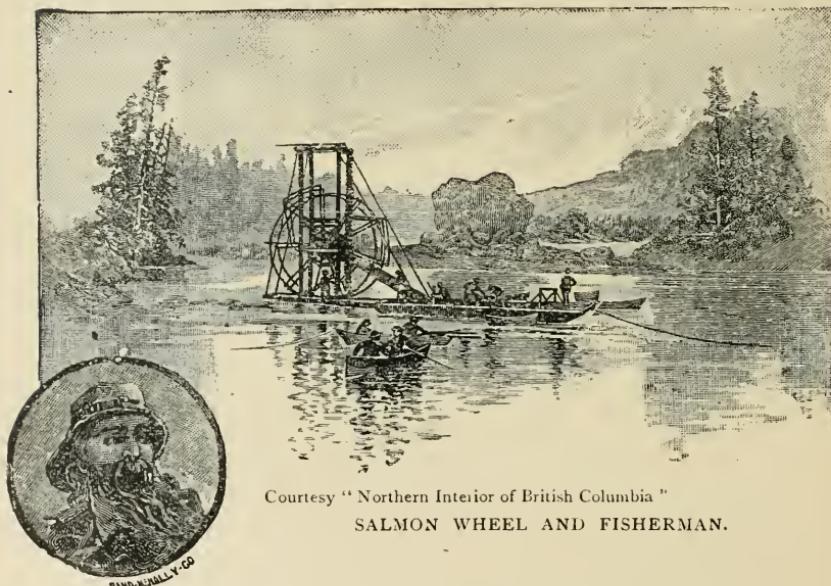


ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.

***The Fishing Industry of British Columbia***

A. J. BRACE.

IT seems almost an impertinence to attempt a description of the fishing industry of British Columbia, both on account of the limited space at our disposal, and for the reason that the subject has been treated already by master pens. But to do less than sketch the more salient points of this great industry would argue either an ignorance of its prominent features, or a woeful lack of appreciation of the importance of this valuable asset of Western Canada. We hope at least to demonstrate that in the



waters that wash the shores and the great inland rivers of the Pacific province there exists the nucleus of a great commercial future.

The chief food fish, and that which has made the province famous, is the salmon. This is the wonderful denizen of the deep, the chief supply of the fishing industry to whose interests nearly seventy thousand men devote their closest attention, creating thereby a substantial annual income, averaging eight million dollars. Scientific research has disclosed the fact that there are five known species of salmon in Canadian Pacific waters, bear-

ing the designation genus, "Onchorhynchus," which are quite distinct from the Atlantic salmon, whose genus is simply "Salmo." The quintette comprises the Sockeye, Quinmat or Spring, Coho or Fall, Dog and Humpback; the first one being by far the principal fish and of the greatest market value.

The Sockeye is a pretty fish, easily distinguished by its blue back and silver sides. The flesh is of rich pink color, and the weight from three to five pounds. The Sockeye enters the Fraser as early as April, and is protected by law until July. British subjects equipped with a license are then allowed the privilege of fishing in Canadian waters. During the first two weeks of August the migration to the spawning grounds is undertaken on an extensive scale; this season is the fisherman's harvest. The annual run varies considerably; there are the "big" and the "poor" years. Ordinarily every fourth is noted for a phenomenal run, and the succeeding year correspondingly poor. Many theories and speculations have been advanced to explain this regular but curious fact, but none are accepted as satisfactory or authentic. It is very amusing on this western coast to note how popular and generally significant is the term "Sockeye." It is a constant synonym in colloquial language for size or strength. A person who is physically strong or personally important, is in the parlance of the coast, "a regular Sockeye." The scheduled name on the C. P. R. time-card of the train running between Vancouver and Steveston (the fishing capital at the mouth of the Fraser River) is the "Sockeye Limited." At the Dominion Exhibition, held recently in New Westminster, the official name of the line of attractions, usually known as the Midway, rejoiced in the suggestive appellation, "The Sockeye Run," but the apt remark of a local wit, that "The Sucker Run" was more appropriate, was generally conceded.

Second in importance in the aristocratic salmon family is the lordly Quinmat, or Spring salmon, which attains an average weight of about twenty-five pounds, but specimens weighing seventy-five to one hundred pounds are caught. These fish are dark blue in color, and are powerful swimmers, choosing always the most rapid streams and tempestuous mountain torrents in finding their way to the headwaters. The color of the flesh varies from a deep red to a very light pink. Owing to their uncertain color their market value is depreciated, although they are earlier and larger than the Sockeye.

Next in order is the Coho, or Fall salmon. This fish runs in August and September, and weighs from three to eight pounds.

Like the Sockeyes, the Cohos travel in compact schools, though not on such an extensive scale. Of late years the Coho has been given considerable notice by canners, and is fast coming into commercial prominence.

The Dog salmon has only recently asserted its commercial claims, and the initial movement has been so successful that its



ON THE LOWER FRASER.

future is assured. While the Dog salmon does not compare with the leading varieties as an edible favorite, the Japanese fishermen of our coast have found a ready market in the Orient for the dry-salted article. Many shiploads of this particular brand were added to the store of the Japanese commissary during the late war.

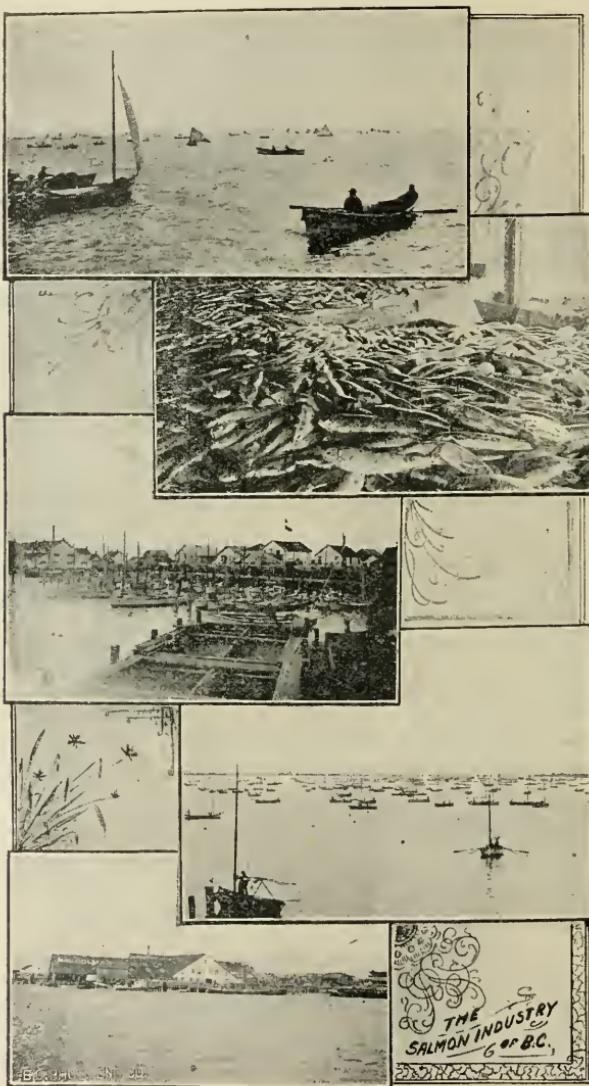
The Humpback, the smallest of the species, has not yet come

very prominently to the front, but the development of the market for cheap fishing products will probably cause a demand for them in the very near future. This season the Humpback is establishing for itself a commercial record which promises in due time to expand to enviable proportions.

Salmon cannerying in British Columbia is a most extensive department of the fishing industry, and represents an enormous outlay of capital. It extends along the coast-line, from Father Fraser to the northern rivers and inlets, as well as the coast of Vancouver Island. There are over twenty cannerying establishments on the Fraser, a dozen on the Skeena, four on the Naas, several up the coast, while about twenty more are divided between the favorable locations on the mainland and Vancouver Island. These canneries put up an annual pack of ten million salmon. During the fishing season, scenes of remarkable activity are witnessed, both among the canneries and fishermen. Indian women, or Klootchmen, as they are called, and Chinese, are engaged in the cannery; while white and Japanese fishermen catch the fish and supply the canneries.

For a number of years the British Columbia cannery and fishermen were at a decided disadvantage in competing with their energetic rivals across the line, whose Government allowed the free use of immense sea-traps for the wholesale catch of salmon, and these intercepted the fish which entered the straits on their way to the spawning grounds, and the canneries realized enormous profits at the expense of Canadian fishing interests. However, the Dominion Government a short time ago withdrew all restrictions, and now Canadian traps are used to advantage. This year witnessed the periodic heavy run, and is proving the most remarkable of years. During the heavy Sockeye run a few weeks ago one company reported a catch of 150,000 in one day, and the largest catch in a single trap was 52,000. The individual row-boat fisherman often netted four hundred fish during one night, and consequently glutted the canneries, which in turn were forced to limit the boats to two hundred fish each; if any more than that limit were caught they were not accepted or paid for. In spite of these unusual restrictions the market for the first time in many years is overburdened, and cannery men are thinking seriously of advertising for new foreign markets to accept the excess of this present bountiful season. The following editorial in a local newspaper points out another new difficulty as the result of this prosperous year:

"There are incased salmon lying at the Fraser River canneries sufficient to fill at least 100,000 cases, which cannot be



packed for the reason that boxes cannot be obtained. In other words, there is a box famine in the land as far as salmon can-

ning interests are concerned. Never in the history of packing on the Fraser has such a shortage of boxes been felt."

On both sides of the line there has been a marked decline in the salmon catch in recent years, due to the destructive methods of fishers and trappers, principally on Puget Sound, which prevented the fish from reaching the spawning ground to propagate and perpetuate their species. The Dominion and Provincial Governments have established hatcheries at suitable points, but the marked scarcity of salmon eggs demands imperative measures. Consequently, a few months ago, prominent canners of the United States and Canada petitioned their respective governments and urged the adoption of a close season in 1906 and 1908 and a weekly close period of thirty-six hours during the open season. The Canadian Government passed the measure, but it was rejected by the Washington authorities, consequently the Dominion regulations will be withdrawn. Nevertheless, the progressive policy adopted by our Federal and Provincial Governments in connection with establishing hatcheries is meeting with excellent success. A description of this interesting process is impossible within the limits of this article, but the report of Provincial Inspector Babcock, regarding a new hatchery at Seaton Lake, will give suggestive information: "The site of the Seaton Lake hatchery was well chosen, and it is a most excellent one. An ample supply of fresh, sparkling water is drawn from the depths of the lake and fed to the hatching troughs (into which are placed the eggs after fertilization), of which there are one hundred and sixty in the hatchery. This water is taken from a depth in the lake in order that it may be of even temperature, for variations in temperature in the water used for hatching are serious drawbacks. The temperature of the water running through the hatching troughs at Seaton Lake is such that the eggs should hatch and the young fry appear in forty or fifty days. The first of the salmon ova was, I believe, obtained about September 5th or 6th, and, I think, the fry should be appearing the latter part of the present month. Hatching conditions at Seaton Lake are as perfect as modern equipment and ingenuity can make them, and I look for wonderful results from that plant.

"By the distribution of the nine hundred and fifty heat units necessary for hatching salmon eggs over a period of forty or fifty days, greater hardihood is ensured for the young fish. It is a peculiarity of salmon propagation that when the fish are forced, through having them hatched in water of too high a

temperature, they are weak, and much more liable to succumb than fish which are hatched in colder waters."

Mr. Babcock has inaugurated a scheme for hatching, which



Courtesy "Northern Interior of British Columbia."

A CARRIER FISHERMAN.

will assist to a great extent in relieving congestion in the hatching troughs. He intends shortly to fence in with woven wire

netting of close texture some twelve hundred feet along the length of the stream, which near the hatchery is one hundred feet wide and running four feet deep, and in that enclosure, safe from trout and other predatory fish, he will place the salmon ova, sometime prior to the actual initial rupture of the eggs through the gradual development of the fry. In the enclosure the fry will have plenty of room in the running water for the development it is necessary they should obtain before they are allowed to run down to the sea. The fry are usually from three to three and a half inches in length when they are allowed to start for the sea and forage for themselves. The intention is to propagate between fifty-five and sixty million eggs this season, of which number 36,500,000 Sockeye are now under way, and this only the report of one out of the ten hatcheries now in operation in British Columbia.

Second only to the salmon as a food fish, and in commercial value, is its formidable rival the halibut. The coast waters of British Columbia abound in these great fish, whose average weight is sixty pounds, with specimens often that weigh one hundred pounds, and attain a length of five or six feet. The halibut is a deep-sea fish, and in recent years, this branch of deep sea fishing has assumed large proportions. As late as 1897, halibut fishing was in its experimental stage, but now the New England Fish Company have four steamers regularly employed to bring the catch to Vancouver, to be shipped overland by fast express to Boston. One hundred thousand pounds is an ordinary cargo for one ship, as the result of a three or four days' catch.

The cod and herring fisheries are still in their infancy. Black cod, a most delicious table dish, is found in abundance off the coast of Queen Charlotte Island; owing to its delicacy of fibre, it cannot be shipped long distances. The herring industry, though only in its incipient stage, promises to be very lucrative. Nanaimo harbor has, of late, experienced something phenomenal in the herring line. The shoals of herring were so thick and compact, and in such large numbers, that the waves, caused by passing steamers, threw thousands and thousands on the shore to decompose. These fish are handled in five ways. There is an excellent market for fresh herring, pickled, smoked, salt-dried, and in bulk for the halibut fishermen; they are also used at the hatcheries for feeding salmon fry. About four thousand barrels of herrings were packed by two companies in Nanaimo last season.

An established financial success in the British Columbia fishing industry is that department known as sealing. This is the oldest and most profitable enterprise on the Canadian western seaboard. While in Victoria this summer, the base of this important industry, it was my privilege to see the sealing fleet of some forty-eight vessels ranging from forty to one hundred tons. The history of the intrepid seal hunters, making their long hazardous voyages, braving the fiercest gales, and exhibiting the greatest daring in quest of the valuable seal in these small vessels furnishes most fascinating reading. The sealing interests in Victoria represent half a million dollars; with the exception of three vessels, the business is controlled by one company. The season extends from January until May, and the principal fishing ground is, of course, the famous Behring Sea. The annual receipts average five hundred thousand dollars. The principal market is London, England.

Coming fast into prominence is the whale industry, and this promises to become very shortly the most lucrative of all the Pacific fishing departments. Already a whaling station and factory have been erected on the west coast of Vancouver Island, that so effectually disposes of the component parts of the whale, that, similar to the proverbial "squeal" of the packing-house hog, nothing is left but the "spout." First, the oil is extracted from the big fish, then a rich fertilizer is made from the meat and coarser bone, and, finally, the prime whale-bone sells in London at the handsome sum of fourteen thousand dollars per ton.

Oolachen, bass, sturgeon, shad, and oil fish are plentifully found, while whelks, cockles, clams, and crabs are obtained in large quantities. The development of the oyster trade is promising, especially in view of the deposit lately of several car-loads of Eastern oysters in Pacific waters. Salmon and sea trout abound in all the streams of the province, thereby constituting a veritable sportsman's paradise.

The magnitude of the fishing industry of this fair Pacific province may be seen by the fact that the total revenues from it in the province, going to the Federal Government for licenses, is yearly about fifty thousand dollars, with an expenditure of thirteen thousand dollars, while the revenues of the rest of Canada, from the same sources, only amount to thirty-eight thousand dollars, with an expenditure four times greater.

New Westminster, Oct. 27th, 1905.

***Three Girls in a Boat***

ETHEL G. CHADWICK, '07.

WE were camping down at the lake, in the midst of the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, whose name, if you would know it, you may find in Hiawatha. There were ma and pa and auntie, as well as a family varying in numbers from three to six. As ma has been heard to affirm many a time, pa was a worthless man, for did she not have to sew the lace frills in his collar and cuffs. As for auntie, she was the so-called chaperone of the family, but as each one was in the habit of assuming the role to himself, auntie was left without any duty to perform. After spending some ten days in the peaceful pursuits of rowing, bathing, fishing, berrying and sleeping, the three heads of the family decided that it would be advisable to take a trip, especially as there was an extremely cheap one on just then. I neglected to mention that the town residence of the family was some two miles and a half from the cottage over good orthodox Muskoka roads—only it wasn't Muskoka.

The day before the expedition was spent in plans for ourselves and promises to the family to bring them something home for a "momenty," as one woman was afterwards heard to term it. As the train left town at 7.30 a.m. we were obliged, having been known to get up early but one morning since our arrival, to go to town the evening before. After making all due preparations, and laying the household responsibilities of our three persons upon the eldest member of the family, we awaited the arrival of the family chariot. Picture to yourselves, if you can, ma, pa, auntie, a small girl whom we were taking to town, our driver, a market basket and wraps for the crowd, all piled in and around a buckboard. Then pursue us, as, clinging frantically to the seat and to one another, we travel up and down hill, at last to drive through the main street of an aristocratic town. The evening was exceedingly close; we were as positive as if it were actually being fulfilled before our eyes, that it was going to rain on the morrow. The band were practising almost beneath our window that new and slightly-known song, "Good-bye, My Bluebell." Loaves of bread to be made into sandwiches in the morning floated before our eyes. At last, however, we slept, but only to be awakened from our dreams by a low roar, followed by a crash. Pa sprang out of bed—he wasn't useless then—to shut the shutters and close the windows and doors.

Presently the sky opened its flood-gates, while crash succeeded crash. We had not been false prophets indeed. Scarcely had we subsided into slumber when a tap at the door told us it was time to arise. The rain had stopped, the sun was peeping forth from its cloudy night-cap. All nature was refreshed and ready for our trip, and so were we.

At last we were on the train, and from the rear coach came the strains that had so delighted us on the previous evening. Our friends in the adjoining seat, being of a humorous disposition, regaled us with stories during our hour's wait before the train left. They explained to us the origin of a nearby hop yard. Once upon a time a certain man, having bought some frogs, left them in an uncovered box. During the night they all hopped out, whereupon he sold the hops and thus originated the hop yard. With like interesting tales of antiquity did they amuse and profit us, while all whom we passed by, taking us for friends, waved kerchiefs and hats. In fact, we were very kindly used. Being strangers we were taken in.

Arrived at the Limestone City, and finding that an hour's wait was upon our hands before we could board the boat, we decided to view the city. Some hailed a street-car, and, taking the conductor into our confidence, inquired for the sights of the city. With remarkably keen perception he took us out past schools and churches, past the penitentiary even, and stopped with the Church of the Good Thief on one side and the asylum on the other. It was a case of "you takes your choice," so we remained on the car. An hospitably-inclined lady ahead of us, noticing our verdant expressions, showed us the chief points of interest. However, she somewhat counteracted the good effect of her Samaritan conduct by inquiring in a tragic voice if we brought "that" band, with emphasis on the demonstrative. We assured her that we had personally escorted it, after which she favored us with no further information. As this lady left us at the asylum, the conductor undertook to perform her good offices on the trip back, and pointed out among other things Sir John A. Macdonald's monument and Martello tower. I might say here that we afterwards bought a picture card of the tower just to remind us. We saw the staid gray walls of our sister university, the customs house, as well as the most beautiful, old-fashioned residences, tiny castles set amidst trees and shrubs. It was the penitentiary, though, that especially interested us, with its high, thick walls; sentries patrolling at regular intervals; the iron spikes over the entrance like any ancient feudal castle. In-

side everything was of the same gray stone, beautiful to look upon, but hideous to think of to any one confined behind its impregnable strength.

At 12 o'clock the gates at the wharf were opened, and we rushed on board the boat to secure a seat in the much-coveted bow. It was now time to appeal to our lunch-basket, upon which we had already made one or two secret raids. We were not so busily engaged, however, with our own operations as to be unable to watch our neighbors. And we certainly had food for reflection. It was a most surprising thing to see what monstrous two by four by eight-inch sandwiches some people could manage. They were of the "fillin'" kind. The party that interested us most was one composed of three married couples. They had all come together, and were off for the day. Owing to a circumstance which happened later in the day, and also to the fact that we were unaware of their identity, we christened them "The Watermelons." Thenceforth they will appear before the reader under that cognomen. Between our own sandwiches we had time to glance at them, and it was always something different. First, it was plain bread and butter. Next, it was garnished with roast chicken and cucumbers, and, as there was a leg apiece, we came to the logical conclusion that three of the feathery tribe had rendered up their lives in the noble cause. Then came a course of celery and pickles, followed by tomatoes. Whole loaves of bread were meanwhile disappearing, while long after we had finished, pies and cakes of every description went the way of the chicken legs.

By this time the thermometer was up to boiling point; soot and soft coal had done their best to give us color, and a fresh shower from the smoke-stack had given us a somewhat mottled appearance. Behind us was heard the plaintive wail of a little maid inquiring whether there were any place where she could wash her hands. Her neighbor, a fat, greasy personage, who looked as if she and water had long since parted company, replied in the negative. "Why," said she, "they never have such places on a ship. I never think of washing when I am on the water."

Just about this time the illustrious band were pressing forward to the bow of the boat. Scarcely had we finished the last sandwich allotted for that meal, and swallowed the last drop of cold tea, when there burst in loud, unfeeling tones upon our unwilling ears, "Good-bye, My Bluebell." We turned and fled, unconsciously keeping step with "Farewell to You," and de-

posited ourselves and belongings in the farthest part of the stern. But even there at intervals there came to us piteous tales of camp-fires and battle's din, interspersed with dreams of fair blue eyes.

It is needless to try to describe to the initiated the beauties of the Thousand Islands, the little windings in and out and round-about, the high, steep rocks crowned with nature's noblest denizens of the forest, the little sea-girt islands fastened to their larger sisters by high Venetian bridges, the broad, blue expanse of waters, and above, the kindly, protecting sky. All along the way were the cottages, where the tired city folk were seeking rest and freedom from their artificial winter life. Summer homes of every kind were there, from the two-roomed little hut to the mansions of a Browning or a Vanderbilt, while romantic-looking Dutch art intervened at times. Behind us came the enthusiastic rower, taking the swells, while the gasoline launch, or, as the small boy expressed it, the torpedo-boat, was borne along on the crest of the waves. We had our guide-book, as all good tourists have, but, after finding, or thinking we had found, one scene three several times before we really did identify it, we cast it aside as going the way of all such books, and trusted to ourselves and our neighbors for information.

It is about time to return to "The Watermelons." They, too, sought rest from the exciting strains of the band, and established themselves near us again. This time they appeared with two dozen bananas, which they promptly despatched.

Interspersed with this came snatches of conversation from behind. A tall, handsome man was entertaining a beautiful girl with accounts of his various "affairs," and descriptions of the different girls he had gone with. There was one girl, he said, he could go with, only she was too young, while another did not measure up to his idea of beauty. After awhile we saw the same young man puffing cigarette smoke in artistic little curls directly into the young lady's face.

We were now nearing Alexandria Bay, as could be judged by the number of launches and sailboats that were in evidence. The magnificent hotels loomed up before us, while campers strolled about in all directions. We were given one hour to dispose of any surplus cash we might have. We first visited the curio store, where we found that the only large thing about the "momentys" was the price. A bit of grass, tied up with a half-cotton ribbon, and passing for a napkin ring, was sold at the moderate price of twenty-five cents, provided any one could be persuaded to buy, while a medusa-like Indian's head, perched

on a crooked stick, and supposed to be a peace pipe, brought fifty. Perhaps it was the association that we paid for. Round and round the store we went with the clerk at our heels ready to volunteer information, and also to see that nothing suffered an untimely removal. But nothing could we find to suit at the same time our taste and our purse.

Thoughts of unfulfilled promises to the family quickened our steps in search of curios. On our way, however, we wandered into an ice-cream parlor. A line of American campers was drawn up—some twenty women and girls marshalled into order by four admiring husbands and brothers, and numbering from the right, so that it might be known how much cream had to be ordered. It was found that a gallon would suffice, inasmuch as one of the four remarked that he wanted to "give each gal one." After this astute remark, we departed in search of "momentys," leaving the party to the endless discussion as to whether it should be pineapple or cherry. Every store front was scanned, but without success, until at last in despair we were driven into a confectionery store, where we invested in a supply of Lowney's sufficient to last any well-regulated family for at least one hour.

The trip home was none the less interesting as regards our neighbors. "The Watermelons" had been improving the time by investing in a watermelon of huge proportions. This they deposited on a chair after coming on board again, and arranging themselves around their camp-fire in true Indian fashion, proceeded to mutilate their victim. Slice after slice disappeared down bloodthirsty throats, and we were some distance on our journey home before the last vestige was removed.

Our trip home was by Canadian waters, where we found the scenery much more natural and rugged than on the other side. The slanting rays of the setting sun lit up with a gentle glow the quiet woodland scenes and the tiny cottages perched on their own rocky little islands, while the dark green leaves were reaching up to meet and be caressed by the soft fleecy clouds.

But to come back to dull earth and "The Watermelons." Supper time had meanwhile arrived, bringing with it the ever-present baskets of our unknown friends. Their menu this time would do justice to any city dinner. A roast leg of lamb sliced was succeeded by stuffed beef, with side dishes of tomatoes, cucumbers, celery and olives. Then followed a repetition of the delicacies of their midday lunch, ending up with coffee and cheese. As we were disembarking we heard one of "The Watermelons" say to her husband: "Now, Jim, you're surely not hungry." The answer was lost to us.

Fortune again favored us with a seat near our friends on the train. Two of them again essayed to lunch. Whereupon one angular woman, whose appetite had been of almost double proportions all day, hurled down stern invectives upon them. She always liked to see people eat enough (that had been quite evident during the day), but she did hate to see them make pigs of themselves. Being kept under strict surveillance, "Jim" did not attempt to perform any further gastronomic feats, but sought quite successfully the god Morpheus all the way home. The last we heard of our friends, "The Watermelons," was a determined remark on the part of the angular woman to arise the following morning at five. Whether she did or not I cannot tell.

Down the aisle facing ma and auntie were seated an affectionate couple, the girl reposing blissfully on the outstretched arm of the gentleman. Acting under a sudden inspiration, ma extended her arm along the back of the seat, auntie laid back her head, while the two exchanged most languishing glances. The little scene lost none of its intensity in repetition. The effect on the couple down the aisle was magical. They sat bolt upright, the extended member suddenly fell, and thenceforth he gazed out one window and she the other with expressions that were not angelic.

Just as the town-clock struck the witches' hour, three tired but happy people were received and welcomed by such of the family as were up, and soon after three weary brains sought repose amidst confused thoughts of watermelons and blue bells.

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### *When Polly Puckles*

WHEN Polly puckers up  
Her dainty little lips—to whistle  
(And they're as soft as down from off a thistle,  
And sweet as bees find in a buttercup),

I bid her stop! For why?—  
To view that roseate formation,  
Like nothing else created in creation—  
Especially when no one else is by—

Affects a telephone,  
My mental one, which jiggles strings,  
Feelings unheard of, and other funny things,  
That make me want to pucker up my own.

E. J. M.

## A Western Mining Camp

D. M. PERLEY, '04.

ONE of the first things that impresses an Easterner, or tenderfoot, on entering a mountain mining camp, is its "rawness." This effect is produced by the conspicuous absence of paint and the equally conspicuous presence of blackened stumps, bare rocks and great slate-colored heaps of waste ore. The impression of crudeness is enhanced by the temporary character of the buildings and the many makeshifts that are employed by the inhabitants, such as the use of the school-house for the various purposes of church, police station and municipal offices. This incompleteness results largely from a sense of the uncertainty of mining, and is characteristic of nearly all mountain towns. The prevalent recklessness of the miners is, of course, due to their experience of the unstable nature of mining companies, as well as to the natural "toughness" of young men in any part of the world.

For while the camps are not, as a rule, so "wild and woolly" as they are pictured by the arm-chair critic in the old and effete East, still the uncertainty of the environment exercises an influence over the characters of the men. You find men who are willing to hazard their fortunes, if they have any, or prospects, if they have not, in coming West, quite ready to hazard their pay at faro, black-jack, chuck-luck or fan-tan, or with equal *sang froid* risk their lives in the dangerous stopes of the underground workings. There is a good deal of rude fatalism, and the marvellous escapes on the one hand, and the curiously simple manner in which accidents sometimes occur on the other, seem to favor this impression of the supremacy of luck.

Under such conditions gambling is only natural to the man who sells a claim for several thousand dollars, and turns around and invests it in what he regards as a better claim, only to sink his money in a hole in the ground, and never strike "paying dirt." Even lonely prospectors sometimes become half-demented in a frenzied desire to uncover a rich lead, only to find their luck has turned.

The spirit of the mining community is, perhaps, best reflected in the typical prospector, an individual who has been much discussed, and one who still affords much material for imagination to develop, as shown by the marvellous success of Bret Harte and Ralph Connor. Avoiding anything so ambitious as fiction, I will merely set before you a few traits that seems to me peculiar to the prospector as he is to-day.

The typical prospector is a widely travelled man, having visited most of the mining regions from Panama to Alaska, and he may even be familiar with Australia, Burmah, South Africa and the Gold Coast. This imparts a breadth of view, and a familiar knowledge of men and things that no college could afford. Then the lonely life of the prospector on isolated claims acts as a corrective for the dissipating effects of travel, and gives him depth and intensity, for what books he takes with him to the claim are well read before he has finished his assessment work. He is frequently a man of great independence of thought, especially on economic subjects. The words, labor, capital, producer, parasite and others indicate the trend of his thinking. In striking contrast to the smug content of the agricultural plainsman is the rebellious dissatisfaction with the present state of industrial society, and the expectation of a great economic revolution that is characteristic of the mountaineer. One who would try to understand mining life without some knowledge of socialism would be like a student trying to understand a lecturer's jokes without acquaintance with comic sections, Juvenal, or Immanuel Kant. The typical prospector is dissatisfied with "conditions"; it is not surprising then that he is socialistic and takes pleasure in telling you how the horrors of Cripple Creek and the Cœur d'Alenes could have been avoided "if they'd give the working man a chance."

Socially the prospector leaves little to be desired. He talks freely, is hospitable and generous almost to a fault. His cabin is open to the stranger, and he is ever ready to "grub-stake" the man who, through hard luck, finds himself "up against it."

To be quite fair, however, one must not forget that the prospector has his faults. The common partiality to games of chance has been mentioned. He is also very fond of the contents of the "can," or the "growler," as the receptacle of strong waters is often called. His disregard for the posulates of conventional morality, to say nothing of religion, is somewhat disconcerting to the uninitiated, but the heart beneath this rough exterior is generally true as steel.

Though a striking figure in a mining camp the prospector is but one of a very cosmopolitan throng. Most of the mining communities of Europe and America contribute their quota to the motley crowd that pours out of the tunnels when the shifts change. As might be expected the confusion of tongues is correspondingly great, and it requires the bluff "Hoot, mon!" of the Scot and the ingenious interchange of "haitches" by the "Cousin Jack" to counteract the bewildering effect of so much

foreign gibberish on the ear. The Swedes are the most numerous class of aliens, and the difficulty the bold Norseman has with the hard consonants of English is scarcely less than his Viking forefathers had with the hard craniums of our ancestors. The Swede seldom leaves his position, but he frequently "yumps his yob."

The vernacular of a country often throws a clearer light on the character of its inhabitants than a description of their habits. Subscriptions are being continually raised for injured miners or their families, and the question is often put into the form of a command: "Come, pardner, go down into your little sock and dig up." There is an old prospector in Rossland known as "Sour-dough Bill"; sour-dough being the technical name of that foe to digestion made by bachelors in lieu of bread. As a spade is called a spade, no one is surprised when a person asks the butcher for a "yard of dog," when bologna is meant. The professional gambler is sometimes called a "booster," but more usually a "tin-horn," alluding, perhaps, to the fact that his victim comes out at the small end of the horn, while he gets the "tin." The "hash-slingers," or waiters in the restaurants, are sometimes called "nipper girls"; a nipper in a mine being the man who "nips," that is "packs," or carries the drills to the blacksmith's shop for sharpening. A saloon is appropriately called a "booze-joint," while the "dope" which the proprietor puts into his liquid lightning is not inaccurately named "coffin-nail." The practice of "doping drinks" is quite the usual thing in the railroad camps, where the man who escapes being divorced from his pay-day "wad" by the soporific effect of a bottle of "red-eye" may count himself lucky. The shift-boss is usually called the "big squeeze," and the mine manager "the old man," quite regardless of his age. The man who works with pick and shovel is always called a "mucker," and those who work at night often speak of their shift as the "graveyard." Unpopular men are for various reasons alluded to as "red-necks," "knockers" and "johnnies," while the whole race of confidence men, bunco artists and flim-flammers of every description are compendiously styled by the miner as "wild-catters."

One finds a mining camp as difficult to describe as a tenderfoot, who undertakes to manage a "contrairy" cayuse, finds it difficult to obtain language adequate to express his sentiments. For the cayuse exhibits in miniature the soul of the camp—uncertainty. The philosophy of Bret Harte's remark concerning the Chinese becomes apparent when applied to mining camps, "they are peculiar."



### *The Silver Cobalt Area of New Ontario*

In a paper such as this ought to be, it is absolutely necessary to give a good general idea of the mining area in question from a scientific and economic point of view without going too deeply into any one phase; for the phase most interesting to the writer might perchance be the very one in which the people for whom he is writing take least interest. In view of this let pardon be extended for any slighting of apparently important detail which may occur.

Those, who from any source have learnt anything of the nature of the recently discovered Cobalt deposits in New Ontario know that the mineral in every case occurs in what are known as veins. The veins in this district are typical veins, long, almost straight fissures in the rock varying in width from one-half inch or even less to twelve inches. The rock on either side of the crack forms a perpendicular wall, so that the vein sinks down straight into the rock, the bottom of each in a plumb line with the top, so far as present mining operations have revealed.

The top surface of the mineral matter filling the cracks is often weathered to the color of the adjacent rock by exposure to the action of air and water, so the question may well be asked, How it is, that these veins, narrow and almost indistinguishable from the country rock as they are, were ever discovered at all.

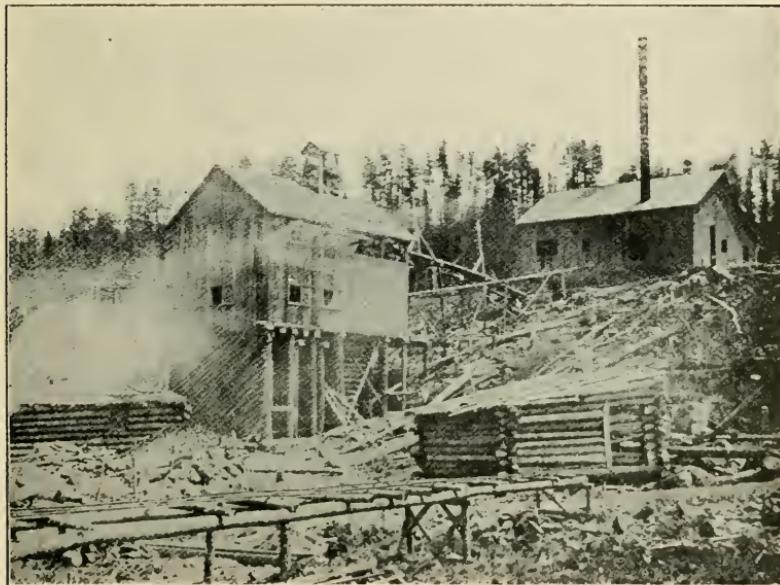
The manner of the discovery was as unique as the veins themselves. A blacksmith employed on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway discovered the first vein in a rock cutting in which he was working. The railway now passes through this cut just to the north of Long, or as it is now called, Cobalt Lake.

Of course the man did not know what a bonanza he had found, but the pink stains, caused by the weathering of the cobalt of the ore, caught his eye, and he knew enough to know that the material filling the crack was mineral of some sort. A friend staked the claim for him, for he did not know enough of ways

and means to do so for himself, and samples were sent away for analysis.

Prospecting soon began among those in the district, but the outside world, in spite of the report issued by the Bureau of Mines, seems to have remained in ignorance of the deposits, or, to say the least, unconcerned in them, till the Toronto papers took the matter in hand and gave it wide publicity.

Many new discoveries were made within a short space of time in the immediate vicinity, and many claims were staked. Too many, indeed, were staked, for unscrupulous prospectors tried to blanket the land. If they saw a claim with a good vein run-



A SCENE AT COBALT.

ning, let us say, east and west on it, they would stake the claims immediately to the east and west of it, hoping to find the vein where it left the other man's land. Thus, without having made any discovery it was their intention to keep all other prospectors off the land till they themselves had prospected it thoroughly. One is glad to be able to say that such tactics brought the men no luck, and nearly every valuable mine in the district was staked by an honest prospector, prospecting in an open and lawful way.

The economic value of the mines is in the very high silver content of the ore. One assay of some of the ore, from a claim on

the Cobalt town site, I have by me. It places the total amount of silver at 3,998.4 ounces to the ton; 2,078 ounces of this per ton is in combination with sulphur or arsenic, and the remaining 1,920.4 ounces is in the free and native state—that is to say, in form of metallic silver. Such values as these have but seldom been exceeded in the history of silver mining.

In addition to the silver which occurs, either native or in combination with sulphur or arsenic, the ore contains much cobalt, generally in combination with arsenic in a mineral called smalrite. The two constituents, cobalt and arsenic, also give some value to the ore. The market for cobalt at present prices is, however, limited, and in consequence of the increased output due to these mines the price has already dropped greatly. Just as soon, however, as the market price falls as low as that of nickel the market will increase enormously, for cobalt can be substituted for nickel in many of the arts and manufactures once its cost is low enough to permit it to be used economically. The value of the arsenic at present prices is almost negligible.

As has been indicated, the silver, argentite or sulphide of silver, and the smalrite are the value-producing minerals, but besides these there are several which, though not value-producers and of only occasional occurrence, are nevertheless characteristic of the district, and on this account worthy of notice.

Nicolite, a compound of nickel and arsenic, occurs in small percentage in nearly all the veins, and in one mine especially, the one first discovered, there is enough nickel present to be counted as one of the valuable constituents of the ore. Erythrite, the product of the weathering of the smalrite, is of wide occurrence, not in large ore masses, but as incrustations on other ores. So widespread is it that it has become an "ear-mark" of these mines. Its beautiful pink color crops up everywhere, and its popular name, "Cobalt Bloom," so well descriptive of it, is in everybody's mouth. So characteristic, indeed, is this name of the district that the cider sold to the miners as a substitute for the liquor prohibited by law is colored pink and laughingly called "Cobalt Bloom," or rather "Fighting Cobalt Bloom," for it is said a few glasses of it would make a jack rabbit sit up and slap a bulldog in the face. Truth may or may not be ingrained in those who relate this story.

Besides the Cobalt Bloom there are found occasionally native bismuth, antimony and manganese minerals; cobaltite, a sulpharsenide of cobalt and annabergite, an incrustation due to the nickel in the ore, just as the erythrite is due to the cobalt.

The first question on the tongue of a miner is naturally, "How deep do the veins go?" To answer this it is necessary to give an outline of the rock formations in which the deposits occur.

Underlying the whole formation in this district is an old slaty rock belonging to the Keewatin period. This Keewatin, in a few isolated places, reaches the present surface of the earth, but in most of the district round Cobalt it is covered with a layer of rock resembling slate in some particulars, but without the cleavage which characterizes slate. In addition to lacking the regular structure of slate this rock contains pebbles, large and small, of other rocks, notably granite, and because of this it has been called slate conglomerate. Through this layer of slate conglomerate hills of an eruptive rock have forced their way, and it throws some light on the origin of the deposits to find that all the mineral bearing veins are at or near the contact of this eruptive rock and the slate. Some importance may be attached also to the fact that the veins occur in both the slate conglomerate and the diabase, as the eruptive rock is called, though over nine-tenths of the veins are in the former.

No one knows as yet how deep one must go down through the slate conglomerate, near the centres of what may be termed the Keewatin valleys, before reaching the underlying rock, but two things are known. One is that near any outcrops of Keewatin the Huronian is apt to be shallow. The second is that directly the Keewatin is reached the rich ore no longer occurs. These two points may be regarded as fairly well proven by the experience of one mine just west of Cobalt Lake. The shaft of this mine struck the Keewatin at a depth of about twenty feet, but this was in close proximity to an outcrop of Keewatin. The important feature is that as soon as this latter rock was reached the vein, up till that depth only five inches wide, opened out to four or five feet wide, but instead of continuing to be the same cobalt ore, it changed to the far less valuable sulphides of lead, iron and copper. It is only just to say that in no other mine has the Keewatin been reached, even though several have sunk their shafts a hundred feet or more.

The likelihood of the mines giving out prematurely is thus small, while the probability is that depths far exceeding these will be reached with but little diminution, either in quantity or quality of the ore.

Owing to these mines Cobalt Station, one hundred and three miles north of North Bay, on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, has risen from the wilderness to be a large and

flourishing, though of necessity, jerry-built town. The railway runs two passenger trains a day on the line, and patronage is not lacking. The freight also carried to and from Cobalt daily is so great as to tax the resources of the railway to its utmost.

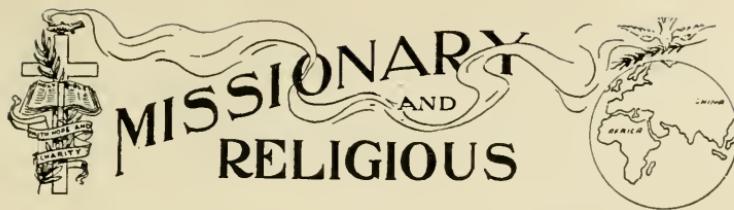
Five miles north of Cobalt is Haileybury, with its beautiful situation, on Lake Temiskaming. Five miles north of this again is New Liskeard, the largest town on the railway. Both Haileybury and New Liskeard were reached by steamers from Fort Temiskaming and the Canadian Pacific Railway to Mattawa and North Bay long before the T. and N. O. line was built.

The country for miles round, in fact the whole north country, is studded with lakes, whose clear limped waters are well set off by their well-wooded, though rocky shores.

Lake Temagami, the largest of the Temagami waters, lies thirty miles south of Cobalt; that is, seventy-two miles north of North Bay. It already gives promise of developing into the premier summer resort of the continent.

Another phase of our north country is reached, when thirty miles north of Liskeard we come to the White River, the beginning of a good farming district. Here farms and clearances, large and small, dot the banks for many miles—the farms of well-satisfied settlers. These settlers are up-to-date in their methods, too. Already they have a daily boat service to Liskeard. Already each settler along the White River, for a moderate sum, has telephone communication with Liskeard, and through Liskeard with the civilized world, as the larger cities please to call themselves.

Just one more word about the primary subject of this paper. Lest people are prone to think that because the veins are so small they are valueless and negligible, let them not forget that in the last year the mines have shipped over \$2,000,000 of ore, \$250,000 of which was taken from a cut along a five-inch vein, embracing only fifty feet of the length of the vein and going only fifty feet down into it; and if anyone should begin to feel dissatisfied at remaining in harness at work in the city, farm, or college, let him not forget that all the easy propositions have been gobbled up already, and let him keep repeating to himself the old adage, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

*Leysian Mission, City Road, London C.*

A. L. O. FIFE, '04.

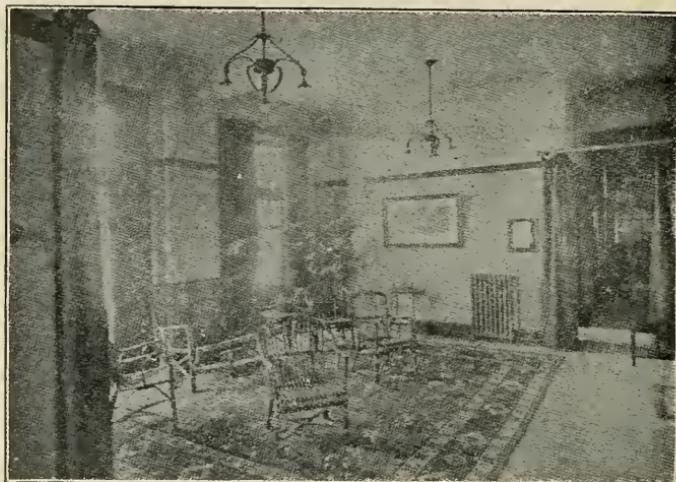
WHILE in London the tourist who is of the Wesleyan denomination, as a rule, finds his way some time to City Road Chapel—the memorial chapel of John Wesley. Quite near, on the opposite side of the street, is another building, which, to me, is quite as eloquent of the spirit of the work wrought by the founder of our Church. I refer to the Leysian Mission, with was started and is maintained by those who have attended and are especially interested in the Leys School. The commencement of the mission and the devoted spirit of its workers seem very harmonious with the example of Wesley. For do we not trace the beginning of his special career to the evenings of quiet study of the Greek Testament, in company with his brother and two other students, in Oxford, in 1729.

Leys School, Cambridge, is denominational, and does work corresponding to that of the great Public Schools of England. Its buildings are good, well situated in ground, affording ample space for the games of the English youth. For London, entering either commercial or professional life, gathers many who have enjoyed the community of school life, and carrying with them the unselfish spirit gained under the late principal, Dr. Moulton, or under the present one, Dr. Barber.

So, in 1886, these ex-students established the Leysian Mission, on White Cross Street. The growth of the work necessitated a change to the premises specially built on Errol Street ; Again, another move last year to its present large, commodious quarters on City Road. It stands on this thoroughfare, just at the juncture of several important streets, connecting the North of London with the East, West and South. With an almost numberless population within five minutes' walk of the building, you can realize what an enormous constituency there is of

men, women and children, who need the sympathy and help of Christian workers.

The cost of building and furnishing these different premises is over £112,000. The annual expenditure is estimated at £3,000, that is without the cost of running the twenty-five branches, which are self-supporting. This money is raised also by the Leysians, so with that student body rests the responsibility and the glory of this work to which they are devoting so many of their gifts and powers. The schemes are characterized by daring and enterprise, and probably this ever-present enthusiasm is because this mission is and always has been a young men's movement.



LEYSIAN SETTLEMENT LOUNGE.

The mission has been spoken of as the "best down-town institutional church," for in its organization it finds scope for all kinds of Christian and social activities. The various enterprises may be grouped under the following: 1. The Church Life of the Mission. 2. The Young People's Department. 3. Social and Philanthropic Work. 4. Recreations of the Mission. 5. Temperance Work. 6. The Settlement. 7. Music of the Mission. 8. The Work of the District.

The settlement has accommodation for thirty-three men. The rooms are open to past and present Leys' boys and masters, to fathers and brothers of the Leysians, either for temporary or permanent accommodation in London. The quarters are very

comfortable with individual bedrooms and pleasant dining, lounge and smoking-rooms. With few exceptions every leisure moment is devoted to the mission. These, with the other voluntary workers resident in the city number about three hundred, all of whom are either "old Leysians or their friends."

The staff of the mission consists of two ministers, one lay assistant, three deaconesses, the secretary, the lady residents of the Price Hughes Settlement, the Moulton Settlement, and those to whom I have already referred. The ministers who are now in charge of the mission are Rev. J. Ash Parsons, for six years actively, earnestly and successfully engaged in city mission work, and Rev. H. Biseker, who has been for three years chaplain at Leys School, and forms a sympathetic bond of union between the school at Cambridge and the mission in London.

The splendidly arranged and equipped building was opened in its different departments, on July 11th, 1904, by Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. As the building was not yet ready for work in all departments, the inaugural meetings were not held until October 12th, 1904.

The services were in the large, attractive Assembly Hall—the Victoria Hall. The dedicatory service of the morning was conducted by Dr. Davison and Dr. Barber, the principal of Leys School. The latter in his address gave three reasons for his pride in his pupils, their record in sports, their academic successes, and this mission which was the finest and purest flower of the school.

Among the speakers at the luncheon was, Dr. Greggory, who is the head of the Wesleyan Orphanage work. He contrasted the class of Methodist youths with whom he and Dr. Barber worked. In this mission those of opposite social position met, and in their union he saw indications of the strength and devotions of the church, whose favored members regarded their advantages as a trust, to be used for the religious and social uplifting of the less fortunate.

The hopes and plans for the work for the women were the interesting topics for the afternoon session. This department of the work was opened by Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes, whose husband's name has been given to this branch of the work in this Mission.

In the evening the hall was crowded. A very similar gathering may be found there any Sunday evening, or at mid-week prayer-meeting, or at the popular concert on Saturday

night. At this first mass-meeting, in the beautiful Victoria Hall, we heard such workers in city mission life as Mr. Scott-Lidgett, of the Bermondsey Settlement, and Mr. Watts-Ditchfield, Vicar of St James-the-Less, Bethnal Green.

The Mission, although only one year in the home, which provided so much more equipment for new organization, is over-crowded in every department. This marvellous success must be theirs, for the aim and spirit of all its work is the zealous following of the manifesto of Christ's life, as given in his first public utterance, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, to open the prison to them that are bound; to give men beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

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### *College Band of Hamilton Conference*

SINCE the advent of advanced critical thought into our colleges, it has appeared with a new meaning to every thoughtful student, that evangelism is the first issue of life. The solution for this problem was found by the formation of bands, to work during the winter in our city churches. So successful has been the efforts, that the men at college, from Hamilton Conference, offered their service in the same direction during the summer vacations. It has been thought advisable to put the work on a permanent basis, with the hope that the movement may spread through all our colleges.

During the summer ten series were conducted, reaching over twenty churches; and ten days were devoted to the leadership in the Summer-school for Missions at Grimsby Park. In this work Messrs. Bull, Farrill, and Copeland, were engaged for the whole campaign; while to it Messrs. Wells, Reany, Woltz, and Todd Brothers, gave a part. For the larger work at Tillsonburg, St. Catharines, and Guelph, six men were retained as being an effective number. The chief features of the work, as it appeared to us, can be given here only in the briefest way.

The time given to any one place was one week, except for St. Catharines and Guelph. The work was usually begun on Sunday, the local papers keeping the work before the public from day to day. There was nothing sensational at or about the services. No homiletical or oratorical display was made. The

appeal was to reason, and the Gospel song and address were the most direct.

Sunday morning consecration was followed by the regular hour of worship. The afternoon was given to Sunday School mass-meetings, open-air rallies, or Y. M. C. A. meetings. The evening service was always prefaced by a number of small prayer circles, which gave place to a bright song service of fifteen or twenty minutes.

The weeks were always busy. Each morning was given to devotion, consultation and study. Sometimes, at a quarter to seven, a.m., we would meet the workers at the factories, to hand out personally our announcement in card or in leaflet of song. Some of our best services were those at shops or



THE BAND DURING THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

factories, at the close of the noon hour, where sometimes we met hundreds of men who eagerly drank in the song and address in these open gatherings. Some of the men were as anxious for them as we were. The afternoons were given to personal work in homes, on the street, in the factories, shops and stores, or in study and thought for the evening work.

It seemed fitting that the climax to this campaign should be in the beautiful city of Guelph, at the Dublin Street Church, where one of our late Victoria grads., W. J. Smith, is pastor. The services, while lacking nothing in the intensity of feeling and earnestness, presented no suggestion of excitement. The spirit was one of quiet informality, every man was thoughtful and acted for himself as he was brought in touch with the claims of

his highest life. The way was never made easy, and the decisions were those who were willing to answer to the full the call of God within. The appeal was for Christian life, rather than Christian death. The decisions were made publicly at the old-fashioned Altar service. And many spoke of the hallowed associations of that venerable Methodist institution.

In the service much help was given by the consecrated members, many of whom considered no sacrifice too great. This feature gave a definiteness and permanency so necessary to such a movement. Many workers gained a view of life which sent them out in a positive, aggressive life for Christ as they never before had known. Men and women were brought back from disgrace; and a new vision and power came to every life. Often it was said, "you ought to feel well repaid, had you only reached that one." But in the school and church, mostly adults, young men and women, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty were reached.

We do feel repaid—more than repaid in our own lives. The boys speak of the work as having been most helpful in aiding them to a view of human needs, and the working of Community and church life.

The work that, but a few months ago, was called a venture, an experiment, has become an integral part of church and college life. May the work grow.

J. M. COPELAND, '07.



WIND MOUNTAINS.

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E. E. BALL, '06,		} Locals.
H. F. WOODSWORTH, '07, Personals and Exchanges.		
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## Editorial

THE COUNTRY'S NEED. That man is not of necessity a cynic, a pessimist, or a chronic grumbler, simply because he feels and sees that the conditions and forces at work in our land are not ideal, or because he has the courage fearlessly to stand forth and call the attention of the public to these defects and to point out a remedy. Such a man is rather the optimistic patriot who cannot sit idly and helplessly by, and see his country dragged down by the materialistic spirit of the times, forsaking those things which tend to exalt a nation. He holds rather that we are not subjects of a mechanical necessity, but that we have within ourselves power to change the course of events, to right-about-face, and to set up and pursue such ideals as cannot but strengthen and ennoble.

There are none so blind as he who *will* not see, and he must be blind indeed who has not observed some radical evils in the life of our young nation. With Hamlet we must admit "something is rotten in the state of Denmark."

Our politics, of a truth, must often bring a blush to any true

Canadian. That men do wilfully and deliberately renounce the principles they have pledged themselves to support, and barter the interests of the land they have sworn to serve, and act contrary to the convictions of their own honest judgment, is a deplorable admission to make and leaves much to be desired.

In the business methods in vogue in Canada to-day the end seems always to justify the means, while the end itself is often very questionable. All is fair in this busy competition and speculative frenzy. The strong ruthlessly tramples the weak under foot or crowds him to the wall. The great combines wring their splendid profits out of the very life-blood of the poor, taking the last crust from his mouth. This, too, leaves much to be desired.

In social circles, where every man should meet his fellow with the true, hearty handclasp and the feeling of common brotherhood, there is oft instead a paying of court to formality, display, fame, beauty or wealth. Flattery takes the place of honest cordiality; and that duplicity of character is common which calls a man his friend that he may make him his servant. Mere externals are at a premium, while true worth is a matter of indifference.

Even in the church, which we should expect and hope to be above reproach, we often observe a catering to public opinion in place of a strict adherence to truth and duty. The gospel is often so dispensed as to make it most palatable to the masses, whereas, in many cases, the administering of a bitter tonic is most needed to stir men from their moral apathy and self-sufficiency.

And where are we to look for a remedy? Without committing ourselves on the temperance question, we believe that prohibitory legislation is not the surest and most effective cure for these evils, but it must consist rather in educating the people to broader and less selfish views of life. The coercion must come from within rather than from without.

To this end, the pulpit, the press, the public platform, teachers and all men of wide-spreading influence, should direct their efforts. And as these centres of influence are largely recruited from the university, it is to this institution we must pin our faith and on it ground our hope.

These men have come in contact with the highest culture the land affords. They have been trained and schooled in the basic principles of morals, as a guide to conduct and the building of character. They have had an opportunity for acquiring that

broader outlook, through which, while an actual factor in the world, they can stand aloof and look out upon it, thinking and acting independently and impartially. They have come to see the great and true end in life, not confusing the end with the means, and hence not easily carried away by petty appeals to pleasure, gain or self-love. They have learned the meaning of such words as truth, duty, and nobility of character. The end in life for them has passed beyond the conception of having something, and even beyond the end of *doing* this to that of *being* this. Such superior advantages carry with them increased obligations.

Then, University men! awake to your responsibility. There is a need, a far-reaching call for a stronger moral fibre in our young and rapidly developing nation. It is for you to be strong and to raise your voice in protest whenever your honest convictions are trampled upon. It is for you to start such lines of thought and action among the people as will tend to the realization of the nobler ideals you have erected. Having sifted the false and spurious elements from the popular criterion of human worth, the demand for a more genuine article will tend to create a supply. The actualization of a present-day Utopia is largely in your hands.



DIVIDE THE SPOILS.

It is the growing spirit and tendency of the times at Victoria to divide the honors and offices as far as possible, to pursue the policy of an equitable division of labor. Yet the rule has not become so well established or rigid as to make any further mention of it here superfluous. There have been cases well within the memory of those still at college where there seemed to be a centralization or a monopoly of all the places of distinction by the few. In many instances this state of affairs has been no less due to the backwardness and lack of assertion on the part of the many than to the eagerness of the few to accept everything that came their way.

Speaking of Victoria men in general, there is a very rare one who is not fitted to do some sort of work, some along one line, some along another, to occupy some position and to fill it creditably and well. If an innate modesty tends to keep him in the background, it is the duty of the rest to draw him out, and to give these latent powers a chance to develop. Are we here to help ourselves? Not exclusively; and, if so, we often do it best by helping others.

Since we have much excellent material to draw from yet untried, fellows who would do credit to themselves and the college, and since there are not places where all can exercise their abilities along a special line, would it not be only just and fair to at least award these the honored task of representing our college at the ceremonial functions of our sister institutions? Hitherto this pleasure and honor has usually been attached to the presidency of some one society or another, which of a truth bears out the literal teaching, that "from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath," but which in the present case is a total subversion and misapplication of its spirit and intention.



We are pleased to be able to call the attention of our readers to the splendid galaxy of names which will adorn the pages of our next issue—our special Christmas number.

Many of these have appeared before and are well known to our readers, some are favoring us for the first time. Among others of equal note whom we have, promised or in prospect, are : W. Wilfred Campbell, Wm. Wye Smith, F. L. Pollock, C. T. Currelly, Prof. D. R. Keys, Prof. F. J. A. Davidson, W. T. Allison, W. J. Brown, Prof. A. J. Bell, J. W. Bengough, Prof. A. H. Young, Dr. C. E. Saunders, A. R. Carman, C. F. Raymond, R. S. Pigott, E. J. Kylie, Prof. A. Kirschmann, Frank Yeigh, Vernon Nott, J. Macdonald Oxley, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Jean Blewett, Isabel Graham, Helen Merrill and Infelice.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.



# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

THIS autumn Chas. E. Hickey, M.D., '63, was made superintendent of the Cobourg Asylum for the Insane. Dr. Hickey was for some years a member of the Dominion House, and after retiring from active politics was made Commissioner of Canals. This new appointment carries with it no slight responsibility, and we learn that Dr. Hickey contemplates some sweeping reforms in connection with the Old Vic. building in "the quiet college town."

MR. HORACE W. DAVISON, of '01, is spending some time in Toronto, *en route* for England.



MR. C. R. CARSCALLEN, B.A., '01, is in the city making preparations to leave for China. Since taking his B.D. work, Mr. Carscallen has been preaching in Alberta, but leaves at the call of the church to go to a more distant field of labor. He expects to sail at the latter end of December, and for some time at least will live in Chentu, West China. Our sincere wishes for the highest success will follow Mr. Carscallen westward. We will soon have quite a colony of strong Victoria men in the "Sunrise Kingdom."

THE class of '03 must have been born with a journalistic tendency. Four Victoria boys, who originally belonged to that class, are now engaged in newspaper work: Victor W. Odlum, editor of the Vancouver World; Jas. E. Rockwell, sporting editor of the Duluth Herald; W. G. Cates, manager-in-chief of the Moose Jaw Signal; and Arthur R. Ford of the Winnipeg Telegram.

We wish to correct a mistake in the October issue, in which we placed Mr. A. N. St. John in the class of '01, instead of the class of '00.

***Weddings***

At least one item of interest was lost in the crowd of weddings which demanded a place in our opening issue. On June 20th, at Aylmer, Ont., Miss L. McKenney, became the bride of Chas. B. Bingham, B.A., '02, of Toronto. ACTA extends greetings none the less hearty because of their tardy appearance.

ON Tuesday, October 24th, Miss Adela Chown was married to Mr. F. A. E. Hamilton, '05. The ceremony took place in Trinity Methodist Church, and was performed by Rev. Dr. Potts. We were unable to discover where Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton went for their wedding trip, but they expect to take up their residence shortly in Toronto. As president of the Lit., and in many other capacities, Frank was well known to the boys of the college, who will join us in hearty congratulations.

At 48 Hayden Street, Toronto, the home of the bride's mother, on October 30th, Miss Sybilla Mildred Hill was united in marriage to Mr. Howard Neville, '02. Miss Isabel Rannie was bridesmaid, and Mr. Lloyd Ritchie performed the duties of groomsman. After the ceremony the happy couple left for Montreal, where they will reside in future. "Mike" was president of the Glee Club in his final year and brought that organization to a high degree of excellence. We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Neville much joy and prosperity.

***The Class of '05***

BRICK, brack, bring, brang,  
Huck, muck, chuck, chang,  
Rick, rary, rick, rah,  
'05, Victoria!

Miss E. C. Dwight is in attendance at the Pratt Institute Library School, Brooklyn, New York, preparing for library work.

Miss M. A. Hamilton, Miss C. K. Jickling, and Miss E. G. Smith are delving into the mysteries of pedagogy at Hamilton Normal College.

Miss M. A. McLaughlin is in the Post Office Department of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa. Mr. Aylesworth will have to keep straight, if *he* gets there.

Miss E. H. Patterson is instructress in Modern Languages, and head lady teacher, with charge of the ladies' residence, at Stanstead Wesleyan College.

Miss A. G. W. Spence is teaching in the High School at Niagara Falls South. The subjects that she does not teach are not worth mentioning.

Miss A. D. Switzer is teaching Latin and History in a girls' school at Rothesay, N.B.

Miss Van Alstyne is teaching in the High School at Oshawa Mathematics is said to be her chief delight.

Miss E. Walker is at her home, Pine Hill Road, Toronto. We are glad to see that she still takes an interest in our college life.

Miss E. Wallace, while awaiting a call to follow "Jimmie" to China, is teaching at North Gower, Que.

J. S. Bennet is instructor in Classics at Stanstead Wesleyan College. Poor John a Professor—and so young!

T. P. Campbell is at his home in Peterboro'.

G. A. Cruise is following up his course in Political Science in the orthodox manner, by attending Osgoode. He is with St. John and Kappele.

R. H. Clark and J. A. M. Dawson are assistants in Chemistry at the University of Toronto. Incidentally Jam is playing a little tennis just to show us that he has not forgotten how.

J. R. Davison is with Wood, Gundy & Co., bond dealers of this city. Beware of Frenzied Finance, Reggie.

A. Elliott intends to spend the year on the other side of the ocean. At present he is in Ould Ireland.

A. L. Fullerton is with the Dominion Securities Corporation in this city.

J. H. Gain is representing the Scranton Correspondence School in Regina, Sask.

W. F. Green is with the Electrical Development Co. He does not call around to see us as often as we would wish.

F. A. E. Hamilton, as we have noticed elsewhere, has become a staid Benedict. He is connected with the Wm. Davies Co.

C. M. Hincks is at his bone grinds with the first year meds.

C. Jackson is keeping a sharp lookout after his flock at Spy Hill, Alberta.

J. A. Spencley is preaching at Oil City, in the London Conference.

W. E. S. James and E. V. Ruddell are "viewing" England.

W. J. Salter is teaching Classics at Pickering College, and giving side lectures to his youthful charges on the noble game of Rugby.

W. G. Connolly, H. H. Cragg, J. F. Knight, F. W. Langford, A. D. Miller, E. W. Morgan, H. D. Robertson, F. J. Rutherford, E. W. Stapleford, and W. A. Walden, are all back at college taking post-graduate work. We are delighted to have so many of last year's seniors with us—it keeps us young. In sports, although a few of them have continued faithful to Rugby, some have degenerated to Alley. In social life they make as big a hit as ever, coming to all the receptions and even, dare we say it, paying attentions to the sweet Freshettes!

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### *Obituaries*

FEW of our ministers were more widely known than Rev. Wm. Schenck Blackstock, D.D., whose death occurred in Atlantic City, N.J., on the night of Saturday, October 28th. Dr. Blackstock was born in Buffalo in 1826, and was brought up in the townships of Cavan and Pickering. He spent some time in New York, but in 1846 he entered the ministry of the Canadian Methodist Church. Those were the early days when conditions were not so settled as they are now, and the minister had to cover vast distances and accomplish a work which seems to us now almost incredible. Men of the type of Dr. Blackstock did, perhaps, more than we imagine to build up the moral fibre which is Ontario's pride. Some fifteen years ago, Dr. Blackstock retired from the active ministry because of ill-health, and since that time has resided chiefly in Toronto. He received the degree of D.D. from Victoria in 1896. His death removes a man who was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and was a power for good in the whole community.

THE students of Victoria University deeply mourn the loss of Harry Farley, who was with the class of '04 for two years, having entered in his second year. An earnest and conscientious student, amiable in disposition, and with a beautiful Christian character, he won the respect and love of all who knew him. At the end of his third year he was forced to leave college on account of ill-health. During the last few weeks of his illness he realized that recovery was impossible, but remained brave and cheerful, earnestly laboring for his Master in the League of his

home church, in Belleville, until a few days before his death. A rare, noble soul has gone from us, but his life and example are with us, and the world is better because he lived. We extend our heart-felt sympathies to his relatives and friends.

W. G. C.

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### *Exchanges*

THESE bright autumn days which have brought a harvest and a time of thanksgiving to the farmer, have also brought a harvest to the Exchange Editor, and he too is thankful. For we read with delight the many excellent college magazines which come to us, and find in all the same idealistic note which makes the Slaves of the Lamp, brothers the whole world o'er.

In this issue we can give only fragments of the rare things with which our fellow-editors greeted their readers.

#### AN AUTUMN LEAF.

WHERE is the victory or sting of death  
When beauty smiling thus yields up its breath?  
Or is it rather Death's pale face all flushed  
With lust of triumph o'er the life that's crushed?  
Or faint reflection of the coming light  
That steals like dawn from out the grave's black night?  
I only know, poor leaf, thy buried shroud,  
Like yonder sunset-tinted cloud,  
Is woven with a beauty strange and rare—  
And if 'tis death, then death is passing fair.

*L. J., in University of Ottawa Review.*

WE have received from the Canadian Club of Harvard University a publication which sets forth its aims and purposes, and gives a summary of the facilities possessed by Harvard for higher education.

FRESHMAN to saleslady in fancy store (he had seen for the first time the Venus de Milo)—“I want something, but I don't want to ask for it.”—*Ex.*

SONG of the homesick freshette (*con amore*)—“Bea tevver so wumble, there snow play sly comb.”

Chorus of the other years (*con expressione*)—“Send me some money from home, Oh, Send me some money from home!”—*Ex.*

THE *Oxford Magazine* contains an article on the effect which the tour of the New Zealand Rugbyists will have upon the English game. Our colonial cousins are evidently making quite an impression in the Old Land.

#### THE IMMIGRANT.

LAND where our dead lie buried, where the day  
 Ebbs down our western meadows, and on high  
 The stars, beginning faint and far away,  
 Float to the surface of the deeper sky ;  
 Oh, land that bore us, in that chastened hour  
 We look to thee with new and purer eyes,  
 That see the crouching dread behind the power,  
 And all the woe beneath the purple guise—  
 Then do our pitying hearts go out to thee,  
 Unmindful of thine errors manifold,  
 And the bad past with all its misery—  
 For thou, indeed, hast suffered, and art old.  
 Our hearts go out at eventide—and yet  
 We bear thy stripes, and cannot quite forget.

—Charles T. Ryder, in the *Harvard Monthly*.



LAKE LOUISE.



### *The Bob*

ONE more milestone in the history of Victoria has been passed. Once more the "Bob" has come and gone, and one more class of Freshmen have passed through its dread portals into their inheritance as college men. And now we are called upon to give some account of the proceedings of Victoria's great tribunal.



ROBERT.

It is idle to make comparisons, for the two previous "Bobs" have been too closely connected with the writer to be seen in correct perspective. So we would look at this year's "Bob" from an entirely unprejudiced standpoint, and in so looking we find it good. The audience was one of the largest ever seen at such a function, the acting was clever and amusing, and there was little, if anything of the type of humor that stings. Considering the somewhat unsettled condition of affairs during the past month we can have nothing but commendation for the excellent work of the Committee and their assistants.

It was the intention of the Committee to begin at 7.45 o'clock and to end at 11—so history repeats itself. Every Bob Committee has started out this way, firmly believing that they were pioneers in the idea, and still the "Bob" proceeds in its more or less strenuous way till the morn.

The Mephisto scenes with which this year's "Bob" opened were, perhaps, the most artistic. The second scene especially showed some remarkably good acting, and we shuddered for the fate of the luckless Freshmen when we saw, peering through the fiery glare of the nether regions, the austere face of Edward Wallace.

The stereoscopic scene was one of the brightest features of the evening. The agent, the farmer, the Englishman were delightful creations, and the hits on college life in general were pointed, and spared neither Bob Committee, graduate nor faculty,



J. E. BROWNLEE,  
President.



C. E. KENNY,  
Secretary.

The "Bob" song, though too short, was *naïve* and catchy, and was very cleverly rendered by Mr. Punshion, its composer, who entered thoroughly into the "Bob" spirit.

The Registration and the farcical Doctor scenes were extremely good, and although there was some pretty hard hitting, it was too obviously in jest to engender any ill-feeling.

Of the Faculty scene little need be said. There was no rhyme or reason in it from beginning to end, but the utter incongruity of the appearance and actions of the performers caused the usual amusement to the audience. The new faculty "yell," Dr. Horning's song and Ned's letter were all vociferously applauded.

The presentation to Robert and his usual laudation of things in general, and the Bob Committee in particular, brought to a happy close the thirty-third annual Bob of Victoria University.

If one might venture a criticism, it would be that the "Bob" was not enough *on* the Freshmen, and not enough *by* the Sophomores. But on the whole, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it an unqualified success.

So far we have given no word to the Freshmen, who form such an important part of the "Bob" festivities. They were the usual *harum-scarum* lot, with carnations, guileless faces, healthy lungs and fish-horns. Of their songs we must acknowledge that they are the best, beyond question, of any that have been given—within memory. They were cleverly written, and the way that they were sung is beyond criticism. The showing of the class all through augurs well for the "Bob" of '09. We wish them all success.

But why continue farther in an attempt to explain the unexplainable? For those who saw the "Bob," explanation is unnecessary, for those who did not, it is futile.

The usual reception to the Freshmen followed the "Bob," where, with many speeches, the hatchet was duly buried, and Sophomore and Freshmen ate together on terms of peace and amity. As the last reveler departed, and Robert, weary but contented, closed the doors, the ghosts of the "Bobs" of by-gone days softly entered, and gathering in the deserted halls, tenderly, lovingly whispered: "Long live the 'Bob'!"

#### JOTTINGS.

Dr. Horning—"It was the hardest Bobbing I ever got."

Agent (G. E. Trueman)—"By the way, Mr. Hooligan, where is your wife?"

Hooligan (N. E. Bowles)—"Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

Agent—"Why, Mr. Hooligan, I did not mean to hurt your feelings, but where *is* your wife?"

Hooligan—"Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! The Sinit has abolished her, sor."

Gullen (W. N. Courtice)—"I was engaged when I was sixteen, but now, thank the Lord, I'm a free man!"

Newton (H. Oldham)—"I'm Newton from Stratford, finer than silk, Doc."

We wonder why "Jam" wore a *highland* costume at the "Bob"?



R. P. STOCKTON,  
Treasurer.



A. FOREMAN.



P. J. KNOX.



E. G. SANDERS.

Rutledge (R. P. Stockton)—“Shut up, you fellows, or you’ll be Bobbed!”

Sproule (P. W. Barker)—“I’m Sproo-oo-dle; I have to wear this cap—because I was a fool—I went to the Hall—and called a girl ‘my dear.’”

Irwin (W. W. Davidson)—“How’s this, Doc, six weeks and sixteen pounds?”

Clement—“I am ze Poet Laureate.”

Haynes (F. H. Butcher)—“Down in the deep let me sleep when I die”—*ad infinitum*.

Green (E. I. Mathews)—“Rugby!—tackle low, fellows—tackle low.”

Mackenzie (E. G. Saunders)—“There’s Susie and Lilly and Helen,” etc., etc., etc.

#### ’09 YELL.

Hora, hoste, zona krota,  
Zaka rina za—  
Naughty-nine Victoria,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

FRESHMAN to Juniorette at reception—“Have you any spaces left?” “May I occupy one?”

HENDERSON, on the morning of the Whitby tournament—“If they can’t play tennis, darn ’em, they can play ping-pong in the ladies’ study.”

JUNIORETTE—"I do wish Mr. Trueman would take off that moustache. It makes him look so like a silly little Englishman." Since this was written, we are glad to announce that Mr. True-man has come to himself, and has done away with the said English imbecility."

MISS GRANGE, '09, after the reception to the "Theologs" at Dean Wallace's—"Oh, we had a lovely time; six men for every girl. It was simply joyous!"

THE other morning Dr. Reynar was—for once—late for prayers. Dr. Badgeley, having taken the service, explained the situation to Dr. Reynar. "Oh, that's all right," replied Dr. R., "I'll pray for you to-morrow."

MISS N—RS—HY, '07—"I saw Tom Pinch this afternoon."

MISS W—LL—MS, '06—"Who's he—a boy from home?"

MISS BERNIE, '09, acknowledges that green is her favorite color. What colossal luck for the Freshmen.

It was like a breath of the good old times to see the beaming, jovial face of "Jane" Salter around "Vic." once more. Though Jane is a full-fledged schoolmaster, we are always glad when he drops the pedagogical mantle and becomes one of the boys again.

ONE day while Misses Rayner, Parlow and Coleman were sitting in the ladies' study, the latter remarked that they were "Helen C. P. R."

MISS W—LL—CE, '08, in a loud whisper, as Mr. Trueman enters the library—"Oh, girls, look quick; is that the new professor?"



P. W. BARKER.



W. A. McCUBBIN.



W. N. COURTICE.



W. J. CASS.

ROBERTSON (in the "Lit.")—"Might we ask Mr. Oldham to tell us of his encounter with the policeman?"

Oldham—"There are certain people here who are too young to know about such things."

Score Oldy!

MISS BUNTING, '07, undertook to post a Latin prose exercise for one of the freshman girls, and was met at Dr. Bell's door by an excited-looking freshman, who, evidently mistaking her for a member of his class, addressed her in tones in which despair and hope were mingled—"Oh, can you *please* tell me the word for no longer?"

Miss B. (in great confusion)—"Why, it's—er—well, I'm afraid I've forgotten. I'm graduated in Latin, you know."

THE report spread like wild-fire through the college the other afternoon, that Heman Armstrong, '07, was in the process of being married. This caused the wildest consternation among the ladies. But Heman wishes it to be clearly understood that he will be in the rink this winter doing business as of yore.

At the athletic games the clerk of the course announced: "The first Freshman to finish was Green." (Howls from the bleachers.)

DR. REYNAR—"If I had been caught young, and if I had had a natural talent, I would have made a musician."

At one of the receptions Freshette Grange was seen to scurry excitedly behind a group of friends. When asked the reason she exclaimed excitedly: "Oh, Mr. Robertson and I are playing tag. You're 'It,' Robby."

AMONG the interesting events which this year's Freshettes at the Hall have to look back upon, is the "Nursery Tea." Here entertainment suited to the youth and innocence of the guests was prepared. Indestructible rubber dolls and other delights of babyhood warmed their youthful hearts, while a banquet of bread and milk and similar healthy foods, ending with an all-day-sucker for each of the guests brought happily to its end "the children's hour."

ONE of the Juniores has confessed that last winter at the rink Mr. J. W. Miller, late of '08, was frequently taken for H. W. Baker, '07. This caused many and sore disappointments. Herbie has now sworn to cut out the rink forever and aye. Do you wonder?

ON Friday, October 28th, such members of the class of '05 as are still in the city met at the home of one of their number—Miss Walker, Rosedale—where a very enjoyable evening was spent in living over again the happy experiences of college days.

CONNOR, '06 (speaking on the General Course)—"The course is shallow, you say. It is broad, and the man becomes deep as the ages go by." Which naturally leads one to wonder how many *ages* it takes Mr. Connor to finish the General Course.

DR. HORNING—"I'd rather be a senior than on the faculty."  
Senior—"Why?"

DR. H.—"Because I could go out and coach the ladies' hockey team, like Lane."



G. C. RAYMER.



E. W. ROLAND.

## THE GOSPEL, ACCORDING TO ROBERT:

"I TELL you, gentlemen, the Chancellor and Dr. Potts are the greatest men in the world. When Joshua went to college, he did not have such men to teach him. There have never been such men since the time of Moses. Knox and John Wesley were great in their day, but that was thousands of years ago. They wouldn't be thought anything of to-day compared with those two. (Cheers.) That's so, gentlemen."

"I tell you, young gentlemen, there's nothing like having a helpmate in life. You'll never be really happy till you have settled that question. You'll bear me out, won't you, Mr. Connolly?"

"And you shouldn't put off these matters, gentlemen; I tell you the young ladies are willing to begin their life in their youth."

"I saw a handsome young gentleman coming away from the Hall the other night."

Voice—"Was it Morgan?"

Robert—"Didn't I say he was a *handsome* gentleman?"

"They talk about going out among the heathen, but there's lots of them right here."

"Yes, you should all take part in athletics. The best plan is to keep one eye on the field out there and two on the college."

At a recent meeting of the "Lit." it was moved by Mr. E. W. Wallace, that "A message of mingled congratulation and sympathy should be sent to Mr. Victor Odlum, at one time the father of the Indian relics—now, the father of twins."

GEO. GULLEN, '09—"Nine-tenths of the things which are called popular are, *methinks*, merely silly. Only about love and stuff like that."

BOWMAN, '06—"Philosophy at once brings to mind the ministerial aspect. The very mention of Moderns suggests the rustle of a skirt."

To do Joe Rutledge, our Local Editor, justice, his visits to Annesley Hall are not unduly frequent. But, as chance would have it, he happened around<sup>d</sup> on the night of Hallowe'en masquerade, just when the revel was at its height. Being a guileless youth, it did not dawn upon him that the gowns of the young ladies whom he saw were not of the conventional type. He reports a hearty welcome, and says that the door of the reception room was closed upon him—doubtless to induce him to stay!—Personal Ed.



### *Varsity Field Day*

WITH a feeling akin to satisfaction we proceed to record our opening achievements of the year. Naturally, one's attention turns to the Varsity games, where, had it not been for the recount bringing to light an ill-fated point against us, Victoria would have won the faculty cup. But this is forecasting the story. At one time we all claimed it as our very own. It was even so announced by the official herald of the day. And here is the crux of our tale. That moment, one of justifiable pride, was remarkable for its silence. Where was the good old yell, the "Vc, Vc, Vic," that should have rent the air, sending a thrill of pride through the breasts of our winners, and disclosing to all our loyal, college spirit? Did this silence portend the adverse, final reckoning? If so, what intuition our crowd possessed. But, no, this cannot be, for we had no crowd. Vic. did not yell, simply because she wasn't there to yell.

Still, it is not our purpose to criticize. The task of discussing the position we won is much more pleasant. Never before has Victoria made such a creditable record. And so one needs not the stoic spirit in order to be comforted over losing the cup. Surely there exist ample reasons for self-congratulation and gratitude to our representatives.

A short summary of the events won by our men may lead to a better appreciation of their work: E. Archibald succeeded in breaking two records, throwing the 16lb hammer and the pole-vault. His distance in the latter was 98 feet 3 inches, and height in the former, 10 feet 5 inches. Besides this he took second in the discus throw, and third in the high-jump, in all rolling up 14 points.

His brother, G. Archibald, secured second place in the high jump, and third in throwing the discus, thus scoring four points.

H. Adams was third in the half-mile race. But Hammy took this quite coolly. In fact, he was planning bigger things. There

was a gold medal given by Geddes\* for the mile race, and when this came off he was out to win. And win he did in a very neat style, being several yards ahead at the finish. He summed up 6 points, making for Victoria a total of 24.

Mention should also be made in this record of Green and Copeland, two first-year men, who made a good showing, and one that augurs well their future success. The former secured the special for Freshmen in the half-mile race. Also for our amusement, and to keep Adams company, he took two turns round the track in the mile heat. Then finding we had all the fun, and himself only the practical part of it, he dropped out. In conclusion let us hope to raise the scale one notch higher next year.

The three men mentioned above went with the Toronto representatives to McGill. E. Archibald again demonstrated his prowess in throwing the hammer. He also carries the medal for the pole vault, but could get no chance to show the Montrealers how the trick is done. A heavy wind caused the event to be postponed, and next day no one cared to see the record broken. The same breeze, we understand, prevented Adams from getting better than second in the mile race. "It's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good."

### ***The Whitby-Victoria Tournament, Oct. 20th***

ON this day the face of our genial tennis secretary was wreathed in smiles, and we knew that something unusually pleasant had happened. Then, when the announcement appeared in large letters that betrayed a certain nervousness, our surmises were verified, for Whitby had come. Of course, cause and effect duly considered set aside all anxiety as to their reception at the Union Station and escortment to the "Hall." For the rest of us there remained, then, nothing but to turn out and enjoy the game.

Well, many made the attempt in overcoats with collars turned up, umbrellas and whatever else was handy. For somehow the weather gods had not been appeased, and had sent an icy wind, accompanied now and then by rain, to benefit whom, according to the old saying, we know not, unless perchance the above-mentioned person and others also skilful in umbrella etiquette.

\* Geddes is a photo framer and patron of ACTA.

But such a trifle could not overcome our enthusiasm, and the doubles began with Misses Graham and McLaren, Victoria, pitted against Misses D. Campazzi and Hinson, Whitby. At the same time, Misses Biggar and Thompson, Victoria, played Misses H. Campazzi and Shannon, Whitby. After these had turned out favorable to our ladies, there was a pause in the events while the singles were being arranged. During this time it was amusing to see the antics performed by certain individuals, presumably B.D.'s, in keeping warm. Then, as no scene is complete without the organ-grinder, he also came and passed on unmolested.

The singles were arranged as follows:

Miss Graham, Vic., *vs.* Miss D. Campazzi, Whitby.

Miss McLaren, Vic., *vs.* Miss Hinson, Whitby.

Miss Biggar, Vic., *vs.* Miss H. Campazzi, Whitby.

Miss Thompson, Vic., *vs.* Miss Shannon, Whitby.

Each of these events came to Victoria with the result that the shield will once more winter in Queen's Park.

There only remains to be told how the Whitby representatives, lured doubtless by that persuasiveness hinted at above, tarried to our reception. We are assured also that they spent an enjoyable evening and enabled others to do the same. As to their departure next morning one only can tell, but no doubt it was chivalrous to a degree and in strict accordance with decorum.

The Ladies' Tennis team occupies a proud position. Besides winning the semi-annual Whitby tournament, they have carried away the cup given by Mrs. Ramsay Wright to the U. of T.A. Club. Varsity and St. Hilda's competed for this, but were beaten very decidedly. We extend to the ladies our congratulations.

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**NOTES**

The genial Dr. Hare informs us that he is contemplating to still further strengthen the cordiality that exists between Whitby and Victoria. He hints at something along the line of a field-day, with basket-ball as one of the attractions. Do you see the smile on Robbie's face?



It is encouraging to watch Capt. Lane and his men struggling heroically to master the old serim game. Why this sudden return to an ancient form of barbarity is at present unexplainable. Its effect on our chances we leave the irony of fate to decide.

But it is never out of order at Victoria to urge the men to show up on the campus. We need at least half a dozen more to make our practices effectual. Everyone understands that the benefit is to the one who turns out. And this value is in nowise diminished but increased, if you can aid your college to win. Are we going to allow Victoria to be in truth "the ladies' college"? They are certainly inviting us to come up higher.

By her last victory over McGill, on November 4th, the Varsity Rugby team made sure its claim as winners in the Senior Intercollege Series. Victoria, being part of the federation represented, is interested in these games. By making athletics strong in our own college, we can strengthen university interests along this line.



Our first game in Association was played with the Meds., November 6th. The Vic. men proved to be a stronger aggregation than expected, and under the efficient coaching of Knight succeeded in defeating them by a score of one to nothing.



As yet the alley schedule has been the only one to appear. We hope that the other inter-year games are not going by default. If so, both our idea and system is wrong. How, supposing there is not enough interest to produce competition among the different years, are the men to derive much benefit from athletics, or is college enthusiasm to be stimulated?



"Anticipation is better than realization." If so, what a long-drawn-out and intense pleasure we are deriving from our new building across the campus.



J. N. Tribble has been elected 1st Vice-President of the Athletic Union.



**SPECIAL.**—At the eleventh hour opportunity has been given to call attention to our first Rugby game, now scheduled to be played off with the Dental College, Thursday, November 16th. Let it be known also that we have just suffered a reverse in Association at the hands of the same "Dents." This announcement comes falteringly, and must possess a bit of humor for the interested reader of our above successes. However, its purpose here is to spur on to greater effort. Therefore, as all will soon be over but the cheering, everybody should be on hand. Our men must be encouraged.





HERD OF BUFFALO, CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK



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## *Sisera*

J. W. BENGOUGH

HE stars in their high courses fought  
'Gainst Sisera, as God must fight  
'Gainst all that scorns the sacred right,  
For Truth can ne'er be mocked nor bought.

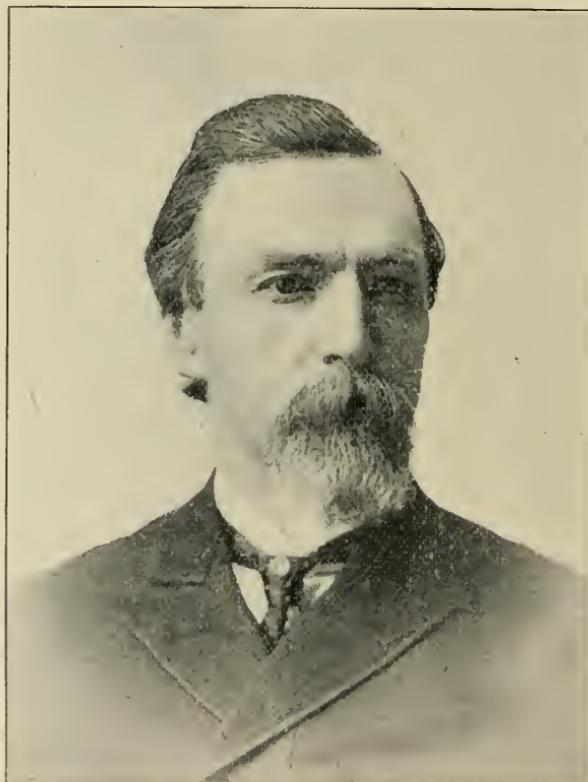
God give us wisdom; ope our ears  
To every heavenly thought and word,  
And may our wills be Thine, and chord  
With the sweet music of the spheres.



*A Red-Letter Christmas for Canada*

HON. JAMES YOUNG.

FROM a material point of view, the 25th December, 1905, will be a red-letter Christmas in Canadian history. Strange to say, although Columbus found this continent in 1492, and Jacques Cartier entered the St. Lawrence in 1534, the



HON. JAMES YOUNG.

world seems never to have really discovered Canada until the present decade, and even yet many of our own countrymen have very inadequate ideas of the immense area and inexhaustible resources of our highly favored land.

No other Christmas ever found this Dominion enjoying such prodigious development and prosperity. Ten years ago it was undreamt of. Even at the beginning of 1900, if it had been predicted that within five years much of the world's tide of emigration and tens of thousands of United States' settlers would be streaming into our North-West Territories, attracted by our rich and almost unlimited wheat zone, there would have been many doubters. Such is not only the fact, however, but all our great branches of industry, our agriculture, manufactures, lumbering, fisheries, mines, shipping, railroads, and all sections and classes of our Canadian people, never before experienced such a remarkable period of expansion and success as at the present time.

A few contrasts afford ample proof of this. Ten years ago the production of wheat outside of Ontario and the Eastern Provinces was comparatively small; the production of our great North-West alone this year is estimated at 100,000,000 bushels, and development is only beginning. The aggregate trade of the entire Dominion with other countries in 1895 was only \$213,521,235, but for our last fiscal year, ending the 30th June, it had mounted up to no less than \$465,228,307—more than doubled in ten years! Our inter-provincial trade, too, has also immensely increased. The value of the output of our manufacturers for the current year is estimated at \$500,000,000, and our thrifty Canadians have deposits in our post-office and other savings banks amounting to \$85,221,593, in our various chartered banks to the grand sum of \$470,265,744, and they carry life insurance to no less than \$387,873,767.

So remarkable, indeed, is our present development and prosperity, that it is not too much to say that Canada has become famous all over the world, and millions who formerly regarded it as a hyperborean region of snow and ice, or as Kipling called it, "Our Lady of the Snows," have at last discovered that in natural resources and salubrity of climate, it is a young giant among the nations, with immense possibilities before the present century closes.

But will the coming Christmas find the outlook of our boasted Dominion equally bright politically, intellectually and morally? That is a horse of a different color. People may differ on this point, and some undoubtedly do. Humanity is rather inclined to be pessimistic, and to discern evils quicker than blessings. In fact, there are some eminent Canadians who seem to think everything is out of joint, everybody wrong but themselves, and

this unfortunate world sadly drifting to everlasting smash. This is a dismal philosophy, and I can never accept it so long as I have faith in the grand truth enshrined in the well-known lines:

“ There’s a divinity which shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.”

One thing cannot be denied, this Dominion has one of the freest and stablest governments in the world. The people are supreme. When Mr. Mackenzie and the Liberals fell in 1878, and Sir Charles Tupper and the Conservatives in 1896, the government of Canada was entirely changed within a few days, so perfectly do representative institutions work among us, and as for stability—everywhere regarded as one of the elements of good government—Sir John Macdonald was continuously Prime Minister of the Dominion for thirteen years, and Sir Wilfrid has held the same exalted position for ten years, with the certainty of at least four years more.

We hotly fight our party battles at every election, with not a little brisk skirmishing in between. These contests would appear rather bitter and fierce did we swallow all the froth and fury of excited orators on the stump, or party organs on the rampage. Fortunately, these jeremiads are subject to discount, and in some cases to not less than 90 per cent. As a matter of fact, we have happily taken our politics as a people more mildly ever since Confederation, and the famous coalition of the Hon. George Brown and Sir John Macdonald to carry that great measure furnishes a conspicuous example how patriotic Canadian statesmen can be when some great opportunity offers. These two great political rivals were ably seconded by such men as Sir George Cartier, Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir A. T. Galt, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. Wm. McDougall, Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir W. P. Howland and many others, and the result of their patriotic efforts was the union of all British North America into the Dominion of Canada, of which we are so proud.

Dr. William Osler, late of Johns Hopkins, now of Oxford University, recently said some things wise, and others otherwise. He seems to have a habit that way. One of his shots, I think, scored a bull’s-eye. He said, in effect, that there was more personal abuse of our leading statesmen, and more lying to the square inch in our political contests, than in almost any other free country!

This rebuke is rather pointed, but is there not too much truth in it? My space is too limited to discuss this at length, but if I were asked to point out one of the worst evils of our public life,

I would unhesitatingly say it is the scandalous misrepresentation and systematic abuse which bitter partisans of the platform and the press, and sometimes of the pulpit, too, shower upon every influential political opponent who refuses to don their party uniform. Dr. Osler flatly brands this as political lying. It is certainly degrading to our politics. It prevents many eminent Canadians from serving their country, and it drives not a few good men out of public life. It tends also to lower the tone of public morality. But no true Canadian on this account will emulate the pharisee of old, saying, "I am holier than thou," and refuse to take any part in his country's service. On the contrary, if a true patriot, he will all the more clearly perceive it to be his duty, as well as his privilege, to take an active part in politics, to faithfully discharge every trust conferred upon him as a citizen, and more especially, to help in raising our public life to a higher and better plane.

Now, it may be admitted that our ministers, senators, members of the House of Commons and provincial legislators, are not all saints, and it is the privilege of a free people to criticise with the utmost freedom their actions collectively and individually. The actions of both of our great political parties doubtless afford plenty of ground for attack. Nevertheless, after making allowance for these deficiencies, it can justly be claimed that the Dominion is a conspicuously well-governed country, and I know no brighter chapter in the history of representative institutions than Sir Oliver Mowat's continuous and brilliant government of Ontario for the unprecedented period of a quarter of a century. As regards the ability and character of our leading statesmen, nearly twenty years in the House of Commons and Ontario Legislature enables me to speak with some knowledge. There are said to be black sheep in very flock, and possibly our parliaments are no exception. But, not to repeat names already mentioned, nobler men intellectually and morally than the Hon. Edward Blake, Sir A. A. Dorion, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Sir John Thompson, Hon. L. H. Halton, Hon. Sandfield Macdonald, Sir Henry Joly, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Hon. David Mills, our present Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and many others also deserving of mention, I have never met in commercial or professional life; and the most august legislature chambers in the world would have been honored by their presence.

Looked at intellectually and morally, Canada is being well-equipped for its national future. Our public schools, colleges and universities, with Toronto and McGill steadily advancing

in continental rank, are doing grand work for education, and the activity and zeal of our various churches are worthy of all praise.

Among the worst moral dangers in sight are the persistent efforts of railroads, trolleys and certain trades, from motives of pure greed, to break down the sanctity of our Christian Sabbath, and the irreligion introduced into our North-West by the Mormons and other low-class immigrants, who have entered into these districts. That demon of demoralization, the yellow Sunday newspaper, has happily so far made little progress. The efforts put forth by the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal and other churches, to meet and overcome these and other dangers, border on the heroic, but if our immense western and northern provinces and territories are to be held for Christianity much more will yet require to be done. So important is this regarded, that many Canadians are now praying that instead of wasting any of their efforts in denominational projects, the Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational and other kindred churches will soon unite their forces to maintain in the West as well as in the East that high standard of morality for which Canada has heretofore been distinguished, and which is justly deemed one of the chief glories of our land.

But I must conclude, and in doing so am happy to be able to congratulate the readers of *ACTA VICTORIANA* on the fact that they can sit down to their turkey and plum-pudding on the coming Christmas in the full assurance that, materially, politically, intellectually and morally our beloved Canada never before occupied so high a position in the world's estimation, nor had such bright prospects for a great and brilliant future.



## *The Reward of the Virtuous*

E. EDNA DINGWALL.

SLATS was studying. There could be no doubt of the fact; it was clear to the most naked eye of the most unconvinced of skeptics. The study lamp was blazing recklessly regardless of the landlady's last threat of "Extra charge for lights, young gentlemen." A Greek lexicon formed a barricade for one side of the desk, a pile of note-books jauntily ornamented the other, while in the middle sat Slats, Xenophon in hand, his rumpled hair, uplifted feet, and gloomy brow bearing sufficient witness to the congeniality of his occupation.

Barney was the first of the others to enter, and it was no confession of weakness that he staggered and fell back into the arms of the Duke and Duchess, who were stumbling on his heels. The sight might well have staggered one of more experience than Barney, who was young, and, on the whole, trusting.

"What's the matter, old chap? Bear up, now! Great guns! Do you take me for a feather bed?"

Duke's right arm was raised for some mighty feat of *jiu jitsu*, when his eyes fell on the figure at the desk, and he sat down suddenly on the nearest support, which happened to be Barney's white shirt, lately recovered fairly intact from the clutches of the laundry.

"Ye gods!" he gasped. The Duchess had so far made no remark, but was searching wildly among the leaves of a large black and red calendar, which flapped from the wall. He turned with a sigh of relief.

"It's all right! I was afraid we might have been doing a Rip Van Wrinkle trick or something. Didn't know but it might be May, you know, with a small white slip waiting for us at the registrar's office. But it's still October. He must have gone off his head, poor old man! Poor—old—Slats!"

The last words came like a wailing chant from all three, and then the Duchess buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud:

"Oh, cut it out, Duch!" broke forth an irate voice from the desk. "Run away and sell your papers, you fellows! I'm busy."

An expression as of mingled grief and horror flashed into the three faces opposite him. The Duke rose. His voice was choked as with emotion.

"Slats," he said, "I have watched your development with interest—I might almost say with pride. I have seen the chrysalis stages of Freshie and Soph break forth into the butterfly of the noble Junior. I had counted with joy upon the great months ahead of you—months in which you were to develop your latent talents, and become a great blessing to humanity. And now—now we come back to these rooms—rooms sacred to the two past glorious years—and in these very surroundings we find you immersed—literally immersed—in fat, musty tomes, recklessly wasting the precious gas meter, turning October into May. And our humbly expressed surprise you repulse with vulgar instructions, which I shall not repeat, but which have reference to trade—common, ordinary trade!"

Duke was warming to the subject, and there is no telling to what flights his oratory might not have winged its way, had not Barney caused a sudden overflow of the springs of feeling by thrusting a bottle of smelling salts under his nose.

But even the sight of so genuine an emotion elicited no response from Slats, unless a series of derisive snorts may lay claim to such a name. Literally and figuratively his back was towards the tempters, and if Jerusalem be anywhere in the depths of fat Greek lexicons, sure it is that Slats had his face turned steadfastly theretowards.

Silence reigned for some moments; then Duke, by an inadvertent movement, disclosed the ruins of Barney's shirt, and wordy warfare turned in other directions. Thereupon Slats, the virtuous, smoothed his hair, banged together the covers of the lexicon, kicked the note-books under the table, and grasped his hat out of the waste-paper basket. And having done all these things, he calmly extinguished the gas-lamp, and walked out through the darkness, flattering himself that his mode of retreat was both ingenious and efficacious. Perhaps his reflections might have been less self-laudatory had he been able to hear the remarks the Duchess made to the gas-lamp, while Barney and the Duke sweetly agreed with the landlady for "Less noise in future, young gentlemen." His words were short but pithy.

"Glad clothes; erratic behavior. Who's the girl?"

Slats—known baptismally as John Trent Slater—could have enlightened him. He had met her in the summer, had realized at the end of three days that she was his affinity, had told her so at the end of five, and had spent all the rest of the summer trying to bankrupt himself, and incidentally to convince her of the

truth of his statement. That her name was Winifred, Slats thought ought to be patent to the most casual observer. What other name so naturally suggested eyes like pansies, and curly auburn hair? Slats would have railed at any other association. That her last name should be Jones he considered of extreme minor importance. It could so easily be changed. In any case he would have been inclined to quote Shakespeare on the subject of names. From all of which it will be seen that Slats had reached one of the last stages of the disease, and was a victim of the most harrowing inconsistencies.

To-night, however, his surly manner to his room-mates had belied his feelings. For, hidden away in his vest-pocket, lay a small note in which Miss Jones confided to Mr. Slater that she would be at home that evening, and would be glad to see him if he cared to call. Accordingly, Slats, filled with a great joy, had felt moved to a large and unusual burst of duty, in order to make himself worthy of the happiness to come. Possibly, also, he was influenced by the memory of certain gibes, relating to the diligent application to work, for which his past two years had not been noted.

Half-way to his destination he heard a sound which never failed to waken a touch of piety in his six-feet-one of sturdy masculinity. It was the prolonged sobbing of a little child. It came from a side street, along which his way did not lie, and he had already passed it, when the wails rang out after him on the still evening air. He hesitated, stopped, and then strode briskly on again, with an impatient "Pshaw!" The youngster was probably being punished for something; in any case it was none of his business, and every minute spent here meant one less with Winifred. But the cry increased in volume; even Slater could distinguish the tone of fear in it; and, with an anathema on himself for a soft-hearted fool, he turned back to find the cause.

"Perhaps the poor little beggar's lost," he thought compassionately, his vexation decreasing as the piteous wails grew clearer to his ear. A sudden turn round the corner and he almost stumbled over a small bundle, squatted on the edge of the sidewalk, and emitting the heart-rending wails which had caused his sudden turn.

"What's the matter, sonny?" Unconsciously Slater's voice always softened as he addressed children, and there was a particularly gentle note in it just now.

The tot on the sidewalk stopped half-way in a howl, then gazed into his face with eyes big, blue, and filled to overflowing. Now, since last summer, large, dark, blue eyes had always cast a spell over Slats, and, yielding to a sudden impulse, he bent down, lifted up the small figure in his arms, and began kindly, though awkwardly, to stroke the soft, curly hair. If Barney and the rest could but have seen him now!

"What's the matter, little man?" he coaxed again. "Are you lost?"

At the sympathetic tone the sobs began anew, and, being a true son of Adam, Slats regarded tears with dismay almost approaching horror. He changed the subject with a gasp.

"Oh—I say—don't do that! What's your name? Here! Have a candy!" And with a heave of relief he produced from some almost forgotten recess a much dilapidated cough-drop, which he rammed between the unresisting red lips of his small burden. With deep relief he noted how favorably his offering was received, and was mentally stigmatizing himself "a wise guy" for his canniness in emergencies. His complacency received rather a shock, however, when, half-way to the finish, the cough-drop fell down and rolled unheeded away; the blue eyes were hidden behind drowsy lids; the soft little head snuggled into a convenient curve in Slats' shoulder; and the baby—for he was little more—was far in the land of Nod!

As with all great shocks, it took some seconds for Slats to make himself believe that such a catastrophe could have occurred. Then a mighty rage overwhelmed him.

"The young beggar! So this is the way he repays me for all the beastly inconvenience I've had! No, sir! I don't propose to be anybody's Ostermoor to-night. Wake up, can't you?" And two quite vicious shakes emphasized the determined tone of a desperate man.

No results were apparent, however, and Slats was gathering himself together for the third attack, when he stopped suddenly, and patted the yellow curls instead, smiling half-humorously, half-pityingly, as he did so.

"Poor baby! I wonder which of us is in the worst pickle? I suppose you couldn't be so good, could you, as to wake up long enough to let me know your name and number? I dare say I shouldn't understand you if you did, though; so you might as well snooze away. But what the dickens am I to do?"

Return to the boarding-house, burden on shoulder?

"Not if I know myself! With those three drivelling idiots thirsting for game."

Besides, if he did, what became of the evening with Winifred? It was too late now to telephone her of a previous engagement, and Barney would in any case not fail to make sure that the truth leaked out some way. It was equally impossible to deposit the child at a police station. He rejected that solution with no attempt at argument save a glance at the small head pressing against his shoulder. He would rather take him to the boarding-house than that. There remained only one plan, then, to pursue the even tenor of his way unto the Jones residence, and there note the effect of his somewhat melodramatic appearance. Slats grinned. He wished he could be an onlooker in the drama. Starring was not a part he coveted just then.

"Some have greatness thrust upon them," he quoted, grimly. "But, by George, I'll do it! Blessed if I know how to dispose of the kid myself, and, if Winifred can't suggest a method, she's not the girl I take her for."

Then feeling this last statement bordered on blasphemy, Slats quickened his steps almost to a run, and had pressed the door-bell of the Jones residence before his courage had time to cool.

Even the well-trained maid could hardly suppress a smile as she ushered him into the parlor. Young men accompanied by babies at nine o'clock at night were evidently not in her line. Slats would have denied that they were in his, either, for that matter, but facts were against him.

Until he saw Winifred coming toward him he had not realized the full ridiculousness of his position. Hot and cold by turns, all his carefully thought-out introductory speeches gone to the winds, he turned to meet her, wishing fervently that the floor would give way beneath his feet, that a sudden paralysis would strike the electric light plant—and, in a vortex of wishes complex and futile he realized with a keen delight, which hardly left room even for surprise, that Winifred had flung herself into his arms, and was laughing and crying by turns in the most inexplicable fashion. Slater was literally and figuratively staggered. He had begun to wonder if he had suddenly been dropped into a chapter of the Arabian Nights, when a howl from the awakened baby roused him to realities.

But at the first wail Winifred had the child out of his arms and into her own.

"My blessed honey-bun! Where has he been? Didn't he know Winnie was hunting everywhere for him? Oh, you dear, bad, naughty, sweet baby! Winnie won't scold him—no, indeed, she won't—and he'll never run away again and leave her, will he?"

Light began to dawn upon the dazed and envious young man watching the reception of the prodigal, whose wails were forced to give way before the avalanche of caresses hurled upon him.

"Jove! But virtue is its own reward this time, all right, all right. If I'm not the white-haired boy after this, I miss my mark!"

After the first outburst Winifred's habits of politeness asserted themselves; and having deposited the newly-recovered treasure in a large arm-chair, where he proceeded to settle himself very dreamily and peacefully, she turned to Slats with both hands outstretched.

"Oh, Mr. Slater, I can never thank you enough! If you only knew how worried I have been! You see, with mother and dad both away there is so much responsibility, and when the little monkey ran away this evening on top of everything I felt as if I should have to commit suicide. I've rung up every police station in town at least seventeen times, and I think I remembered every story I ever heard about kidnapping and murdering children, and all sorts of awful things like that. Where did you find him? What was he doing? Oh, do sit down and tell me all about it!"

"Why, it really was nothing at all, Miss Winifred." Slats was beginning to realize that he was now starring as the hero, not the clown, and felt that he must live up to the part. It was a new sensation for him to be dominating the situation, with Winifred appealing, almost tearful before him, hanging on his every word as he was accustomed to do on hers. It was a far cry from this Winifred to that of the summer—gay, teasing, almost refusing to let him see behind the brightness, the tender womanliness in which he nevertheless insisted on believing.

Therefore Slats now went on in lordly wise, revelling in the reversal of positions.

"I found the little fellow just a few blocks away. He was crying a little, but he soon stopped, and naturally I brought him over. That's all." Slats thought he was doing well. The character of noble-rescuer-making-light-of-his-deeds was one in which he felt himself a great success. But Winifred's next question was rather disconcerting.

"How did you find out where he belonged?"

"I—ah—that is—well, of course, I had seen him playing round when I was here—"

"Um-hum," said Winifred gravely, a suspiciously demure look coming around the corners of her mouth. "That's curious now; I never saw him myself until yesterday."

"What!" Slats almost jumped to his feet. "Isn't he your brother?"

"Why, no," still more demurely. "He is the child of a great friend of mine, who is staying here now. His mother is out for dinner and left him in my care, so naturally I was somewhat worried when I found he had vanished."

Slats wished he had been a better student of the story of George Washington. He was branded forever. He was worse than a fool now. And the worst of it was that there was now no escaping recounting the whole miserable story; for Winifred's look was one of evident curiosity and expectancy. There was no help for it. Slats drew a long breath, braced his feet firmly on the floor and plunged in. When he had finished Winifred was looking at him with a very different expression.

"You were going to bring him to me to tell you what to do?"

"Well, it seemed the only thing. And I thought, perhaps, you would—" Slats felt himself growing entangled and stopped.

Winifred spoke softly—perhaps in consideration for the drowsy child whom she had taken into her lap.

"You were right, Mr. Slater. I would have helped you, though I don't think I have ever given you much reason to believe it of me."

Slats longed to say unutterable things—to quote poetry—but the only thing which came to his mind was the first stanza of "John Gilpin," which seemed hardly appropriate to the occasion.

Winifred laid the baby gently on the sofa. Slats adored the tender way she touched him. Then a sudden compunction came over him and he rose.

"Miss Winifred, I know this has been a trying day for you. I am going to say good-night now; but, perhaps, some other time you will let me—" he stopped rather abruptly, feeling that his tones were too intense for a commonplace request.

Winifred had risen, too, and was looking at him very sweetly and gently.

"I believe I am tired," she admitted; "and anyway I have to get this little rogue off to bed, you know. But you will come again, of course?"

"Indeed, I will, if I may. And soon?"

"Very soon. I hope you will."

And Winifred gave him her hand with an expression very rare at any time, and very new to Slats at least—an expression in which mingled curiously surprise, sweetness and almost shyness.

He walked towards the boarding-place in a sort of ecstasy. He longed to whistle appropriate jubilees. Once, again, however, his memory served him meanly. He could remember nothing but the first two bars of the "Dead March." So he whistled these in ragtime, and went to bed in the dark, without even noticing that he had kicked over a pitcher of water, which Duke had carefully stationed at the door to welcome him.

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### *Queen of the Ways*

OLD trails, new trails, trails by land and sea,  
Wood trails, river trails, trails that wait for me—  
Thunder of the stiffened sail, wind across the pine,  
Phosphor-shining schooner-wake through the southern brine—  
All the trails are one to me, all the trails are mine!

I am the gray Queen of the hills,  
The white Queen of the foam,  
The goddess of unbroken ways,  
The wrecker of the home :  
Grimly my chosen ones I greet,  
But human love or human grace  
Are light as silk to hold their feet  
When they have seen my face.

Some find me on the fields of foam,  
Some on the fields of snow ;  
Where the rock ramparts break the sky,  
Where jungle orchids blow ;  
Mighty the spells that hold the breath  
Of the children of my choice,  
And where life holds the darts of death  
There do they hear my voice.

Plainsmen, mountain men, rovers of the sea,  
Trackers of the endless trail, captains of the free,  
Where the desert horsemen ride, where the glaciers shine,  
Where my lost battalions strive under palm or pine—  
All the men are bond to me, all the men are mine.

Through the blind spindrift and the snow  
I steer the stricken fleet;  
O'er glittering wastes of heated sand  
I guide the straying feet.  
Far, far from home the strong men fall,  
Whom none might turn nor make afraid:  
And none but I can say where all  
My children's graves are made.

Little they reck of death, whose eyes  
For love of me are blind!  
I light the lost fight to the end  
That all my lovers find.  
And when the last square breaks to show  
An end of all the trails that roain,  
Through the locked legions of the foe  
I point the Red Road home.

Old graves, new graves, under surf or tree,  
Bloody trenches dug at dark, sunken hulks at sea.  
Sighing of the shifting sand, keening of the pine  
O'er the lonely bones that lie wanting stone or sign—  
All the graves are known to me, all the dead are mine!

*Frank L. Pollock*



## *The Kingdom of Slang*

HON. G. W. ROSS.

THE Kingdom of Slang is as extensive as the English language. Its subjects are chiefly degenerate Saxons, although it numbers not a few alien races, who acknowledge its authority by becoming naturalized. It is presided over by a degenerate monarch, who can trace descent through a long line of weaklings like himself. The chief distinction of the subjects of this enfeebled ruler is that they prefer to use weaker methods to accomplish their purpose, where strong methods are equally available—to clothe themselves in rags and tatters, although the richest garments are at their disposal—to feed on husks and scraps regardless of the richest foods placed before them.

Another strange thing about the subjects of the Kingdom of Slang is that they cling to their habits under the most extraordinary circumstances. One might expect to find a degenerate race in remote and unexplored lands beyond the reach of civilization and the comforts and advantages of refined society. Flint weapons and muscles of bone are looked for among tribes that the European has not reached, but no one would expect the inhabitants of any part of this continent now, and certainly not any part of Canada, to adhere to the ancient methods of warfare which Columbus and the early French explorers found to prevail three hundred years ago. In fact, in everything that pertains to progress, except the use of language, the subjects of this degenerate but despotic monarch are abreast with the most civilized races. They are experts in the facilities for transportation and commerce. Some of them ride in motors; others aspire to the most palatial steamships when they go abroad, or the most fashionable residences at home. They are to be found in every walk and profession. Look over the proceedings of a university convocation, or a political meeting, or a church conference or synod, and you will find the subjects of the Kingdom of Slang among some of the most prominent performers in the various functions of such gatherings. Some of them carry titles of distinction—cabalistic letters suggestive of rank and pre-eminence over their fellows—yet all bow down before their acknowledged king, and pay deference and worship to his laws and usages. And the wonder of it is that this de-

grading and degenerate service is purely voluntary. The king they obey they know is a usurper. The throne he occupies belongs to an older and nobler line of rulers, whose lawful sovereign the subjects of this degenerate monarch could restore at any moment and without a struggle. In fact, so cleverly is the fraud perpetrated that many of his subjects are not conscious of their disloyalty, and by long usage have got to feel that they are serving their lawful king when they are doing obeisance to his will. And on this account it is hard sometimes to distinguish between the loyal and the disloyal.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the administration of this Kingdom of Slang is in the arrangement of its public libraries. Among every other known people the public library contains the works of the great masters of literature from Chaucer to the present day, and special prominence is given to what are called the classics of the English language. Some men have made themselves famous—such as Shakespeare, Milton, Macaulay and Tennyson—by the excellent choice of their language, and the elegance of their diction. In the libraries of the Kingdom of Slang such writers as the above occupy the remotest shelves, and are seldom referred to by those who occasionally visit the library for mental recreation or research, while the most conspicuous place is given to the modern novel, the short story, and the escapades of the gambler, the domestic ruffian, and the heavy villain. In fact, the stalls in which books of this type are kept, are thronged from morning to night by men and women of all ages and conditions in life, many of whom, whether permitted or not, carry home for perusal late at night, some coveted edition of their favorite author.

Another feature of this library was the absence of all dictionaries and works of reference, and as a consequence there was a most alarming deterioration in the accent of those who frequented it. Indeed, it was quite apparent that, unless something were done to correct this downward tendency in the pronunciation of the English language, in a generation or two it would lose its identity. So rapid has been the degeneration that thousands of the subjects of this detestable monarch have already dropped several of the terminal sounds of the more common words, while many others substituted for duly accredited and simple Saxon, words that belong to the race course, the gambling table, the rancher, and the pot hunter.

Now, what is to be the effect of this upon modern society, with its perfumed refinements, its jealousy of social gradations

and preferences, need not be long in doubt? Refinement is not an external grace. It does not consist in costumes of finest finish, or drapery of most excellent design. Refinement of the best quality is mental, not material, and if so, it follows that to use degenerate English for pure English, to use expressions of questionable pedigree for those of long and honorable descent, must lower the standard of mental refinement, and to that extent becloud the highest quality of thought. And so the old saying comes to one's mind: "The best way to keep your bushel from being filled with chaff is to fill it with wheat." And why not, since in every library, except those of the Kingdom of Slang, there is wheat enough to fill to overflowing every bushel that is presented, with winnowed corn from the great garner-house of "English undefiled."

### *Qualis Est Amor*

ISABEL E. MACKAY

**H**E spoke to her of love, and she replied  
 (Grieving to cast such tender love aside),  
 "Surely if love should come 'twould be for thee;  
 Noble thou art, and true thy love for me,  
 But I—I know not what this love may be."

"What then is love, which thou dost place so high?  
 Tell me, lest seeing not, I pass it by."  
 "Alas!" he answered, "no device of art  
 Can ever tell the smallest, poorest part  
 Of love, which speaketh only to the heart."



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## *The Labrador Eclipse Expedition*

C. A. CHANT, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

THAT interest in astronomy is growing in Canada is very evident. One need only point to the magnificent new observatory erected by the Dominion Government on the outskirts of Ottawa, and to the fact that a fully-equipped expedition was despatched to the wilds of Labrador to observe the total eclipse of the sun on August 30th last. The Royal Astronomical Society of Canada had the honor of suggesting that an expedition be sent, and the generous spirit in which the proposal was received and acted upon is worthy of all praise. The society was allowed the privilege of naming six of its members to accompany the expedition.

The first section of the expedition sailed from Quebec on the evening of Friday, August 4th, in the steel steamer *King Edward*, a small vessel about 150 feet long and 22 feet wide. This ship and her mate, the *Aronmore*, about twice as large, carry on a coasting trade on the north shore of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The manner of conducting this trade was new to most of us. The shore usually is of bleak, bare rock or of sand, occasionally covered with spruce and scrubby birch, and the inhabitants of the little villages along it eke out an existence by hunting and fishing. On approaching a village the ship, with her siren, would shriek out what always sounded to us like a challenge to the people to come out and meet us. Then we would drop anchor and wait. Soon a large fishing boat would put out from shore, sometimes propelled by oars, sometimes under sail. Occasionally the boat would be tardy in coming, and then a volley of forcible remarks would be hurled at it to hasten it along. But on arrival at the ship the strong words were all forgotten, and the visitors and visited communed on the best of terms. Having received their mail-bag, and what freight the purser had for them, they would leave, and we would proceed on our way. Frequently, however, a strong wind blew and the sea was rough, and we had to lie at anchor for hours. At last the boat would come, and we would watch with admiration the sailors as they tacked about, and finally ran close up to our ship to receive the barrels of flour and boxes of merchandise into their small craft, which all the while danced vigorously about on the tops of the

waves. It was amusing to notice some of the parcels put off. One was a pasteboard box, apparently containing a hat, sent from a Chicago departmental store *via* Detroit; another was a Singer sewing machine, and a third was a spinning-wheel. Then, again, some poor unfortunate would try to beat his way, but the vigilant purser was on the alert for such and seldom did one escape.

This performance lasted for three days, during which time we called at eighteen ports, including Godbout, Pentecost River,



HUDSON'S BAY POST OF NORTH-WEST RIVER.

Seven Islands, Moisie, Mingan and Esquimaux Point; and on the morning of the fourth day we reached Natashquan, the end of the ship's regular trip. Here we discharged our last passengers and freight. Amongst the former was a young Anglican clergyman, named Vibert, who was spending his strength as a missionary on the long bleak coast; while among the latter was an immense sheet-iron tank for the priests' house.

From this time on the ship was all our own. We sat on deck and read, or dozed, or told stories, or watched for whales, in all these ways becoming acquainted and finding out that we had a very congenial company. In another day we reached Blanc Sablon, a small village at the entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle. We halted to deliver the mail—a few letters in a small bag—and to pay our respects to the Newfoundland customs officer. Immediately on entering the straits we came upon a magnificent iceberg. The day was fine, and the obliging captain steamed near enough to allow the numerous cameras on the ship to secure fine negatives. But this splendid berg was but the first of fully a thousand which we saw. They were truly majestic in their slow-moving dignity; the play of the sunlight on their towers and spires and castellated summits giving us a sight never to be forgotten. At one time two of our party counted over a hundred in sight.

Emerging from the straits we passed Battle Harbor on the left, and after skirting the bleak Labrador coast we entered Hamilton Inlet. Here the course wound about the rocks and jutting points, and at last a village appeared directly ahead of us. This was the important Hudson's Bay post of Rigolet, in charge of Factor Fraser. Many of the party went ashore, but as the day was quiet and damp the black flies and mosquitoes were exceptionally annoying, and all were glad to return to the ship.

We left Rigolet next morning at sunrise, and after traversing Lake Melville, about seventy miles in length, we found ourselves at the end of our long journey, at the post of North-West River (10 a.m., Friday, August 11th). Soon, in response to our siren, a small boat came out, rowed by Professor L. B. Stewart, of the School of Practical Science, who had gone ahead of us, by way of St. John's, Nfld., to choose a proper place to locate our camp and our instruments.

In order to see the sun entirely covered by the moon the observer must be somewhere within a belt about eighty miles wide, which runs across certain portions of the earth, calculated very accurately by astronomers; and for most efficient work it is necessary to be as near as possible to the central line of this "path of totality." Professor Stewart had determined the latitude and longitude, and found that a flat, open space within half a mile of the Hudson's Bay post and its small wharf was very close to the central line. This space had been cleared of spruce by the present Lord Strathcona when located at North-

West River about fifty years ago, and had been used many times as a camping-ground by the Mountaineer Indians.

The Hudson's Bay post is shown in the adjoining picture. In the foreground is the residence of Mr. H. M. S. Cotter, the Hudson's Bay factor, who formerly attended Upper Canada College, and who was delighted to get news of his alma mater. On our arrival he was ill, but in a few days he was able to be about, and during our entire stay he was unremitting in his kind attentions. The members of the expedition cannot speak too highly of the unvarying kindness and consideration received at his hands. The other houses in the picture are the company's store and warehouses, and the dwellings of its servants.



DOMINION OBSERVATORY INSTALLATION.

Immediately across the river is the trading-post of Revillon Frères, the great rivals of the Hudson's Bay Company. A small schooner belonging to this post was engaged to transport our freight from the *King Edward* to the small dock. Dressed in sweaters and old clothes all hands worked heartily, and by nightfall all the goods had been removed from the ship, and much taken to the camping-site. In doing this a hand-cart, three wheelbarrows and numerous broad shoulders were utilized. That night was spent on the steamer, and next morning, after an early breakfast, all went ashore, and the *King Edward* left to return to Quebec. Some of the party pitched the tents, others

continued the transportation of our supplies, while others began the construction of huts and piers for our instruments. We had brought a good supply of lumber, and ten barrels of Portland cement, and, indeed, sand, too; but as there was plenty sand at our disposal we left what we had brought in the ship for ballast.

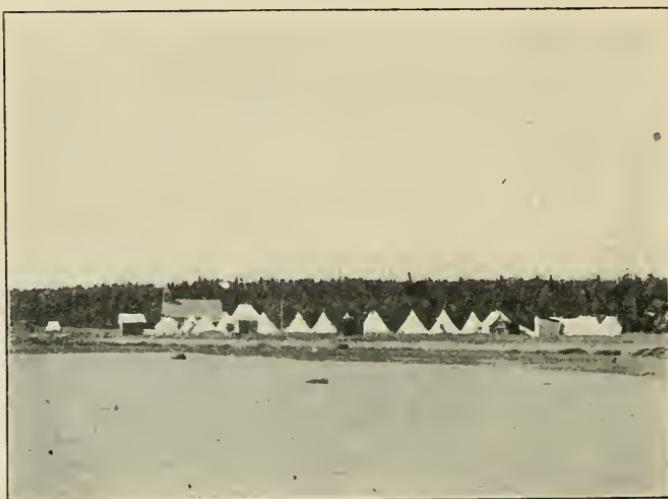
A view of the camp is shown in the picture, looking north-west. To the extreme left is the hut, built with copper nails and covered with tar-paper, which sheltered the magnetic-recording instruments. The shanty at the right is a photographic dark-room. The black one in the centre was Professor Stewart's observatory, while the two to the left of it belonged to the English party, being used to cover telescopes and for a photographic room. In the background is the old mission church, erected in 1873, but discarded about ten years ago. From it the floor, windows and sheeting had been removed. The bell tents were used for sleeping, the large marquee near the church was a dining-tent, and the others sheltered the instruments and tools. To the north of the camp were the spruce woods.

As the time available for observations of a total eclipse is always very short—in this case but two and a half minutes—the apparatus was largely photographic. One can make numerous exposures during the short time, and examine the negatives at leisure.

There were numerous showers, and the black flies and mosquitoes were very troublesome, but we had no time to spáre, and everyone worked with a will. At the end of ten days the installation was practically complete, leaving about a week to perfect adjustments and rehearse our programmes.

The most important part of the equipment was that from the Dominion Observatory. It consisted of four cameras of focal-lengths, 7, 10, 10 and 45 feet, respectively, and three spectrographs (*i.e.*, instruments for taking photographs of spectra). As it is impracticable to point a 45-foot camera at the sun the sunlight was reflected into it and the other cameras by means of an instrument known as a coelostat. This consists of a mirror rotated about an axis in its plane, and parallel to the earth's axis, and turning exactly half as fast as the earth moves. In this way the light from the heavenly body is continuously directed wherever it is required. The mirror used in this case was of glass, twenty inches in diameter, three inches thick, silvered on its front face, which was absolutely flat. The entire instrument weighed about 2,500 pounds, and was transported in about fifteen boxes.

A general view of the installation is shown in the engraving. The coelostat is at the left, with the wooden cameras on two cement piers before it. The long extension is the 45-foot camera, the plate-holder being at the right-hand end. To operate these cameras six men were required. The apparatus was in a shed with a tarpaulin roof, and with sides and eastern gable removable. The picture shows the whole ready for use. The dark-room is seen just in the rear. The entire equipment was designed and installed in a masterly manner by Mr. John S. Plaskett, B.A., of the Dominion Observatory. In his work he



ECLIPSE CAMP, LOOKING TOWARDS NORTH-WEST.

was very efficiently assisted by Mr. W. P. Near, B.A. The telescope on a tripod, at the right, is a four-inch instrument, belonging to the Royal Astronomical Society, and with it Dr. King, the commander of the expedition, intended to observe the four contacts, *i.e.*, the times at which the circumferences of the sun and moon touch. The other telescope, on the cement pier, belongs to Rev. Father Ravanagh, S.J., the amiable professor of mathematics and science in Loyola College, Montreal. He proposed to sketch the outer coronal streamers, the brighter inner portion being screened from the eye by an ingenious arrangement.

In another photograph is shown the outfit of the English party, in charge of Mr. E. W. Maunder, of the Royal Observa-

tory, Greenwich, who stands beside the photographic telescope at the left. At the extreme right is Mrs. Maunder, with her small equatorial, by means of which she obtained some exceptional negatives at the Indian eclipse, 1898. Mr. and Mrs. Maunder are experienced eclipse observers, and were invited to accompany the Canadian expedition by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. There are two other photographic telescopes in the picture; that to the left being operated by Mr. Charles Upton; that to the right by Mr. F. P. Jennings, both of England. Mr. J. A. Russell, of Windsor, N.S., sits at the table. From the Royal Observatory a party had also been despatched to Egypt, with instruments identical with some of these, and it was hoped that photographs might be obtained at both ends of the eclipse track. The work in Egypt was entirely successful.

To Mr. Wm. Menzies, of the Magnetic Observatory at Agincourt, was assigned, by the Director of the Meteorological Service, the task of determining the magnetic elements, both by recording instruments and eye observations. By working night and day Mr. Menzies managed to build his hut and get his instruments in operation in a very short space of time. The results obtained are of great value. In this work able assistance was given by Professor A. T. De Lury and by Mr. Louis Gauthier, of the Dominion Observatory. Professor De Lury also assisted our Chief in some computations; and had intended, during the eclipse, to make visual sketches of the corona, and also to note any variation in the electrical condition of the atmosphere.

Rev. Dr. Marsh and Mr. G. P. Jenkins, of Hamilton, had a five-inch clock-driven telescope, a grating camera and two smaller telescopes. They intended to take numerous photographs of both the partial and the total phase.

Mr. J. R. Collins, of Toronto, by using a telescope of his own invention and construction, intended to take a rapid series of photographs during the entire time of the eclipse, with the hope of exhibiting the phenomenon in cinematographic fashion.

Mr. A. S. Johnston (B.A., '85, Tor.), editor of the *Technical World*, Chicago, spread out a white sheet on which he hoped to photograph the peculiar phenomenon known as the "shadow bands."

Professor L. B. Stewart determined accurately the latitude ( $53^{\circ} 31' 31.25''$  N.) and the longitude ( $60^{\circ} 7'$  W.) of our camp, surveyed the land in the neighborhood, and in addition measured the value of gravity. His results are of permanent value.

The present writer had undertaken polariscope observations. With a polarimeter visual observations were to be made of the nature and the degree of polarisation of the coronal light; while with a polariscope camera, the exposures with which Rev. Father Lajeunesse, of Ottawa University, had kindly undertaken, it was intended to secure a series of photographs, which we hoped would assist in settling many disputed questions.

By the time the installation had been made we realized that the chances for good weather for the eclipse were not very great. But fears for the result did not deter us from perfecting every arrangement. Indeed, some of the party continued their work



THE OUTFIT OF THE ENGLISH PARTY.

well into the night. Most of the members, however, as the darkness came on and the temperature fell, would gather about a bonfire, and the amount of talent exhibited in song, story and recitation was quite astonishing. There was present a genuine spirit of good fellowship, and each freely did his best to amuse the rest of the company. At one time, after two days of continuous cold rain, a fire was built within the old church; and though the smoke was dense enough to bring tears to the eyes, the genial warmth made us entirely happy. The fire was kept blazing far into the night, and sitting about on boxes and stools, or lying on an old dismantled birch canoe, the song and joke came

forth with peculiar spontaneity. This was the best bon-fire of the trip; to me a pleasure I shall never forget.

Monday, August 28th, was an incomparable day. The sky was blue from early morning, and we all hoped we could have the eclipse on then! That afternoon the *King Edward* arrived with the second portion of the expedition. These were to assist at the time of the eclipse, and the steamer was to wait and take us all home together. But at night the barometer fell, and next day was continuously wet. Still our rehearsals continued, hoping for a bright morrow, which did not come!

We rose at six o'clock, and soon after went out to await the eclipse. The total phase was predicted for 7.52. Anxiously we looked to the east, but the gray clouds remained. As the time approached the darkness increased, and during totality it was so great that one could not read his watch easily. This lasted for about two and one-half minutes, and then the sky rapidly brightened, first in the west and then everywhere. It was a weird and impressive sight; but the total phase had passed, and we had made no observations! It was a great disappointment.

About forty-five minutes later the clouds parted sufficiently for us to see the moon, still hiding a portion of the sun's disk. But this was of no scientific value, and in our disappointment we could scarcely look at it.

At once the dismantling and packing up commenced, and the boxes, large and small, began to move again to the schooner dock. By nightfall much progress had been made. The next day was fine, and the tents were struck, as we proposed to sleep on the steamer that night. Indeed, everything was taken to the dock by six o'clock, and the schooner was loaded, but by that time the sea had risen so that she dared not go out. That night some slept in the abandoned instrument huts and the old church, and about twenty of us lay on Mr. Cotter's floors.

Next morning the wind had fallen, and as soon as possible we went out to the ship, quickly transferred our goods, and after affectionate farewells and hearty cheers, started on our homeward trip. At Rigolet we found Dr. Grenfell, and most of us had the pleasure of meeting the famous missionary, and of inspecting his ship the *Strathcona*. We learned that the Lick expedition, which had located on the coast, had been as unfortunate as ourselves.

In addition to those whose names have been already mentioned the following were members of the expedition: Mrs. S. T. Codd, Winnipeg, and Miss Winnifred King, Ottawa;

Joseph Pope, C.M.G., Under-Secretary of State, and John Macara, Dominion Observatory, Ottawa; Montague Aldous, Winnipeg; Rev. C. P. Choquette, St. Hyacinthe College, Que.; Rev. H. Simard, Laval University, Quebec; Henry H. Lyman and Walter E. Lyman, Montreal; J. E. Maybee and David J. Howell, Toronto.

There is little to say about our return voyage. It was very pleasant, notwithstanding the rolling of the ship. We reached Quebec on Thursday, September 7th, at 10.30 a.m.

We were sorry that what most of us felt was the trip of a lifetime had ended. We were sorry, also, to leave the ship and to break up the party. A more courteous and cautious skipper than Capt. Belanger, a more accommodating officer than Purser Bruneau, or a more obliging ship's crew we shall never see. We all felt, too, that it had been a great privilege to belong to a party under the command of the Government's unostentatious but very capable Chief Astronomer, Dr. W. F. King.



MOUNT TEMPLE—CANADIAN ROCKIES.



YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1905-06.

Miss Gandy,  
*Secretary.*

Miss Keys,  
*Mission Study.*

Miss Colling,  
*Pianist.*

Miss Govenlock,  
*Treasurer.*

Mrs. Misener, B.A.,  
*Hon. President.*

Miss Cullen,  
*Con. Membership Com.*

Miss Thompson,  
*President.*

Miss Rice,  
*Hon. Vice-President.*

Miss Williams,  
*Con. Prog. Com.*

Miss Canman,  
*Vice-President.*

Miss Scott,  
*Con. Extension Com.*



*The Heart Replyin'*

WILLIAM WYE SMITH

**A**ND it's Oh, to be out on the muirs ance mair !  
Heigh ho ! where the whaups are cryin' !  
And the neiborly hills to welcome me there—  
    Braid hills, where the beams are lyin' !  
And I'd whussle my way to the brink o' the linn,  
Where the birdies are thrang wi' their musical din,  
And pu' a sweet posie, and think it nae sin—  
    "Aye ! Aye !" is my heart replyin' !

And to lie on the bank, wi' my een to the sky ;  
    Hi ! Hi ! 'tis the laverock flyin' !  
His sang, like the rain, it comes driftin' by,  
    Cark, care and sorrow defyin',  
And ever mair beauty, at ilka hand turn,  
Adown by the way o' the wimplin' burn—  
Till filled wi' the joy o' the Exile's return !  
    "Aye ! Aye !" is my heart replyin' !

And then to come back to my cot by the Lake !  
    Hame ! Hame ! to Ontario hiein' !  
Confessing the glories that Scotland can wake—  
    Hers aye, be it livin' or dyin' !  
But children wha set up their ain roof-tree,  
Find it hame where their love and their bairns may be ;  
While they learn frae Auld Scotland how to be free !  
    "Aye ! Aye !" is my heart replyin' !

St. Catharines, Ont.



***A Visit to the Mamertine***

A. J. BELL, M.A., PH.D.

IT was a beautiful afternoon in June, and we had been learning how pleasant Rome can be in June, now that the improvements in drainage and the regulation of the bed of the Tiber have banished Roman fever. Rain had been falling in plenty, but mainly at night, and after the rainstorms, accompanied, some of them, by thunder and lightning, the mornings had been dawning cool and fresh. And as we looked out from our windows on the top of the Esquiline at the new day, in the fresh



INTERIOR OF THE MAMERTINE PRISON.

light of summer the dome of St. Peter's met our eyes, bright as if new washed by the evening's rain, ever radiant in its stately beauty, the most beautiful sight in Rome, the noblest creation of the noblest mind of modern Italy, the poet-sculptor, Michael Angelo. That morning we had visited the Capitoline Museum, and I had enjoyed anew its treasure of ancient sculpture. And now, after a lunch and a short rest, about four in the afternoon, we set out for a visit to the Mamertine, that foul dungeon to which, on a December morning nearly two thousand years before, Cicero had sent Catiline's friends to be dealt with by the executioner. One still feels something of the thrill of awe that

struck through the Romans assembled in this Forum, when they heard the word in which he announced the fate of the prisoners —*vixerunt*—“They have lived.” And in Sallust’s description of the place of doom, “that part of the Career, called the Tullianum, sunk about twelve feet in the earth, fortified with walls all about, and having above it a ceiling vaulted with stone; but in the squalor, its darkness, its smell, it is foul and dread of aspect”—in these words that give us an almost accurate description of it as it exists to-day, we seem to catch something of the horror and disgust that filled the Roman mind at the mere mention of it. For it still remains on the eastern slope of the Capitoline Hill, some sixteen feet above the level of the Forum, though the twelve steps that turned to the left and led up to it in Sallust’s day, and which some think were Tacitus’ *Scalæ Gemoniae*, or stair of groans, have disappeared. Gone, too, is most of the vaulted roof, which has been replaced by a flat floor of stone, which is now between seven and eight feet above the floor of the lower prison. For it consists of two stories, an upper and lower, each containing a single room, and the lower room is certainly one of the oldest remains of ancient Rome. Livy tells us that Ancus Marcius, the fourth king of Rome, the king who built the Sublician bridge, which Horatius held so bravely, in order to suppress the growth of crime, which increased with Rome’s rapid increase in population, built a prison in the middle of the city overlooking the Forum, and archaeologists think the Mamertine must be the prison of which Livy is speaking here. The name Mamertine dates from the Middle Ages, and is thought to come from some statue of Maimers or Mars that stood in its vicinity; the old name is the Robur or Tullianum. Varro, having in view the latter name, speaks of the part underground as the work of the sixth king, Servius Tullius; but he is evidently misled by the name, for it is evident that the part underground is the oldest part of the structure, from the character of its masonry and the derivation from the old Latin word *tullius*, a spring, indicating that it was a cistern before it was used as a prison, seems more probable. While Livy attributes its construction to Ancus Marcius, he does not speak of its use as a prison in any definite case till in 206 B.C., near the close of the second Punic war, when he tells us that a certain Plentiorius was confined in it. The attribution of a structure to any of the kings was evidence that the Romans of Cicero’s or Livy’s day regarded it as very old, but has in itself no definite value beyond that. Its pre-

servation is due to the legend, not too well-authenticated, that it was the prison in which Peter and Paul were confined before being led out to execution. Its official designation is now the chapel of St. Peter in prison (*San Pietro in Carcere*), and it is below the church of San Giuseppe dei Falegnami, which in 1539 A.D., the brotherhood of Carpenters (*falegnami*) erected in honor of their patron saint, Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth.

We enter, then, this church of St. Joseph from a little street that runs in front of the arch of Septimius Severus—the church is a few steps to the right of the arch—we turn to the left and, descending a few steps, find ourselves in the upper room of the Mamertine, an irregular rectangle, about twenty-five feet long,



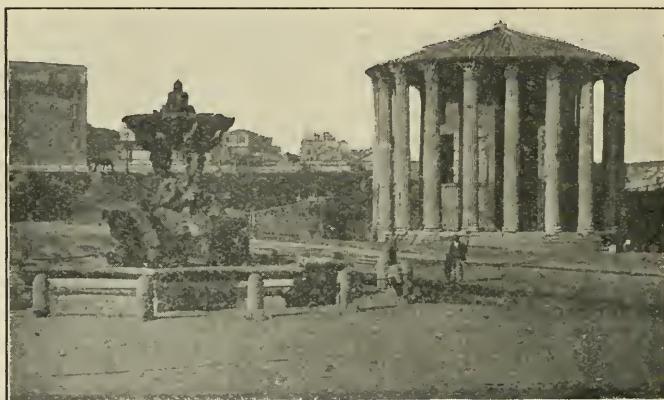
CLOACA MAXIMA.

eighteen feet wide, and thirteen feet high. On its front, facing the Forum, is an inscription that tells how, in obedience to a decree of the Senate, it was restored by C. Vibius Rufinus and M. Cocceius Nerva, consuls in the year 22 of our era. There are traces of a window on the north-east side by which it was lighted. But it is rather gloomy, and we at once light candles with which to view the lower prison, which is still more obscure. In the middle of the floor we see a grating, which closes the aperture, which was the only way of access to the lower prison in ancient times, and through which the friends of Catiline were lowered to be strangled. The stairs by which we now descend, and the door by which we enter it, are modern.

Taking our tapers we start down the stairs, and as we are on our way down, the *custode* directs our attention to an indentation in the wall of the stairway, which he tells us is the impression left by Peter's face, when his gaoler pushed it roughly against the wall of the stairway. The impression left by his face is far from flattering to the saint; and it was a comfort to me to know that both stair and passage are modern, and that, if the saint ever was in the Tullianum he was certainly lowered into it through the hole in its ceiling. The name *Robur*, I may interject here, seems properly to belong to the upper prison, which was once enclosed by a wall of oak planks (*robora*) and the title Tullianum, the place of the spring, is rather to be applied to the lower part. When we entered this, we found facing us an altar with a picture of St. Peter and St. Paul baptizing their gaolers, Processus and Martinianus, and just by the altar is the well or spring, where, according to the legend, water arose at the prayer of the apostles to enable them to perform the sacred rite. I thought of the name Tullianum, and its probable meaning, and of the legend of the execution of St. Paul. For on the following day he is said to have been led out of Rome on the way to Ostia, and at a place called I Tre Fontane his head, struck from the body by a sword, fell to earth, and twice rebounded, and at each spot where it fell a fountain of water rose. And then to complete my thought the *custode* added, as he saw me smile at his tale of the spring: "Of course, these are stories we tell; but there can be no doubt but that it was here that the friends of Catiline were brought for execution."

An account of Rome, in letters written in the years 1817 and 1818, which I happen to have, tells how the *custode* in these days thought that the presence of the water proved the miracle, and refuted all the cavils of doubting *Lutherani* by offering it them to drink with the assurance that it was "real water"—*cera acqua*. And a description of Rome, published by the brothers Rossi, in 1708, after telling of the origin of the spring, adds that it is still flowing, and shows no variation in the quantity of its water in winter or summer, and that the water is very salutary for invalids. This probably accounted for the presence of a pitcher on a shelf hard by the spring; but my experience is so much against the drinking of water when one is travelling, unless one is sure that it is boiled, that I did not ask any questions on this head. But our *custode* evidently sympathized with my incredulity about his stories of St. Peter. It is striking how the stories that come down to us about the heathens of Cicero's

day differ in value from those told about the adventures of Christian saints of less than a century later. It is like passing from the clear sunlight of the Forum into the darkness of this dungeon lighted only by our flickering tapers. Almost every legend the church has handed down has some miracle impossible, and often absurd, to seal the testimony of its truth, and the stories told of the adventures of Peter in Rome do much to strengthen the doubts of the hearer whether Peter ever was there. But to return to our *custode*. He went on to tell me of the death of other prisoners—Jugurtha, for example, in this dungeon, and ended by saying: “After their death, the bodies used to be conveyed out by that door to be exposed to public view.” And he pointed to a door in the back of the dungeon



TEMPLE OF VESTA  
(With the fountain erected by Clement XI.)

almost opposite to that by which we had entered. At once I thought of the Scalæ Gemoniæ, on which Tacitus tells us that the bodies of Sejanus' friends were exposed, and asked him to open the door and let us see the passage by which the bodies were conveyed away. He objected at first, spoke of the danger from falling earth to the ladies with me, but they assured him that they would take the risk; and at last we induced him to return to the church for the key. We entered an arched passage in the tufa, in which the Tullianum is sunk, a passage about seven feet high, and, perhaps, thirty inches wide, and after following it for a few yards we found it struck nearly at right angles a passage of the same height and width, which evidently led

from the summit of the capitol down to the Forum. We descended for a few paces, but soon found that we were walking into mud and filth that made farther progress inconvenient, so we turned and followed the passage up the hill for between twenty and thirty paces, finding it so high that I did not need to stoop at any point. But our candles were beginning to burn down, and on our return we had to find the passage by which we had entered this *cloaca*, for cloaca it evidently was; so we reluctantly returned to the chapel. On our arrival I told the *custode* that the passage was evidently a drain that entered another running from the top of the Capitol to join the Cloaca Maxima in the Forum. He admitted that there was no truth in his story about conveying away the bodies of the dead. But why this passage from the Tullianum connecting with the Cloaca Maxima? Mr. Middleton, in his article on the "Topography of Rome," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, says: "That its use as a cistern was abandoned is shown by the cloaca which leads from it through the rock to a branch of the Cloaca Maxima." The Tullianum, according to this view, was originally a cistern. Presently the drain is cut, through which we passed, and through it the water of the cistern passes to the Cloaca Maxima; and then the Tullianum becomes available for a *carcer* or dungeon. As I noticed above, the first record of its use as such is towards the end of the Second Punic War. Far older is the use, as a place of execution, of the Tarpeian Rock, which from Dionysius' account of the casting down from it of Spurius Cassius, must have been visible from the Forum. Leaving the Church of the Carpenters in the cool of the evening, we passed up to the summit of the Capitol, and from the garden of the Protestant Hospital looked down the precipice now believed to be the Tarpeian Rock. The height is not more than sixty feet, and probably, through falling of rock and earth, the appearance of the place has changed a good deal from what it was in the days of the republic, but even now the fall from it would probably be fatal. There is a much steeper part of the cliff round a corner, more to the left of the Forum, which used to be believed to be the Tarpeian Rock; and from it Hawthorne, in the *Marble Faun* represents Donatello as pushing down the monk to his death; but it is not visible from the Forum. Leaving this spot we descended to the Piazza Bocca di Verità, a very picturesque little square, which occupies a part of the old Forum Boarium, the heart of ancient Rome. There is a pretty fountain of Tritons in its centre, and on the side towards the Tiber lies a well-pre-

served circular temple, surrounded by pillars, which is thought to have been a temple of Hercules. Very near here must have stood the Pons Sublicius, the bridge which Horatius kept so well. But the point that interested us most is the Church of Ste. Maria in Cosmedin, on the opposite side of the square. The church has one of the finest campaniles in Rome, and has much that is interesting in the shape of Byzantine mosaics. Its pillars are very fine, and are evidently spoil from old Roman buildings. But in the porch is placed a famous stone, the Bocca di Verità, or "mouth of truth," which has given its name to the square. The stone, circular in shape, about five feet in diameter, represents a rudely carved face, said to be that of the god Oceanus. Into the mouth, says tradition, in mediæval days, Roman witnesses used to place their hands while swearing to the truth of the evidence they had given, and it was believed that, if one swore falsely, the mouth would close on his hand. It seemed a strange chance that had led us in direct succession that evening from the Mamertine to the Tarpeian Rock, and then to this curious relic of mediæval justice in Rome. The nostrils and mouth of the stone are much worn, apparently by the flow of water, and it looks as if this wonder-working stone were nothing more than an old drain-mouth. So far were the Middle Ages from showing any discrimination in dealing with the antiquities of the mistress of the world.

### *The Beauty That Survives*

ETHELWYN WETHERALD

**Q**uoh, when our eyes look backward  
On visions deeply sweet,  
And consciously life's remnant  
Is narrowing to our feet;  
  
**M**ay every joy that perished  
Be mirrored in our gaze,  
And in our speech the beauty  
Of all our vanished days.

## *A Trip to Washington*

S. FRANCES HARRISON ("SERANUS").

HERE was silence in the New England kitchen, a typical apartment, neat and admirably kept, but plain to barrenness, containing hardly any articles, either superfluous or ornamental. Above the mantelpiece was tacked a cheap lithograph of the nation's favorite, "Abe" Lincoln.

Old man Ferris had looked over his spectacles at his wife four times in the last half-hour. Finally he cleared his throat and addressed her "direct."

"Seems 's ef you be terrible set on readin' thet thar paper, Mirandy. Dunno 's it looks like a Sunday paper, neither. Ain't it most tea-time?"

The old lady started guiltily. She had, indeed, been immersed in the Boston paper (a comparative rarity in the remote village of Hagarsville) to the degree of forgetting household duties performed for the most part without pause or hitch, since ten years ago her only daughter had left her. Even when reminded, it seemed as if she could not bear to put the paper down.

However, in a minute or so, with a smothered sigh and a last wistful look at a deeply-lined column on the outer page, she rose and began putting tea into the pot, and pie, crullers, and bread on the table.

Something about her still held her husband's attention, and when, as she passed him, a slow tear actually welled up from her mild, old, blue eyes, Simon Ferris took her by the arm.

"You're a-cryin' 'bout somethin' in thet thar paper, Mirandy! Well, I swan, I've got to know what 'tis."

"Well, what ef I am a-cryin'? I guess I can cry ef I've a mind to."

"Why, no, you can't; thet is, not till I know what it's about. Say, 'taint anythin' 'bout Reuben or his family?"

"No: 'taint 'bout Reuben—thank the Lord."

"Well, then, 'taint 'bout Martha, or Sue, or any of them folks?"

Old Mrs. Ferris, shaking her head, switched herself free from her husband's controlling arm, and went on again with her work.

"Women is gettin' awful tender-hearted and nervous these days, they tell me, an' I 'low it's so. I guess we'll hev to be

packin' you off, marked "This Side Up with Care," to thet thar big barn in the hills they call the Sanitarium. Talkin' of thet makes me kinder wanter laugh. I allus thought a place with thet name meant a home for fishes, but I guess I've made a mistake all these years."

"Thet's another word altogether," said Mrs. Ferris, with a suspicion of tartness in her accents. "Aquarium is for fishes; sanitarium is for sick folks, and there's no sickness 'bout me. Ef you're so spry and clever this evenin', Mr. Ferris, all you've got to do is to read down thet column an' see for yourself what made me feel kinder bad."

And she indicated the closely typed page of foreign news, which bore, in heavily-leaded letters at the top, the words—

#### **FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA**

Simon took the paper, let his eye run down the column to get the gist of it, and then he turned that eye upon his wife. It seemed as if the latter would evade that glance, so searching, so unmoved. There was a pause, and then he said, folding up the paper, and proceeding to light his pipe:

"Why, she wa'n't nothin' to you, Mirandy! She wa'n't nothin' to me."

"Well, I know thet."

"She wa'n't nothin' to anybody in this country, neither, I reckon."

"Well, I know thet. I know she wa'n't nothin' to us, but she might hev been, an' she was a good woman, Simon."

"Lots of good women die every day—well, no, not as often 's thet, I guess—every now an' then, an' you don't cry over their goin'."

"I know I don't. Seems 's ef 'twas different, somehow, 'bout her."

"Dunno 's I see why t' should be. Queens hev got to die jest 't same 's other folks. I guess 'taint any harder for 'em neither, perhaps not so hard. There was old Farmer Shinns died last week over to Beverley. He'd put all his money into a bank up thar in the city. Bank broke an' lef' him on the cold charity of this world. First thet bank broke, and then Farmer Shinns' heart, I reckon."

"Well, I can't make out why I feel so," said the old lady, wiping her eyes on a clean lilac apron, "but, of course, it hasn't anythin' to do with her bein' a queen. I guess I was too well raised to think overmuch 'bout kings and queens. I never heard

any good of 'em, but I suppose there might be exceptions, an', perhaps, she was one of 'em. I dunno how it is, but it makes awful interestin' readin', all 'bout the things she had to go an' leave. I guess she wa'n't so empty-handed as some; an' when you come to count her palaces and her crowns, an' to think of that great crowd of her people followin' her, and the di'monds shinin' on her coffin, an' her not forgettin' anythin', but rememb'rin' everybody, an' tryin' not to hurt their feelin's—well, I guess, 'ts jest splendid readin' ef 'taint quite Sabbath style."

The old man laughed quietly.

"Why, Mirandy, one'd think you were a reggeler Britisher! I 'low I didn't know 's you was sich an old Tory!"

Mrs. Ferris flushed, her thin, pink cheeks showing a tremulous wave of color in their delicate wrinkled curves and hollows. "British" and "Tory" were both words of utter abhorrence to her ear; her knowledge of all relations between the two countries, Great Britain and her own, being limited to the somewhat distorted and one-sided views of modern history presented by the village schools of New England in the early forties. Indeed, the only visit she had ever made to Boston had been chiefly undertaken in order to call in at the Old South Church, which is, as everyone knows, a kind of museum of Revolutionary relics and curios. These had been dutifully and reverently gazed upon, and their lessons well conned by heart.

"I never thought I'd be called names like them in my old age, an' by you, Simon!" she said, reproachfully.

"Why, that's all right, mother," rejoined her husband, absently, fingering the Boston paper. "Dunno's I can see very well jest now, but sometime to-morrow I'll hev a spell of readin' myself, an' kinder renew my acquaintance with Britain's Queen. Let's see, wa'n't she the daughter of George the Third, or mebbe his granddaughter?"

Mrs. Ferris had to put on her thinking cap for an instant.

"I guess she'd hev been his granddaughter. Time passes awful quick; I dunno 's I can tell jest how long 'tis since that tea was threw away in the harbor of Boston city."

And the old lady's voice quavered a little with pardonable pride as she alluded to a dramatic point in the story of the estrangement between Britain and her American colonies.

"Well, ef you don't, I don't. I 'low you've spent more time over these subjects than I hev; comes of bein' a Sabbath school teacher so long, I s'pose. But what was that you said there a minute ago, 'bout the Queen bein' more to us than she had been—I guess that wa'n't jest it, but you know what I mean."

"Well, I was thinkin' how 't would hev been ef there hadn't been any revolution at all—I s'pose we'd hev belonged to her jest 't same 's the folks up in Canady, or in those warm places like that island our minister went to last winter for his health."

"Why, yes; but, then, there had to be a revolution; there had to be a war! Flesh and blood couldn't stand it, the way the King treated our forefathers."

"Well, I read once somewhere that 'tw'n't the King's fault at all, but that he was a poor old man, kinder off his head, who 'lowed that he was past workin' for his people, an' so he let his ministers fix up things their own way."

"Mebbe he was. Mebbe he did. Ef so, I guess that's one of the reasons Victoria liked to look after things herself. Governin' a kingdom's like runnin' a family; after all, one person's got to do it. Don't pay to divide up too much."

Simon, not looking across at this juncture, missed the expression on his wife's face.

"I s'pose you're alludin' to her widowhood. Why, I dunno's that would hev made so much difference to her, ef her husband had lived. I b'lieve she was one of those women born to go ahead, an' not ask any man's advice, not even his, and then, 't seems to me, he was a foreigner anyway—a German, I guess."

Old man Ferris was suddenly very much interested, and not a little incredulous.

"Why, Mirandy, I dunno's I see how a German could be the King of England. Don't seem natural."

"But he wa'n't the King. He was—let me see—what was his title—dear me, suz, I 'most forget—well, here 'tis in the paper. He was called the Prince Consort. Now, don't you remember?"

Simon's attention appeared to flag again. He put his pipe back in his mouth and answered dreamily:

"I b'lieve she was a widow consid'rable long time. Dunno's I recollect who she married the second time."

Mrs. Ferris jumped—with awful indignation.

"The second time! She never married again at all! All the world knew that. Ef you read that thar paper you'll see how her heart was in the grave, an' how she 's agoin' to be laid beside him till the Judgment Day. She was a mighty good woman, Simon."

"Why, of course, I ain't sayin' a word contrary, Mirandy; but I dunno's I understand how 'twould feel to be livin' under a queen, even a good one like her. Or a king."

Simon was quiet a moment, then he continued, with a cunning glance at his wife:

"I've never said 's much to you, Mirandy, but there's some-thin' I'd like awful well to do, ef it could be carried out. I'd like to take that thar money out of your old stockin' an' go see Washington and the President! Gosh—but I'd like to see the White House—that's where he lives when he's to hum—better'n anythin' else in the world; better'n Niagara Falls!"

The old lady distinctly sniffed.

"How do you know where I keep my money, an' how much I've got? See the President!" she went on, with an utter absence of enthusiasm, and more than a hint of easy contempt. "What'd be the good of that? Ain't he jest a man like yourself? Why, Sam an' his folks up to Beverley knew his father and the hull family when they lived out west one time. I 'most forget what they done fur a livin', but I guess they *worked* fur it, either on a farm, or kept store."

Simon turned his inquiring eye upon his erring and non-republican wife, but she did not quail.

"Pears to me ef we've got to hev kings an' queens we might as well hev real ones," she added, with decision. "An' ef you're a-wishin' you could go and see the President, I'm a-wishin' I could hev seen that thar funeral. Why, Simon," in an awestruck tone, "I 'most b'lieve it lay over Mis' Hubbard's funeral."

The obsequies referred to were those of a certain village character, commonly known as Old Mother Hubbard, Nancy Hubbard or Nan Loomis in girlhood days.

"I guess 'twould hev to be pretty fine to do that," observed Simon with complacent incredulity. "I 'low Mis' Hubbard's funeral rites was 'bout the slickest thing we ever had in Hagarsville. Why, mother, you hain't forgot that shape in flowers, which come all the way from Boston in the train, a Gate Ajar, 'twas, all cut out reggeler in white flowers. 'S I'm a sinner, 'twas jest like a gate. Gosh—that beat all, to see them flowers come all the way from Boston!"

These reminiscences of her husband seemed to have the effect of silencing Mrs. Ferris for the evening, and as the hour wore on little more was said either as to Queen Victoria's funeral or burials generally. The old lady, according to custom, went to bed first, leaving Simon to smoke a last pipe, eat an apple, drink a glass of water, and attend to the kitchen fire.

To-night, however, a kind of restlessness pervaded the old man's movement. He wound the clock, and locked the doors, and performed his share of household tasks in the shuffling, laconic, but conscientious manner peculiar to the elderly men

of that region, then, instead of going to bed, he brought a chair up to the fire and sat there a long time, deep in thought, and still in his shirt-sleeves. The room grew cool, but Simon did not notice it. Occasionally he would look around in a furtive, conscious way, and it was evident that he listened to hear if his wife were awake.

"Don't b'lieve she's moved sence she lay down. I guess she's pretty tired anyway. Seemed kinder upset this evenin'," he said under his breath, getting up and walking cautiously about. He had put on his glasses, and was evidently trying to locate something in the room, lifting the few books and papers, peering under the clock, poking behind the dresser, and opening all the drawers.

"Mirandy 's been kinder on her guard 'gainst burglars, I guess.

His long, lanky figure made queer silhouettes on the dim wall as he moved about so carefully.

"Dunno 's I oughter go after what she put away so careful, but she'd never *give* it, I 'low, an' ef I'm agoin' I've got to find thet thar money in order to go. Wonder what the price of a ticket to Washington 'll be, anyhow!"

He stopped opposite the portrait of Lincoln, and found himself asking what the nation's favorite hero would have done in the same case.

"Guess he'd hev gone," said Simon, endeavoring to justify his action. "He was a real pushin' man—Abe. Gosh—I remember the day he was shot. Seemed 's ef nothin' could ever go right again. Farmers out 'n Illinoy said the birds didn't sing no more thet year, jest fur grief 'cause he died. I 'low thet's a funny thing. . . . I 'low Mirandy's hid thet thar money pretty close. What's thet a-stickin' out behind Abe?"

He climbed on a chair, and sure enough, there, ready to his eager hand, was an envelope, tightly gummed together, but sufficiently bulky to suggest a goodly sum. Simon took it, held it a moment in his thin, weathered hands, and suddenly, as upon an uncontrollable impulse, opened it. The wad of bills appeared a large one, yet he did not examine it any further just then.

"Seems 's ef he'd meant me to go all the time, seein' 's how he had charge of Mirandy's money." And Simon chuckled.

"I'll get myself a little breakfast, an' leave a note fur the old lady. She won't mind. Tain't 's ef we could both go, an' by her own words she ain't countin' on goin', an' I've been countin' all my life. I never seen Abe, an' I never seen Garfield, an' I

hain't never seen any of 'em, but I'm agoin' to see one of 'em at last. Tain't no use leavin' it too long. He might get shot, an' I'm gettin' an old man myself. Yes, sirree, my mind 's made up, an' I'm agoin' to see McKinley an' the White House at last."

It was surprising what a change had come over the old man as he realized that the plan so long cherished could now be actually carried out. He made his preparations with still greater caution than before, to avoid waking Miranda, and was about beginning the laborious composition of a letter apprising her of his early and stealthy departure, when the Boston paper once more attracted his attention.

It was the Saturday evening edition, which contained at great length various accounts of the late Queen, her childhood and ascendancy to the vacant throne; her marriage and subsequent family life; her relations with foreign sovereigns; the whole fully illustrated and couched in the most eulogistic and picturesque terms. Simon, though not so well read as Miranda, was nevertheless an intelligent man, and having now no desire to go to bed, but wishing rather to stay awake all night in readiness for an early start, he sat down to peruse this paper at leisure, and, to use his own expression, take it all in. He was a slow reader, and the light was poor; nevertheless he read on and on, letting the fire take care of itself, and, in other ways, such as emitting strange sounds of interest and approval, and rubbing his hands gently together, testifying to the success which had crowned the efforts of the Associated Press. But of all the pageants described at great and eloquent length, none moved him so strongly as the very latest act in the great Victorian drama, the sad, but splendid progress of the dead Queen, woman and sovereign, across London for the last time. This hard old countryman, New Englander Yankee, was as earnestly worked upon as his wife by the recital of those last pathetic, yet brilliant chapters in a well-nigh perfect life. Ejaculations escaped him from time to time, as he followed the procession through the streets of London, past the historic palaces and parks, out to the English lanes and meadows, and so finally to the resting-place near Windsor Castle. Simon read of the masses of soldiery, the nobles, princes and peers, on horseback and in carriages, his imagination slow to fire, but gaining heat every moment, was fed with long lists of famous names, and by descriptions of costly uniforms, massed bands, silver and gold sticks in waiting, and, like Miranda, he seemed to see before him in the very room he sat in,

the gorgeous pall, the silken flag, the stern Guardsmen, immovable or fainting with exhaustion at their posts near the dead, the stray wisps of scanty English sunshine catching the diamonds of the royal crown attached to the coffin, and at last he came to a detailed description of the flowers. Three thousand wreaths and more, hundreds of which were not opened. Three thousand —Simon laid the paper down, took off his glasses, and thought a bit.

"Three thousand!" he said under his breath. "I guess Miranda 'd be 'bout right after all. I b'lieve thet funeral, fixin's and all, must hev lay over old Mis' Hubbard's. Three thousand! 'Most of 'em pretty good size, too, I reckon. 'Pears 's ef one of 'em was 'bout four yards acrost."

Simon measured the kitchen with his eye, pipe in hand. He was visibly impressed by the details of so much grandeur, and by nothing so much as the vision of all those flowers. After a time he read on again, till a second image obliterated the first. An Indian Prince, a magnificent and wealthy Rajah, had worn throughout the funeral ceremony robes of dazzling white satin, a turban of the same, while his whole person glittered with superb and valuable jewels. This dusky, but gorgeous apparition, was accompanied, it seemed, by the American Minister, who, according to the custom of his country, ran the cablegram, was attired in plain black and white; his evening suit, which is levee dress in the United States.

Simon read and read this till he knew it by heart. He pushed the paper away.

"I dunno 's I can make out what he was thinkin' of, to go dressed like thet! It's all right to go plain sometimes, but 'longside thet foreigner, seems 's ef he might have had a uniform of some kind on. Stripes on his shoulders, anyway, or a red feather in his hat. Why, I dunno what the folks at Washington are thinkin' of, to let him go so plain, over there, too, among all those big-bugs! I 'low they oughter send him better clothes. Now, thet foreigner, he done his country credit. When I git thar, to Washington, I'll up an' tell 'em what I think of lettin' the American Minister jest wear his evenin' suit. Gosh—why, I've got one of them things myself. Got it to be married in thirty-five years ago. Tain't in the fashion, but Mirandy says I've got to keep it to be buried in, an' tain't black an' white, neither, when I come to remember; the pants is lavender, I guess, an' Mirandy—she wore a silk dress same shade."

He yawned and stretched his arms above his head.

"I guess I'll have to go to bed after all. Natur's bound to get in her work. I wonder ef I'd best take thet trip. I wouldn't like to be disappointed."

The Boston paper was still on the table under his eye. Should he go to Washington? Would it be right and kind to run off as he proposed doing without Miranda's knowledge, or more properly her consent? What might justify him would be the importance, the splendor, the interest, of the sights to be seen, and, above all, a glimpse of the powerful and important personality of the President. Just here was centred the doubt that, no bigger than a man's hand, already clouded Simon's horizon. The limitations of American pageantry began slowly to suggest themselves. True Yankee, he wanted to be certain that the trip would really bring him the worth of his money. Suppose the President should be away or ill, and unable to see anyone? Suppose he, Simon, were to meet with unexpected difficulties in the matter of interviewing the occupant of the White House! Suppose, worst of all, if he did see him, he were to recognize that the nominal ruler of the United States was, after all, as Miranda said, only a man just like himself; perhaps clothed in a plain suit, cigar in mouth; stout, ordinary, quiet-spoken, good-natured!

He had grave doubts, and once more gave himself up to reading of the London celebration, when sleep gradually stole upon him, and down, down sank his head. In his dreams he assisted at great tournaments of soldiers, at great carnivals of song; uniforms and bands were mixed up with a vision of Abraham Lincoln on a field marshal's charger, clad in scarlet and gold, while McKinley and Miranda were solemnly engaged in cutting white flowers for wreathes out in an old-fashioned garden; Miranda in her lavender silk gown and the President dressed in Oriental robes.

He woke with a start and a shiver as something whirred and swished to the floor, and at the same moment he heard his wife's voice:

"Simon! Thet you a-callin'? What's the matter?"

He strove to collect his wits, but before he was entirely recovered Miranda appeared in the kitchen. She looked the amazement she had every reason to feel, for what with the cold dimly-lighted room, the hour between two and three in the morning, and the stupid, abject figure of her husband just waking from uneasy slumbers in his chair, in shirt-sleeves, but with his overcoat, muffler and fur cap hanging behind him on the chair-

back, the situation was not a normal one. Simon struggled to his feet. The thing which had partly woke him with its scurrying peculiar sound was the large paper portrait of Lincoln. It lay on the ground, and underneath the table lay the envelope containing Miranda's savings, where it had dropped from Simon's nerveless fingers as he fell asleep.

The old lady darted forward to pick them both up.

"For the land sakes!" she cried shrilly. "'Pears 's ef there must be a powerful wind up chimbley to blow thet picter down like thet. And what might you be adoin' at this hour of night or mornin', Mr. Ferris, out of your bed, an' ketchin' your death of cold? I dunno 's I ever knew you do sich a thing before."

"I dunno 's I did neither. I guess I sat up too late, readin'. I ain't read so much at wonst fur ever so long. All 'bout Queen Victoria 'twas, an' I kinder thought you'd be pleased. Makes real splendid readin', Mirandy. I 'low I'm 'bout converted."

He stood, mastering the shivers which now attacked him, and also the wholesome fear of his wife. She held the torn envelope, but so far had not appeared to notice the liberty which had been taken with it.

"I 'low," continued Simon, with admirable *sang froid*, "thet it kinder lays over Mis' Hubbard's funeral, 'specially as to flowers. I b'lieve I've been dreamin' of them flowers, heaps of 'em, pure white. I'm much obliged to you, Mirandy, fur directin' my attention to thet that paper."

His wife, cold and sleepy herself, made no additional comment on the situation, but sternly marshalled Simon to bed, and he had no alternative but to go. With the fall of Lincoln came also the fall of his hopes, the end of his ambition. Never again was he destined to feel the quick and ardent impulse to act for himself, and do something he wished very much, very profoundly to do, that he had felt when he had held Miranda's envelope in his hand, and saw himself mentally performing the long thought-of journey to Washington. However, he had escaped one trouble, the indignity of having to confess to his wife that the torn envelope was his act, and that he had actually meditated a sudden departure without her for a visit, which must take him away for a week at least. With this comforting reflection Simon slept the rest of that night unaccosted by conscience.

His wife was up putting breakfast on the table when he appeared.

The kitchen presented a tidy and wonted aspect, even the picture of "Abe" being in its accustomed place. Yet to Simon

it seemed as if the room were full of spectres, shapes of soldiers and horses, and in his ears wailed the soft strains of the Dead March in Saul, one of the few tunes the old man knew. He began whistling it. Miranda ordered him to stop.

"Makes me feel terrible lonesome," said she. Simon dutifully did as he was told. Later on, she bade him keep house while she went down to the store; this, too, he promised to do without any thought of escaping.

"Wonder what's takin' her down to the store so early. Don't seem to see 's we want anythin'. Tobacco, an' sugar, an' bread, an' kerosene, an' flour—we've got 'em all. She didn't ask me to go fur her, an' I'm pretty willin' as a general thing. The Boston train 's 'bout due now. Thet's the train I should hev took. Well, I guess I'll hev another read at that thar paper till she's back."

But the old lady was absent quite a long time, long enough to give her husband the fidgets. What could she be doing? Had she taken it into her head to go a journey somewhere on her own account? Simon scratched his ear thoughtfully. She had the money; it was quite possible for her to go, but where?

By the time she returned he was almost beside himself with curiosity, and Miranda's opening remark was not reassuring.

"Did you think I'd gone to Washington to see the President?" said she grimly. "I did think some of agoin', seein' 's how I couldn't cross the ocean to see that funeral, but I guess I can wait. They say it's real gay round 'bout election time at Washington; mebbe I'll go then."

She drew the fatal envelope from her pocket and handed it to her husband.

"Jest count that thar money, will you? 'Pears 's ef 'twan't quite right somehow."

Simon, whose jaw had dropped, and whose face was quite red, took the bills out and counted them. There were eight one dollar bills, no more, but even this number, when loosely bundled into a smallish envelope, looks a good deal. One dollar bills are deceptive.

"I went down to the store to ask the price of a ticket to Washington. I 'low I thought you'd like to know. The folks there didn't know, so I went on to the station. The station-master was away, but the girl who runs the telegraph says it's two dollars and a half from here to Boston, and ten dollars return from Boston to New York, and she don't know how fur Washington 's from New York, but she 'lows it's a good piece

more. Anyway, she says you couldn't have done it on eight dollars."

"Mirandy!" gasped the old man. There was a strained silence. "Why, I'm 'most 'shamed of myself, Mirandy, treatin' you so, and takin' all your money! I dunno what come over me. Readin' thet paper, I declar I—"

The old lady could not keep a stern face very long.

"Not *all* my money," she said. "Things 'd be pretty bad ef eight dollars was all I'd put by, Simon. An' 's fur readin' the paper, I'm kinder sorry I showed it to you ef it's goin' to un-settle you like this. I guess it's jest a judgment on me fur thinkin' so much 'bout readin' at all, an' settin' so long an' wastin' precious time over it. Queen Victoria didn't waste *her* time, an' I guess it's all my fault, Simon, puttin' my trust in kings and princes instead of mindin' my own house. Where's thet thar paper?" Simon produced it. Old Mrs. Ferris took it and put it away in a drawer.

"Next time you think of goin' a journey," she said impressively, "just let me know, an' I'll see 's you hev enough money to ride in a Pullman car ef you've a mind to."

Later on, Simon made his confession. He had, indeed, meant to take advantage of having found the money and start off by himself for the White House and the Capitol, until he read further in the paper as to certain details of the royal funeral.

"I dunno 's you'll b'lieve me, Mirandy," he said slowly, "but I'd 'bout made up my mind afore I fell asleep thar, not to take thet thar little trip. I 'low, readin' thet account kinder upset all my notions, an' I was afraid of being disappointed. Thet's what 'twas, I was powerful afraid of bein' disappointed. I dunno 's I wanter live 'zactly under a king or a queen, but I guess when it comes to sich things as processions and ridin' horseback, an' firin' saloots, an' makin' up bokays to the number of three thousand, they kin lay over us. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mirandy, I'll sell thet strip of land down thar by the brook; we don't want it, an' we'll take some of the money we git fur it and go 'see Washington, 'bout 'lection time—together."

And Mrs. Ferris, secretly happy in the possession of some three hundred dollars of her own laid safely by, gave her official and patronizing assent.



E. W. Morgan, B.A.

A. O. W. Foreman,

*Secretary.*

D. A. Hewitt.

W. G. Bull,

*President.*

Y. M. C. A. EXECUTIVE, 1905-06.

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J. N. Tribble,

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K. H. Smith.

W. H. Baker,

*Treasurer.*



## Hudson Bay

HELEN M. MERRILL

**A**T the verge of the world where the stars burn white,  
There lies a sea, vast, deep and lone,  
Beryl tides that flow in the auroral light  
Out in a land to the world unknown,  
Where yesterday in a dream-light lies  
Of a thousand days under desert skies.

There only the sea and the winds are heard,  
Seldom a sound breaks the silence beside ;  
In the Lady Lakes grove, in the spring, the white-throated bird,  
Or the voice of the storm when the winds range wide—  
And the voice of the Master ? His voice I hear  
In the drift of the ages echoing near.\*

Under the sun and the northern night  
Spring and summer the Sleepers dream,  
And ever they sing in their dreams in the dark and the light,  
When the sky is blue, or the streamers gleam—  
But what of the Master, and what of his sleep,  
For the sea is wide, and the sea is deep,

And ever the long lights flash and fall  
Like shining shuttles, and weave wild dreams ;  
And ever the bird of the land, and the sea-birds call,  
And the combing, green wave flows and gleams—  
But no one kens where the Master lies  
Under the lonely, luminous skies.

\* Henry Hudson was designated as Master in the log of the vessel in which he entered the Bay.



***Sir Henry Irving***

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT.

THE death of no man has ever caused as widespread sorrow, nor called forth more eloquent eulogies than the death of Henry Irving. Although critic after critic has accorded him the foremost place on the English stage, it is not the loss of the artist that is so much deplored, but the passing of a great man, whose daily life has been called a universal benefaction, and his death a universal bereavement. "No mind more noble, no heart more tender, no spirit more pure and gentle ever came into the world," are the words of a great critic, William Winter, and in them he epitomizes the esteem of the world. From men of all sorts and conditions have come tributes of affection, until one marvels at the extent of his personal influence. The number of persons who came in close contact with him was necessarily limited by the demands of his professional work, which compelled comparative isolation, yet there are thousands who mourn his death as the loss of a dear friend, who have never seen him except in character, and who have no idea of his real appearance, except what they got from portraits; but each one of them has a perfectly clear conception of the man back of the actor, and each one has been helped by the nobility and sincerity of the man shown in his artistry. Such is the potency of personality.

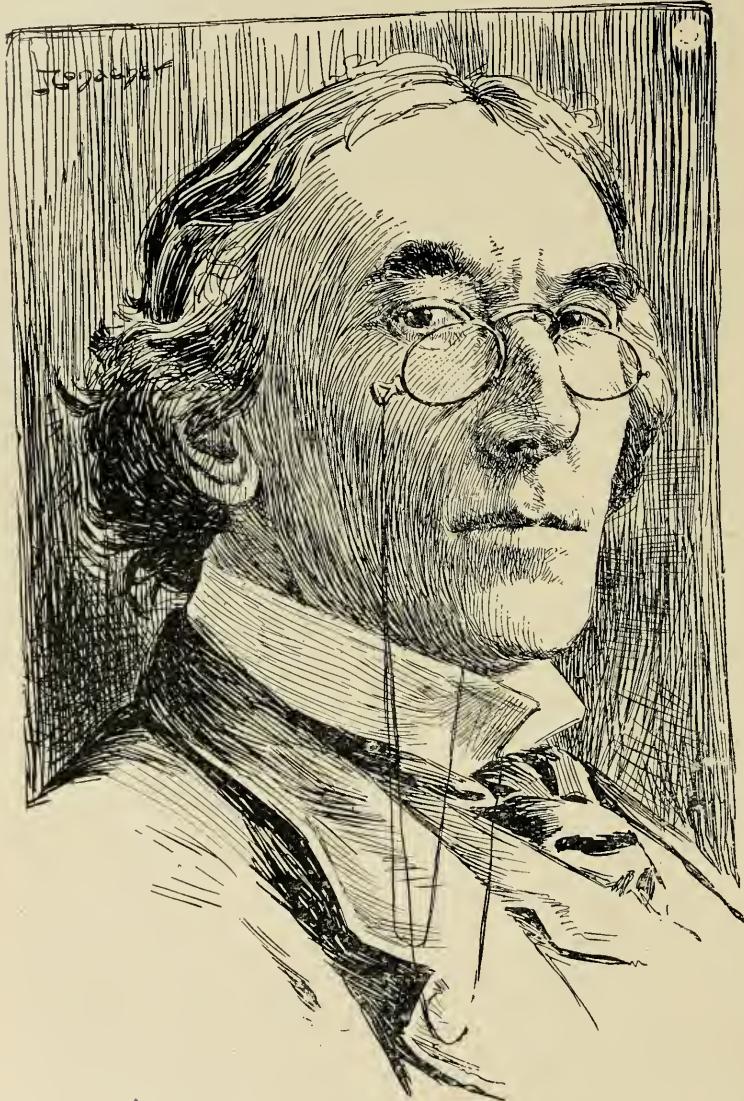
Irving's attitude toward his art was that of absolute devotion. He believed in it utterly; believed in its mission as an ethical and as an aesthetic influence, and true to this belief he gave the world the best he knew, and so far that is the best the world knows. He felt that the drama must teach great lessons beautifully, and his fidelity is reaping the reward of world-wide fame and love. At no time did he leave the theatre to make an appeal to the world; one will look in vain for the record of any public act that was not done in the name of Dramatic Art, by an actor proud of his calling and jealous of its good name. His benefactions were great deeds wrought in high art. The dominant characteristic of his work was intellectuality. Nature had given him few physical gifts with the exception of a wonderful face. His physique and carriage unfitted him for the mere pictorial realization of heroic parts, and diction, as the French stage knows, he lacked. His mannerisms made him an easy prey for the mimics at the halls, and kept many from appreciating him upon first hearing. But these deficiencies were more

than balanced by his mental and temperamental equipment. When his brain conceived a character, the sheer force of his intellectuality made you feel the very essence of the soul of that character. Some critics said of his performance of Macbeth, that Macbeth wore the form we call Irving, or Irving lived the life of Macbeth. To some this was a serious blemish. They held that the actor must lose his individual personality in the part, so that he could not be recognized in any of the parts he played. If this be the standard Irving was not a great actor, for his personality was so pronounced that he could never disguise it, no matter how perfect and wonderful the make-up. On the other hand, if the actor who can portray souls, does it so well that, despite physical deficiencies, one sees the workings of the brain and feels the throb of the heart, then his gifts and art are of a higher order than the mere Protean facility of the other.

Irving's repertoire covered the widest range of parts ever played by any actor. Of all he had ever played he preferred Lear, but his greatest success, judged by any and all standards, was Mathias in "The Bells." Nothing more striking has ever been seen upon stage than the confession scene. In this part one could enjoy himself with absolute abandon. Here both the soul and the body were in accord with the part, and art was lost in nature. In similar parts, where the physical requirements were within his power, he showed how great he really was. One must needs have been a close student, and a great admirer of the actor to have enjoyed his Macbeth, Hamlet, or King Arthur, in the same degree. He was a master in the portrayal of such parts as Benedict. The lightness of touch was marvellous. His latest creations showed that his powers were absolutely unimpaired, both Dante and Robespierre were masterpieces. The temptation to speak in detail of each is very strong, but space will not permit of doing so.

My first impression of Irving was gained at a rehearsal, and it was a strong one. I had been away from England for a number of years, and had never had an opportunity to see him act. While on the Continent I took up the serious study of the drama, having always had a desire to become an actor, and had become fairly familiar with the workings of such theatres as the Comédie Francaise in Paris, the Burg in Vienna, the Court Theatre of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Festspielhaus, Bayreuth. Of course I could not hope for an engagement where I must speak a foreign tongue, and as Irving's fame had reached me I decided to go to London and apply to him for an

engagement. I lost no time in doing so, and was accepted, but family objections and influence compelled me to relinquish the



SIR HENRY IRVING.

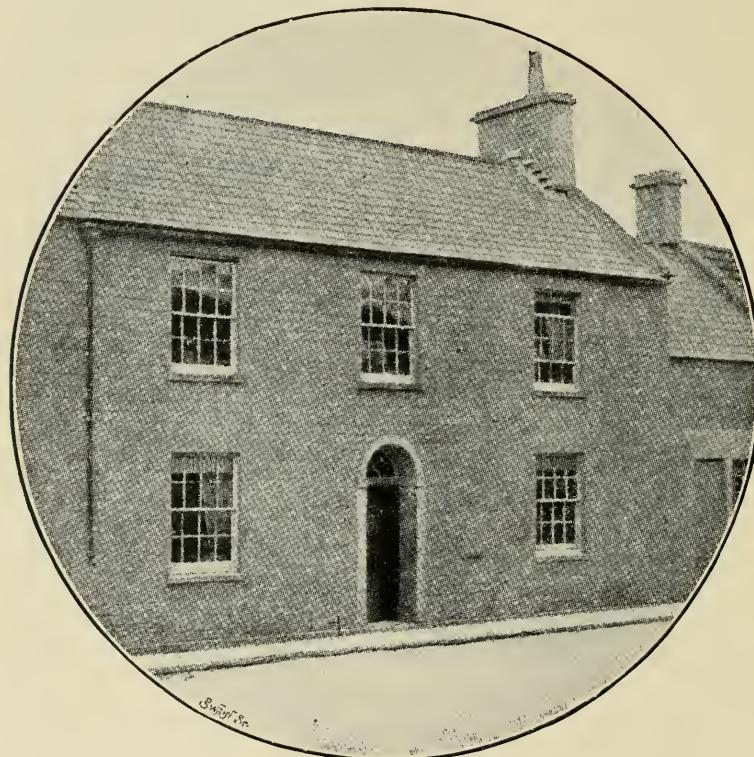
position. My disappointment was so keen that I was allowed to attend rehearsals, with the promise of an engagement for

the American tour, and I began as a looker-on. The new piece was getting into shape, and the work was going on at a high tension. On the Continent a production was a comparatively simple affair. They generally follow conventional or traditional lines, and each department has its own chief who looks after the details in a leisurely, methodical way, and reports progress occasionally to the intendant who has general supervision. But at the Lyceum everything was done as the direct or suggested thought of the master, Irving. He animated and dominated an army of actors, supernumeraries, musicians, stage carpenters, scenic artists, costumers and light men. He had chosen the play and would play the leading part. Nothing escaped him; a word here, a suggestion there, and slowly and surely the dramatist's dreams were made real. It was not stage craft, but stage magic that I saw. Masonry was masonry, not a flimsy, waving bit of painted canvas. The costumes were historically accurate. The color schemes were never marred by careless lighting. A mob was a concourse of individuals, not a stupid lot of puppets moving in unison. And the actors, inspired by the spirit of the master, entered into their parts with the keenest enthusiasm. The date of the opening was finally announced, and the piece was now rehearsed just as it would be played. Irving's energy seemed to grow day by day; he became more and more exacting, until everything was in perfect readiness for the eventful night. What a wonderful sight and experience a Lyceum first night was! All the great ones of London were there, with royalty crowning it all. The overture was played, the curtain rose, and the first beautiful picture was greeted by applause. I had seen it grow, but out in front it came like a revelation.

I could scarcely wait for the first entrance of the star, but at last he came. Although I had seen the rehearsals, I was at first terribly disappointed. My eyes refused to be comforted. How could that tottering figure do a hero's work? I wanted to leave the theatre, but the friend with me said, "Wait." By and by I began to feel the power of his genius. I forgot the walk which at first distressed, and the peculiar enunciation which at first made the lines he spoke barely intelligible, and some subtler sense than sight or hearing gave me a higher pleasure than I had ever received from any other actor. The change came too quickly to have been wrought by my becoming accustomed to the so-called mannerisms; it was the effect of the man's personality which broke down the barrier of my prejudice. It was not an active antagonism, but the disapproval

of one who had been trained in the purely physical school. Once removed it never returned.

Elaborate and lavish as were the Lyceum productions they were absolutely free from the vulgar display of most of his imitators. One never thought of the cost or labor any more than one does in looking at nature. With Irving it seemed to be and really was absolute need that called forth the proper



BIRTHPLACE OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

environment. More beautiful stage pictures the world has never seen, nor can one imagine anything more perfect. He who had the good fortune to see "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Lear," "King Arthur," "Becket," "Robespierre" and "Dante" has a wonderful gallery of memories. Of all the productions I saw, "King Arthur" was the finest; for in this Irving had the assistance of Burne Jones, who designed scenery,

costumes—even the jewels of the piece. “Dante” was also a superb production. Even when taken on the road, the craft of Irving succeeded in giving the pieces a great deal of the atmosphere of the Lyceum.

It so happened that I never belonged to the Lyceum company, but it was a proud moment when the great Irving congratulated me on my reading of the part of Tranio in the “Taming of the Shrew,” in which Miss Ada Rehan played Katherine. He gave me some good advice, suggesting a change here or there, and showed such a sympathetic interest in what I was doing that one might have thought me a protege, but I have since met a great many actors who have had a similar experience. The last time I spoke with him was during his “Robespierre” tour. He was playing in St. Paul, while we were in the nearby city of Minneapolis. I was through early the opening night, and went over to St. Paul to meet some friends who were in the Irving company. Sir Henry came out while I was waiting, and stopped to speak to me. My friend came up and Sir Henry asked what we intended to do. “Merely supper and a chat.” “May I join you?” We both said “Yes,” and the three of us got into a cab and drove away to a chop-house I had discovered. It was a night on Olympus. We were not two minor actors having supper with a great star, but three youngsters enthusiastically interested in our vocation. We two spoke as freely as if we were by ourselves. It was three of the morning before we were aware, and we got up reluctantly to go to our hotels. After escorting Sir Henry we spent the next two hours talking over the pleasure of the night. When we left him he gave each of us his hand, and said: “You don’t know how it cheers me to find two youngsters like you, loving your profession and glorying in your work. It’s a great calling, and the only way we can be worthy of it is by doing our best at all times.” While on this tour our company frequently followed his, as we were under the same management. Wherever we did so we found the stage hands extolling his thoughtfulness and consideration. No one demanded more than he, but no one so cheerfully forgave the shortcomings and disadvantages of the badly equipped theatres, nor had anyone praised so cordially all honest endeavors to carry out his wishes.

No man could have a nobler epitaph than the following:

“Henry Irving lived to bless mankind, and in his death—which is a universal bereavement—he leaves an immortal memory of genius and goodness, and an immortal example of all that is heroic and beautiful in the conduct of life!”

***The Earth's Place in the Universe***

A. KIRSCHMANN, M.A., PH.D.

NO less a scientist than Alfred Russell Wallace, in his celebrated book, "Man's Place in the Universe," endeavors to show that the earth is the only planet in the solar system, and the solar system the only system in the universe where life is possible. He assumes that only on the surface of this earth that most wonderful combination and adjustment of conditions is accomplished which allows the elements of which the universe is made up to form those most complex and very unstable chemical compounds, which are characteristic of organic matter. In this theory the cosmologist Wallace seems to me to completely abandon the ideas of the evolutionist Wallace, whom we should expect to hold fast to the adaptability of the organism to its environment, to the variation of the species according to changed conditions. We should expect him not to confine the possible conditions to which organisms could adapt themselves within the limits of terrestrial changes. There is no logical ground for such a limitation, and we see no reason why the celebrated author should not assume that even in a change of conditions beyond the range of experience on this planet the fittest might survive. We may point out a few propositions and assumptions which Wallace takes as self-evident, and which nevertheless stand logically on a very questionable basis. Thus, for instance, he seems to adhere to the popular distinction of living and dead matter as a settled thing, whilst everybody of a reflective turn of mind must admit that we have no other criterion of life than voluntary movement, which we are able to ascertain with absolute certainty only in ourselves, and which with reference to life other than our own is a matter of inference on the basis of analogy. We have no right to declare will or purpose absent where we do not see it. Consequently we have no grounds to declare anything in the universe absolutely dead. It might be that the formation of crystals is the lowest form of life, or even the molecules, the atoms, or ions are alive; and, since according to the law of relativity (which is a fact and not a speculation) there is nothing absolutely great or small, it might be that a molecule of dust beyond the reach of our microscopes may be a whole solar system, with central body, or bodies, and planets and satellites, and full of a life forever be-

yond the reach of our senses. Further, since all assumptions about the space properties of matter, and its elements, lead to contradictions when regarded in the light of the fact of the relativity of all magnitudes,\* it might be that the ions or sub-ions are in the last instance nothing but life (or energy, as Professor Ostwald would say).

On the other hand, the whole universe known to us with the solar system, as one atom or ion of it, may be a small particle only of a greater organism absolutely unfathomable by us. In fact the spheroidal stellar system, of which our solar system is a part, the galactic system, which, according to the disputable idea of Wallace is the whole universe, has some great likeness to a single organic cell. The milky way, with its concentration of stars, its clusters and resolvable nebulæ, forms its equatorial belt, whilst the poles are marked by the predominance of genuine (*i.e.*, irresolvable) nebulæ. The two so-called magellanic clouds of the Southern Hemisphere, which are distinctly different from the galaxy, as well as from the polar regions, in that they abound in both genuine and resolvable nebulæ, resemble the nuclei of the cell.

Mr. Wallace claims that organic bodies are made up chiefly of the four elements—carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen—the so-called four organogens. On other stars the conditions of gravity and heat, etc., are not of such a nature that these substances could form characteristic compounds of organic chemistry. Consequently there cannot be any life on them. But besides the fact that we have no definite knowledge that the four organogens, though constituting the bulk of the organism, are more essential than other substances participating in it in smaller quantities, like iron, phosphorus, calcium, sulphur, etc., there remains the question: Has it ever been proved that these four substances are the organogens all over the universe? They play the role under the condition of pressure and heat, as they prevail on our planet. On other planets, or in other solar systems under different conditions of heat and pressure, totally different elements may play the part of organogens, and combine in those very complex and changeable chemical combinations, which answer with partial or complete decomposition to slight stimulation.

If, on a smaller planet, where gravity is not sufficient to retain the hydrogen in the atmosphere, no water exists, another

\* Vide Kirschmann—Die Dimension en des Raumes, p. 104 ff.

material may take its place. Thus, for instance, it is by no means certain that the white polar caps so well observed on Mars, which indicate a change of seasons analogous to our own, consist of snow or ice like our own, for it is questionable whether the atmosphere of Mars contains any water vapor at all. But they might just as well be precipitations of carbonic acid.

Just here I may call attention to the fact that it is customary to dwell upon the continuous loss of hydrogen at the boundaries of the atmosphere, especially in the case of smaller celestial bodies, but the possibility of a gain of that substance seems never to be mentioned. Water must exist in inter-stellar space, and most likely in the form of more or less great masses of ice—let us call them ice-meteorites. They will scarcely ever reach the planet's surface, as other meteorites do, but nevertheless they will supply its atmosphere with a certain quantity of water.

And after all, are the seventy-nine or eighty chemical elements of the present day final? or are they elements only because we have not hitherto succeeded in further separating them? If we consider their grouping in series, with regard to their atomic weight, their chemical affinity and electrolytic properties, and the similar behavior of certain composite radicals, we may soon come to the conclusion that they are only modifications of one or several elements. Moreover, the spectroscopic evidence establishes only the existence of oscillations of a certain frequency, and since the lines of the gases broaden, and their spectra thus approach the continuous spectrum when the gas is under high pressure, and since at very high temperatures all chemical compounds dissociate, a continuous spectrum may just as well be regarded as the manifestation of an infinite series of elements, of which only those are known to us, which show their characteristic chemical qualities at temperatures within the limits of our investigation.

Wallace claims that a certain temperature variable only within narrow limits is necessary to secure the continuation of life on a planet. When he holds that the inner planets are too hot, and the outer ones too cold, he forgets that a dense atmosphere, as it certainly exists on Venus and on Jupiter, must have a mitigating influence in both directions; and he also forgets that physically there is no such thing as cold. The selection of oscillations which act on our sense of temperature, the transformations of the physical series of possible temperatures (from absolute zero to infinity) into an antagonistic system of two

qualities, hot and cold, with an indifference point of somewhat variable position between, is, of course, purely a matter of our psychical nature, and must from a physical standpoint appear absolutely arbitrary. We could very well imagine the sense of temperature of the inhabitants of another planet differently constructed from us, considerably changed, and their indifference point shifted for hundreds or thousands of degrees. Jupiter's surface is said to be red-hot yet, but if the zero-point of the sense of temperature of the Jovians is shifted for a few hundred degrees, they will have as pleasant a walk on that red-hot surface as we do on the green grass. Many of the assumptions of Mr. Wallace with regard to the constancy of the earth's surface-temperature, the unchanged quantity and surface distribution of the water, the permanence of the configuration of the continents, etc., are certainly contrary to the results of modern geological research.

All these objections to Wallace's theory are raised from the standpoint of the physical and biological sciences, but there are others of equal significance from an astronomical standpoint. Wallace gives the solar system a position at the outskirts of the central cluster of the galactic system, which it is somewhat shielded from too great an inrush of matter by a surrounding ring of smaller stars, whilst it is yet in a position to annex just the right quantity of meteoric matter to keep up a constant temperature for a very long time. Just this constancy of temperature for an exceedingly long period Wallace regards as the *conditio sine qua non* for the production of life at all, and of the high degree of development which it has attained.

Apart from the fact that Wallace lets the very centre of the cluster be filled with a great number of stars already cold and darkened, and consequently invisible for us (his reasons for the absence of any obscurations through these dark suns are very vague), the greatest weakness in the argument seems to consist in the fact that to me no sufficient reason is given why other similarly eccentrically situated solar systems, of which there must be thousands, should not have the same advantage.

The conclusion that the earth is nearly in the centre of the stellar universe, because the solar system is situated in the plane of the milky way, and not far removed from the centre of the plane, is logically rather questionable, especially since there still remains the distance of many a light-year between the

solar system and the middle of the central cluster of the galactic system.

In all these discussions Wallace assumes that the galactic system to which, no doubt, the most of the brighter stars of our heavens belong, is the whole universe—there is nothing beyond. Herschel and with him many other astronomers have regarded the milky way and all its belongings as a ring-formed or spiral system, outside of which there were many others of similar nature, but at enormous distance. Wallace regards all the other ring and spiral nebulae as parts of the galactic system. Now this question must be open to dispute as long as our knowledge of the third dimension in stellar affairs is in its present stage, where only the parallax of a comparatively small number of the nearer stars is ascertained, whilst the distance of the milky way and the different clusters and nebulae can only be the subject of widely diverging guess work. There is one theory, which, though old, plays a conspicuous part in Wallace's argument—and the falsity of which nobody hitherto seems to have realized. It is said that if infinite space were throughout populated with stars, no matter at what distances from one another, we should see the whole firmament ablaze, illuminated with the brightness of the sun. For if the whole infinite space were spangled with stars we would necessarily meet at some distance a star in any direction in which we might look. Even Mr. Proctor, who held to Herschel's theory, and who so vigorously advocated a view diametrically opposed to that of Mr. Wallace, saw no other escape from this difficulty than to assume that light might yet lose some energy on the way (it is generally accepted that the intensity of light is inversely proportional to the square of the distance, which implies that it loses nothing in traversing space) if enormous distances have to be considered.

But the whole argument quite unjustly leaves out of consideration the factor of time. Light needs time to traverse space, and though it needs only eight minutes to travel from the sun to us, it requires years to come even from the nearest fixed stars to us, and certainly many thousands of years from the outskirts of that galactic system to which we belong. The limitation of the stellar universe perceptible to us is consequently not only a question of distance and intensity, but also one of time. A star may not be seen, because its light is not old enough. Its messages in the form of rays of light have not yet reached us. A star at a distance of ten thousand light-years from the earth must have been shining for ten thousand years before its first message

arrives at our planet. If the whole infinite space is strewn with suns of different age, and if they are not just distributed in such a manner that the oldest ones are at the greatest distance, which would require infinite age of their light for infinite distance, then the number of stars we can see must decrease with the distance. The further we go from the earth the less will be the number of stars whose light messages have reached us. And if the light of the stars is not eternal (according to Wallace it is of comparatively short duration, our sun having, according to him, the greatest chance for a prolonged light and heat-giving period), then there must be a distance in which we can see no stars at all, no matter how many there may be. Thus we have no right to declare the limits of the stellar world visible to us, as the limits of the existing universe.

But beside the question of visibility we must not forget that we can perceive only that part of the universe which by some kind of vibratory movement, *i.e.*, only a certain selection of oscillations, appeals to our senses. When it comes to X-Rays, ultra violet rays, electrical waves, etc., we have to play a trick on nature to make these agencies manifest themselves. There are vast regions within the range of possible vibrations from zero to infinity, of which we could not perceive anything, even if they existed around us. It is, therefore, not a mystical, but a perfectly scientific conclusion that there may be unseen worlds in the universe, and we should not fall into the pantheistic error of making that which we have fathomed and are acquainted with, the ALL. The fault of naturalistic pantheism is not that it makes the world and ourselves a part of God (for whether we say a part of God, or a creation of God, is only a matter of words, and even St. Paul is a pantheist in this sense, when he says: "In whom we live and move and have our being"), but its fault is that it makes the world, which we have so far learned to know, the ONLY part of God.



***The Passing of Barbara***

J. W. BENGOUGH

UP like a bubble glossy and gay  
 That bursts and vanishes quite away,  
 Or a puff of smoke that melts in air,  
 Leaving no traces anywhere,  
 Goes the substance of what we counted fact,  
 Historical, certain, sure, exact,  
 On which good Poet Whittier reared  
 The tale so long to our hearts endeared—  
 And so often “rendered with great success”  
 By lady-readers in evening dress—  
 Of Barbara Freitchie; here’s new light  
 That turns it all into fiction quite;  
 The statement of one not unknown to fame  
 (Henry Kyd Douglas is his name—  
 An officer late of Stonewall’s staff),  
 He comes and scatters the “facts” like chaff.

The Higher Critics remorselessly  
 Have torn up Washington’s cherry tree;  
 They’ve quite demolished the magic spell  
 Of that pretty story of William Tell;  
 And now—alas, that it should be so,  
 Barbara Freitchie has got to go!  
 Not that this General Douglas says  
 There was no such party in those days:  
 She lived, he admits, in Frederick town;  
 But no Union flag was there shot down  
 From her attic, nor is it true she caught  
 And waved it loyally at that spot,  
 For several reasons, each quite good  
 When the facts of the case are understood.  
 For instance, the lady was at the time  
 Aged ninety-six—quite past her prime;

Indeed, confined to an invalid's chair  
And wheeled about with tender care,  
So that waving a flag and making a speech  
Were things quite out of her physical reach.

So much for the Dame. As for brave Stonewall,  
He didn't pass by her house at all.  
When the rebel troopers entered the place  
The General never showed his face,  
For he lay in the ambulance bruised and sore  
Through a fall from his horse some days before.  
"We drove," says Douglas, in hard, grim prose  
(He was with the Division and surely knows),  
"Past the court-house site and then straight on  
By way of Mill Alley to Middleton,  
Where Jackson's column all 'dust brown' stood  
Partaking of plain but nourishing food.

"There was no window, no 'Halt!' no 'Fire!'  
No thrilling episode to transpire;  
No 'Shoot if you must this old gray head!'  
No 'blush of shame'; no 'March on!' said:  
Nothing, in short, to supply a base  
For the poem so full of fire and grace;  
'Twas all, from first to last invented,  
And to a gullible world presented,  
'Tis thought, by a Mrs. Southworth, who  
Had little use for what was true."  
But now that the facts have all come out,  
Barbara vanishes up the spout,  
Though she'll still do business as before  
In fair Miss Spouter's repertoire.

***The Typewriter Maid and the Ruskinite***

ALBERT R. CARMAN.

MAMIE was disappointed in Florence; and Mamie was a judge. For Mamie had spent, as typewriter for an American firm, months and months in Paris where one learns all about art, and other months in Rome where—she concluded—the craze for battered old things must have had its origin. There were families at home in Cleveland, Ohio, whom she knew, that would go wall-eyed over second-hand junk if they could only find it in the possession of a “confidence man” who would take enough money for it to have bought the same things new several times over, and she knew now that they had either caught the disease in Rome or from some gold-brick customer who had been there and brought the mania back to America. For in Rome, the worse a thing looked, the better they liked it. The proper way, in Mamie’s judgment, to entertain any stray Roman who might get over to America, would be to keep him out of the “parlor” where everything was new and nasty, and permit him to excavate the tin-can dump in the rear premises.

But in Florence there were no “good pictures,” no excavations, no Colosseum, no museum that looked like the wreck of a marble-cutter’s shop. When Mamie first came over to Paris to run a typewriter in the branch office of her Cleveland house, she would have missed none of these things; but now European culture had begun to soak in, and she knew the kind of things that a town ought to have before it could rightly advertise itself as “an art centre.” And Florence, she decided, should have the honesty to take in its sign.

Now the ceaselessly changing tides of tourists that flowed and ebbed about her at the *table d’hôte* of her bright *pension* on the Lungarno, were unanimously of another opinion. They said that Florence was the art capital of Italy—if not of the world; and, when she started in with glib readiness to argue the case, they scornfully referred her to Ruskin! This grew to be intensely annoying, for she had not read Ruskin; and there is nothing so absolutely maddening as to have people decline to argue with you until you have read something or other which you never heard of before. She was staying in Florence and knew all about it; she saw tourists come and tourists go, and she had it out with everyone of them; but, in the end, all any of them could say, was—Ruskin! Ruskin! Ruskin!

One morning when she came down to her early breakfast—for she had to be at the office before most tourists were astir—she was surprised to find a pale young man, with dreamy eyes and thin, nervous hands, already taking his coffee and rolls.

"You're up early," she said, genially.

"I was," he replied; "but I'm going to bed again now."

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "How early were you up?"

"At sunrise."

"Whatever for?"

"To see Giotto's 'St. Louis' at Santa Croce. You know Ruskin says that you must get up at sunrise to see it properly—"

"Ruskin!" exploded Mamie, in disgust. "I don't know who Ruskin was, but I could give a mighty good guess what his job was. He was an expert 'ad. writer' for this town; and he earned his money. Get up at sunrise to see a picture properly! Now that is a nervy proposition for you. I begin to catch on to the way in which that man Ruskin gold-bricked creation into believing that the tired frescoes and the stiff-jointed nightmares they call pictures here, are world-beaters in the way of art gems. He says: 'Get up at sunrise or you can't see 'em!' Well, of course, nobody gets up at sunrise—"

"I did."

"Well, what did you think of it?"

"Magnificent!"

There was pity on Mamie's outspoken, apple-cheeked face. Her round eyes said: "Poor thing!" as plainly as possible; but she kept her lips from it. So she concluded with:

"Well, few do get up. But they all take it for granted that it must be 'magnificent!' at sunrise. I suppose he's got some such string to every good thing he puts you next to—a saving clause, as it were."

He looked over at her reproachfully—his dreamy eyes were rather effective in their way—and he said:

"I wish you would let me show you some of the things Ruskin praises. I am sure you would agree with him."

"At sunrise?" And Mamie laughed merrily.

"Oh, there are plenty of things to be seen day-times," he replied, smiling; and Mamie, who was lonely enough in foreign Florence to take almost any excuse to go out with a young man, agreed to "look into this Ruskin fake" with him on the next holiday which was only two days hence.

Their *pension* was near Santa Croce; so young Hawthorne—he of the dreamy eyes—took Mamie there first. It was not a

wise choice; but the Ruskinite can never quite believe in the blindness of the Philistine. They had just stepped within the cool dimness of the church—Hawthorne's idea being to take Mamie to the Bardi Chapel—when a memory of one of her encounters at a *pension table d'hote* came to her, and she stopped him with:

“Say! Doesn't Ruskin go batty over a paving-stone somewhere here?”

He looked at her doubtfully. “I think, perhaps, you had better see the chapel first,” he said.

“Do you have to see it at 9.36,” she asked, cheerfully; “or else it's off color?”

He smiled leniently.

“Or is it that I'm not educated up to this paving-stone?” she went on teasingly. “Paving-stones are too high art for the likes of me.”

“It is not a ‘paving-stone,’ ” he tossed back with a touch of irritation. “It's a sepulchral slab—and there it is right by you.”

She moved quickly in mock alarm, as if she might have been standing on it. “Where?” she demanded.

“Exactly under you at this minute.”

“Gracious!” and she fluttered aside. “Think of standing on a grave! Why didn't you tell me?” The shiver that ran over her was real enough; and Hawthorne thought that here was a sensitive soul worth the saving.

So he drew from his pocket Ruskin's “Mornings in Florence,” and read to her what the master says in his “cock-sure” way of this recumbent effigy, nearly worn away now by the careless feet of many generations. Mamie listened in amused silence until he came to speak of the embroidered carpet on which the old man's head rests, which Ruskin praises extravagantly, and then adds naively that he does not think you would have found out for yourself that it was intended for carpet at all, if he had not told you that it was. “It is not so like a carpet as all that comes to,” he admits. But this constitutes its merit in Ruskin's eyes. If it had been modern “trick-sculpture,” you would have recognized it the moment you approached the tomb, and wanted to “take it up and beat it to get the dust off.” But that kind of sculpture is “base and bad.” It is not sculpture at all, but “mechanical manufacture.” No great sculptor has ever carved, or ever will, a deceptive drapery. His work is “imaginative,” not “imitative.”

Mamie's amusement broadened as Hawthorne read on, and she ceased studying the dim lines on the worn stone and fell to watching his earnest face and glowing eyes.

"I see that Professor Ruskin has thrown you into a trance all right," was her pitying comment as he finished. "He is a wonder, sure!"

"But isn't it all true?" demanded Hawthorne, enthusiastically. Then dropping on his knees by the nearly defaced effigy: "Look at these lines! Perfect! Perfect!"

"Perfect bosh!" returned Mamie, callously. "Just think of it for a minute! If a sculptor sculpts a carpet so that an ordinary person can tell it is a carpet, that's bad art; but if he sculpts a few creases that might stand for a cushion or a mantel-drape or a sun-bonnet, Mr. Ruskin comes along and declares that it is meant for a carpet, and that if you haven't got his 'second sight' you'd never know it, but that because it don't look like what it is meant for, it is the best art going. Why, when I was a kid, I used to draw animals, and then write the names under 'em, so I could tell which was which. Goodness! I wish Ruskin had discovered me then!"

The dreamy eyes looked up at her pathetic helplessness.

"Say! I'm sorry if you feel bad about it," broke in Mamie, seeing how seriously he took his Ruskinism. "Perhaps I oughtn't to talk to you like this. Now over home"—half in reminiscence—"I never talked right out to a very religious person."

"But I am sure you could see it if you would look at it," pleaded Hawthorne. "You don't give yourself a chance. You've got the American idea that art is color photography. Now art is creation. It is not a copying down of what you see outside of you; but a—a giving birth to what you see inside of you. It is not taking a mould of some body which you already have, but the making of a body for a new spirit which heretofore has only lived within your spirit."

"Yes," said Mamie vaguely. There was something in this poet's face that abashed her usually ready confidence.

"Come!" he said. "Come to the Bardi Chapel, and I will show you what I mean"; and briskly they walked up the long church to the dim little chapel beside the high altar. Mamie had been in here before, enticed by the unanimous enthusiasm of tourists; but had made nothing of it.

"Now," said Hawthorne, "don't look at the frescoes yet. I'm going to tell you what the subjects are, out of Ruskin; and

then you tell me how you would have painted them. And then we will see if your idea is better than Giotto's."

Mamie laughed the laugh of one who knows that she is being made fun of, but doesn't mind it.

"I'm quite serious," went on Hawthorne. "You have your idea of art. That's right. I like to see people with independence enough to think for themselves. You criticized that bit of low relief back there in the floor. All right. Now try your hand at creating a picture—and then see what another person has done with the same subject."

Mamie looked very doubtful at this, but she was not given to retreating before a "dare."

"Very well," she said. "Fire away! I'll tell you what I think."

It was well after twelve when they finally emerged from Santa Croce, having just time to get back to the *pension* for luncheon. Mamie was conscious of a quivery feeling about the heart, which indicated that her breast-plate of self-confidence had disappeared.

"Well, there does seem to be something in that old guy's way of looking at these things after all," she said slowly, as she paced thoughtfully along beside the rapt young Ruskinite. "I thought it was pure hot air—just naked nerve, you know. But you certainly had me on those frescoes. Of course, I'd never have picked those subjects—but he had to; he was working for a church. I mustn't forget that."

"I knew you would see," said Hawthorne. "I was sure you had it in you."

"Oh, I've not seen everything yet," replied Mamie, her confidence returning a little. "I got Paris down fine—and Rome, too. At first, I could see nothing in Rome; but, before I left, I got to giving professors pointers on the dead inside meaning of those old scrap heaps. And now I'm beginning to get a line on Florence—thanks to you. I'll get this right yet"—and she wagged her round head confidently.

"We'll go to the Spanish Chapel this afternoon," said Hawthorne. "That is Giotto, too."

Mamie did not answer for a moment. She was looking at the sidewalk and thinking deeply. Then she looked quickly up at him, and found his face turned toward her inquiringly.

"Say! Do you want to?" she blurted out.

"Yes," he said honestly. He, too, had found Italy just a little lonely.

"But I don't want you to," she returned sharply, "if you think you're just a missionary saving a heathen!"—and a hostile light flashed into her eyes.

"But I don't think—that," he said quickly, more with a desire to dispel the hostility than to faithfully report what he had been thinking.

"Well," she went on, still a little doubtful; "I'd just love to have you come, you know; for I'm fearfully lonely here—alone. But I don't want you to—well, think I'm a mission school, you know—to put yourself out—" And she looked up again with a smile that had a little pathetic appeal in it to be thought of as "a girl" as well as a learner.

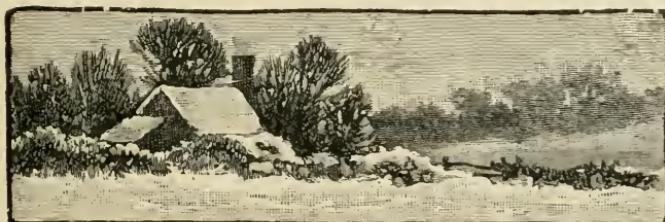
Now Hawthorne had been regarding himself all morning as a disinterested apostle of true art, sowing the good seed in somewhat doubtful soil; but that momentary appeal let more light into his mind on some subjects than Ruskin could have done in a million years.

"Don't think that!" he cried. "I want to come. I've just been dying to talk to someone for weeks."

Mamie looked at him in deep understanding. This was a subject on which she knew as much as he—or twenty Russins. Then her mind went to all the unsatisfactory talking she had had at the *pension*; and with this came another thought—

"Say! All those tourists who quote Ruskin and throw a fit every time he tells them to—you don't think they always understand?"

Hawthorne laughed out his scorn. "Ruskin's Florence," he said, "is not to be seen at the heels of a chattering guide."



*The Songs of Ernest Whyte*

CHARLES E. SAUNDERS.

WHILE the progress of art in any country is sure to be impeded when the works of native artists receive an altogether undue share of attention, and when an attempt is made to exalt them to undeserved rank, we Canadians have been, as a rule, most careful to avoid this error, and have been too much concerned with so-called practical affairs to give even due consideration to the works of the few creative artists whom we are so fortunate as to have in our midst. It is true that an artist labors primarily to satisfy his own longing for expression, and not to win praise or profit; but the public need not on this account ignore his work. A certain amount of appreciation from his fellows may prove a healthful stimulus to him, for a true artist is not only distinctly human, but unusually sensitive to sympathy, and he is sure to find the warm hand-clasp of to-day far more magnetic and stimulating than the prospect of a beautiful brass tablet in the distant future. It is unnecessary, therefore, to apologize for offering to the public a few comments on some native works of art which have not yet received as much attention as they deserve; and if these comments should seem rather appreciative than merely critical, the quality of the works themselves is a sufficient explanation.

The songs of Mr. Ernest Whyte must certainly be placed in the front rank, among the best works in creative art which Canada has yet produced. They are not and never will be popular in the common acceptation of the term. They are too good for such faint praise. But they possess qualities which lovers of true music, and, indeed, one might almost say, all lovers of poetry can scarcely fail to appreciate. The style of these songs is simple, direct and rigidly classical. In them there is no evident striving for effect, no painfully obvious cleverness; faults which so many modern songs possess in abundance. Yet while cleverness as such is not conspicuous, learned dulness is also absent. The songs are, however, distinctly scholarly, and are characterized particularly by such masculine force as sets them in striking contrast with most other works of our time. Some of them are, perhaps, not sufficiently elaborate, and even border on the commonplace; but negative failures give one a feeling of relief when compared with the positive, insistent failures which

have become so common ; compositions in which ingenuity fairly runs riot, where legitimate and illegitimate means are alike employed *to produce an effect* at all costs, sometimes by piling up one upon another huge masses of *bizarre* and dissonant harmonies ; at other times by leading the bewildered listener through a maze of intricate progressions, from which he is allowed to emerge at last, and come back to the chord of the tonic a sadder if not a wiser man. Such music, while displaying much skill and learning usually obscures the meaning of the song, giving to the listener everything that is unnecessary, nothing that is essential.

Mr. Whyte's method is very different from this. He seldom makes any display, but never leaves one in doubt as to his meaning, and even in his simplest songs never fails to add something to the poem he is treating. As a rule his music is strikingly appropriate, and, indeed, his success is due very largely to his remarkably keen feeling for the most suitable melodies and harmonies with which to reveal and enforce the full significance of the poem. He is careful also to avoid a common pit-fall of composers by devoting his attention only to good poems, and only to such good poems as appeal particularly to him.

Some composers have produced delightful vocal compositions while employing words which were quite unworthy of being set to music. The libretto of Mozart's " Magic Flute," for instance, is singularly inane, yet the music is of a high order. There are also a few songs which have distinct value in spite of a want of sympathy between the words and the music. Such numbers may produce a fairly good effect, especially when sung in an unfamiliar language, or when imperfectly pronounced—after the manner of many vocalists. But they are unsatisfactory at the best, and cannot fairly be classed as true songs. Mr. Whyte does not fall into these errors. In common with all other song composers he seldom rises above the level of the poems he treats, and few of his songs would be interesting as musical compositions apart from the words. But the level of the great lyrics is so high that any composer who reaches it produces works of very great value. It is not necessary that a composer of songs should be able to use dull verses, or that his music should be quite satisfying by itself. A song is a poem *plus* music ; a form of art radically distinct from instrumental music, and not to be regarded in the same light at all.

Mr. Whyte has sometimes achieved success in the rather daring experiment of giving a new setting to words previously

used by other composers. In such cases his music wins acceptance, chiefly by its greater appropriateness. When his conceptions are radically different from those of other musicians, they are usually more masculine, more direct and less intricate. His "From Out My Tear-Drops Springing" (Heine), "Lovely Cradle of My Sorrows" (Heine), and "Oh, My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose" (Burns), are splendid, convincing songs, which quite justify their existence in spite of the fact that these poems were set to music by Schumann. In the "Hindoo Maiden's Song" (Kipling), and in Longfellow's translation from Heine, "The Sea Hath Its Pearls," poems which have been used by various other composers, Mr. White has achieved equally striking success. We shall devote a few moments to the consideration of the latter two songs, as they show clearly the strong points of his style. There are at least two other settings of Kipling's song ("Alone Upon the House-Top"), in both of which the composers, who shall be nameless, have made use of unusual melodic progressions in order to introduce a little "local color." One of the songs contains also odd harmonies, and is written with a very noisy and elaborate accompaniment, in which all sorts of strange deeds are done, and in the construction of which the composer displays himself as a craftsman of surpassing skill. But what of the Hindoo maiden? To tell the truth she is probably forgotten by the listener, who is most likely to be lost in admiration of the composer. The peculiar chords, the chromatic intervals, the odd progressions, and the strenuous accompaniment seem calculated to express a great deal of emotion. But somehow they fail. It is all too big, too complex and quite unreal. Mr. Whyte's treatment of the theme is very different. He is not anxious for local color or a ponderous setting, or a mere display of skill, but seems to have started out with the pardonable assumption that, perhaps, after all the heart of an Eastern maiden is not unlike the hearts of those who live in other regions of the world, that loneliness is the same to her as to us, and that grief, love and despair are human emotions characteristic of no people or country, but common to all. In his song, therefore, there is no vain oddity, but only a simple melodious theme supported by a modest and unobtrusive accompaniment. The song does not strike us as being Eastern in its character, or as having any special peculiarities. In fact, we scarcely notice the music at all, for our interest is centred in the maiden herself. Her emotions are real to us, her sorrows become our own, and we follow every word with the keenest sym-

pathy from the very first line to the last piteous call, "Come back to me, beloved, or I die." The effect of this song when well rendered is oppressively tragic. It is not surpassed by any other compositions of Mr. Whyte's, and certainly ranks as one of the few great songs of recent years.

"The Sea Hath Its Pearls" is of particular interest, as showing Mr. Whyte's masculine treatment of a poem usually set in less vigorous style. A comparison between this song and the setting by Pinsuti for four-part chorus (soprano, alto, tenor and bass) may be of interest. In the choral version we have an assembly of vocalists, each of whom commences to confess to the others in a delicate and deliberate manner (*pianissimo e staccato*). "The sea—hath its pearls—The heaven—hath its stars—but my heart hath its love." Then the ladies invite the "little youthful maiden" to come into their great hearts, and the tenors and basses (nearly two measures behind) come in *sforzando* inviting the maiden to come instead into *their* great hearts, apparently hoping to cut the ladies out by making the appeal in louder voices. Then each of the basses proceeds to say, "My heart and the sea and the heaven"—and just at this point when the maiden is probably becoming interested, the tenors claim her attention with the same assertion, they being similarly interrupted by the altos, after whom follow the modest sopranos. Thereupon there is a good deal of commotion, each vocalist naturally desiring to be heard in such an important case, but after a time the confusion subsides, and it is mutually agreed that all their hearts and the sea and the heaven "are melting away with love." Though melodious and very clever, this is, of course, profoundly and preposterously foolish. In Mr. Whyte's version, a strong tenor, wild with the enthusiasm of passionate love, and dominated by the tumult, cries out this little poem, because he cannot do otherwise, for to him the whole universe seems to be "melting away with love." It is a splendid outburst, at once imperious and convincing. The movement of the song is very rapid, and both the voice part and the rushing accompaniment, though simple in form, are decidedly difficult for average performers. While the choral deliberations above described occupy nearly three minutes, the solo version is sung in less than a minute when taken at the proper speed (*allegro con fuoco*).

As Mr. Whyte's songs do not fall into any convenient groups, according to the dates of composition, nearly all of them having been produced during the past five years, they may, perhaps, be

best classified according to the nationality of the poets whose words have been utilized. In this way we may make four convenient classes, the first with words by Canadian poets, the second with words by other English poets, the third with poems in Scotch dialect, and the fourth with French or German words. In the first group there are twenty songs, in the second thirty-seven, in the third seventeen, and in the fourth twenty-five, making a total of nearly one hundred.

Undoubtedly Mr. Whyte's settings of the words of Canadian poets are attracting more attention than his other songs, for they are Canadian in a double sense. It will be impossible in an essay like this to review in detail these interesting compositions, but a few of them may be mentioned. Eight of the songs in this group have words by Archibald Lampman, the remaining twelve being taken from other Canadian writers. Among those by Mr. Lampman we may notice first of all two bright compositions, namely, the "Spring Song" ("Hepaticas"), an effective number for public use, and one which fairly bubbles over with the life and joy of springtime; and the "Three Flower Petals," a merry little song of very slight construction, but which proves remarkably attractive when well sung. In another group we may place, "With the Night," and "Lament of the Winds," compositions of a more serious character, in which the words have been set with unusual skill. These numbers rank among the best of Mr. Whyte's works, the "Lament" being, perhaps, the more strikingly original of the two, creating as it does a distinct autumnal atmosphere of its own, with just a sufficient element of melancholy to bring clearly before our minds the days when we

"Heard the summer calling, calling,  
Through the dead leaves falling, falling,  
That her life grew faint and old."

In another class may be placed the "Sapphic Ode" ("Sapphics"), a scholarly, meditative composition of distinct merit, but unsuitable for presentation to an ordinary audience, and "Oh, Night and Sleep" ("A Song"), a rather lengthy and much too melancholy tale of woe.

Mr. Whyte has utilized three poems by Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott. The most important of these songs is, perhaps, "The End of the Day," quite an unpretentious composition, but successful nevertheless. A translation by Mr. Hendry Durie Ross, under the title, "Ali Sings," furnishes the text for a song

of distinct power, and Mr. Whyte's own pen provides the words for the tuneful, "Sing, O thou happy, happy bird."

Lack of space forbids the mention of all the interesting settings of the words of Canadian poets, but attention must be drawn to the "Harvest Slumber Song," by Mr. William Wilfred Campbell, commencing—

"Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep,  
Red is the moon in the night's still deep,"

in which original and strikingly beautiful music, rich both in melody and harmony, illuminates and enforces the fine words of the poet. This charming composition is an important addition even to the overcrowded list of slumber songs.

Among the settings of poems by other English poets there are, at least, five songs which demand special mention, in addition to the two which have already been considered. Tennyson's, "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," has been most effectively set, the monotonous, repeated notes in the bass giving a peculiarly funereal effect. Another successful dirge, of a rather more pretentious character, employs words by Emma Lazarus, translated from Heine ("Childe Harold"). Words selected from Poe's "Israfel" have been strongly set by Mr. Whyte, who, however, in this instance, has fallen into the not uncommon error of demanding an almost superhuman voice. It is interesting to notice that Mr. Oliver King's fine song, with this title, has the same serious defect. In quite another style are "The Destiny of My Words" ("Where My Books Go," by W. B. Yeats), an impressive little song, which just falls short of being in the top rank; and "A White Rose" (J. B. O'Reilly), a very sweet number of no great depth, but admirably adapted to singers and listeners of average capacity.

For the Scotch songs the poems of Burns have been chiefly used. Among these should be mentioned as entirely successful the merry, "Hey, the Dusty Miller," and the strong, masculine setting of, "Oh, My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose." The latter is worthy to rank with the best of the earlier settings of these words, if, indeed, it may not claim a higher place than any.

Two of Mr. Whyte's songs, composed to German words, have already been mentioned, "From Out My Tear-Drops Springing," and "Lovely Cradle of My Sorrows." These are both splendid compositions, the latter being particularly rich in melody and in harmony. Several other good songs might be mentioned in this class, but it must suffice to name only those of quite outstanding merit.

From the French Mr. Whyte has used the "Serenade du Vagabond" (Catulle Mendes). He has given this an impressive setting, which easily takes the first rank when compared with the music to which the poem is usually sung.

For all the songs composed to foreign words, Mr. Whyte has provided his own translations, which are so remarkably successful that they might change the creed of those purists by whom such things are despised.

Of the songs mentioned in this brief review, only a few have yet been published. These are "Spring Song," "Ali Sings," "Sing, Oh Thou Happy, Happy Bird," "With the Night," "Serenade du Vagabond," "Hindoo Maiden's Song," "The End of the Day," and "Three Flower Petals." It is to be hoped that before long some of the others will be made available to a larger circle than that of the few friends who have the privilege of using manuscript copies.

While mentioning in terms of praise a number of the songs of Mr. Whyte, it is not the intention of the present writer to convey the idea that every one of the hundred compositions is an important work. Many of them are of no great interest, and, whatever may be their lot in the near future, they are sure ultimately to retire into a dignified seclusion to keep company with the majority of the songs of Schubert, Beethoven, Franz, and all other song composers. But, in writing criticisms of new or comparatively little known works, it is of chief importance to call attention to those of peculiar worth, and the writer has kept this fact in mind. While not professing to give any final estimate of the exact value of these songs, he has no hesitation in stating that as a whole they form a most important contribution to Canadian music, and that some of them take rank with the comparatively small number of great songs which the world possesses. This is claiming much for them, but the writer can see no reason for stating in ambiguous terms the convictions which have been formed as the result of a prolonged study of these interesting works.

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***The Idler***

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS

SING heigho ! Nothing to do !  
The little brown squirrel runs up the tree,  
And the leaves are merry, and nod at me,  
While an idle song comes in from the sea,  
And the cloud-boats drift in their sea of blue,  
Sing heigho ! Nothing to do !

Sing heigho ! Nothing to do !  
Above my head, as I lazy lie,  
Is the friendly, gentle face of the sky.  
The breeze steals by like a quiet thought,  
And care and trouble are all forgot.  
I am a child and I love to look—  
All the world is my picture book,  
And days are happy, and dreams come true,  
Sing heigho ! Nothing to do !

Sing heigho ! Nothing to do !  
Glad and fearless the calls that pass  
From little people among the grass !  
The cricket hides in the shade and sings,  
The seagulls drift on their silver wings.  
I lie and dream, the sweet hours through.  
Sing heigho ! Nothing to do !

Sing heigho ! Nothing to do !  
Butterflies curtsy and pass me by.  
Green is the grass, and blue is the sky,  
The joy of wind and the strength of tree  
Call to the youthful and strong, in me.  
Hark ! —the rush of the wild bird's wings !  
Strange and sweet are the notes he sings.  
The earth is fair, and the hours are few.  
Sing heigho ! Nothing to do !

Sing heigho ! Nothing to do !  
This I dreamed by a glowing grate,  
When the wind was high, and the night was late.  
The trees in the wood were bare, I knew,  
With storm clouds frowning their branches through,  
And the grawsome fingers of frozen rain  
Made dreary music against the pane,—  
But for me the bright winged summer flew !  
Sing heigho ! Nothing to do !

Halifax, N.S.

## *The Sky-Pilot as a Jockey*

E. W. STAPLEFORD, '05.

ONE of our missionaries in the Rocky Mountains was sitting in his shack, wading through some rather dry theology in preparation for coming Conference examinations. Suddenly his eye fell on the calendar. "Yesterday was pay-day at the mine," he said to himself. "I should be down town." Some of our readers may be surprised to learn that a Methodist preacher should have become so worldly-minded as to be interested in pay-days. But the devil is a particularly busy individual in a mining camp after the men have received their cheques, for the next day there is a stampede for town, and often in the course of a few hours the earnings of a month are squandered in drinking, gambling and worse vices. So it became the duty of the missionary to be on the alert at this critical time, and to endeavor to get the boys to either bank their money or send remittances home to wife or mother.

Hastily putting on his coat the sky-pilot hurried down town. One of the saloons was situated alongside the little building known as the Methodist church. As the preacher was making his way to this saloon, he noticed a man using his feet in a most vigorous manner, trying to open the church door. "Hallo, Jim, what's the matter?" "Beg pardon, parson," said Jim, "I thought this was a hotel. Fact is, I'm blankety-blankety drunk." The missionary was particularly sorry to see Jim in such a condition, for he was one of his favorite boys. Jim was typical of his class—a great broad shouldered, big-hearted man. His generous nature made him popular with his fellows, but having no anchor, all the vices of a generous soul were his. Jim had made many efforts to reform, and was a regular attendant at the service held every two weeks in the Bunk House at the mine. He "swore off," as he expressed it, and the last two pay-days had resolutely remained in the mountains. But as yet he had not put his trust in Him who came to save His people from their sins. Jim was in town to-day to lay in a supply of winter clothing. He met some old friends, and one glass of mountain-dew dispelled his good resolutions.

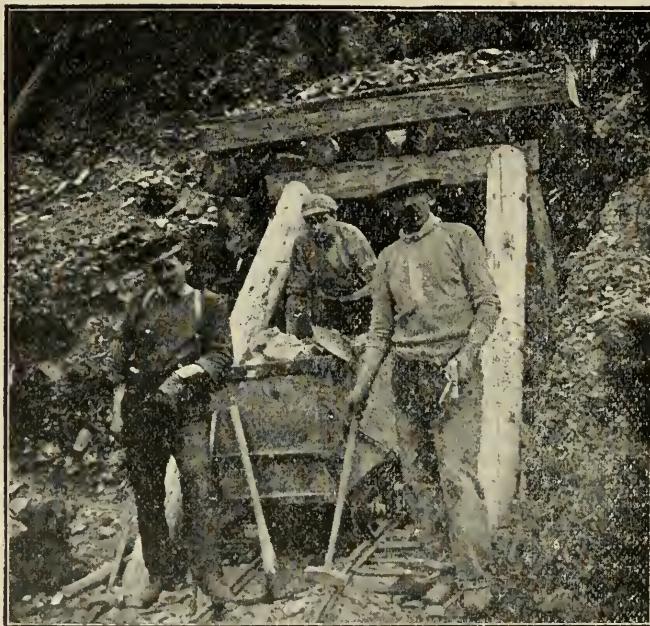
The missionary walked up to Jim, and putting his hand on his shoulder, said in a sympathetic, but firm tone: "Jim, it's time for you to go back to the mine." "Oh, I've got lots of it

left yet, parson," he said, putting his hand in his pocket and bringing out a great roll of bills. "Two of the men gave me their cheques to cash, and I'm going to have a big time." This bit of information made the preacher particularly anxious to get his parishioner back to the mine. Ordinarily Jim might have been persuaded to return to the hills, but as this was his first spree for months, he was crazed with drink, and would not listen to reason. Suddenly an idea occurred to the missionary. "Say, Jim, let's both get horses and race to the mine. I can beat you." "No you can't," said Jim; "no sky-pilot ever beat beat me in a horse-race; I've rid the plains." (Jim had been a cowboy in Alberta.) If there was anything that Jim was proud of, it was his ability to "sit" a horse, and he was anxious to show the parson that neither he nor any other man could beat him in a horse-race.

So they went off together to Pete the packer's stables to select their horses. A number of men were gathered in front of Pete's saloon and stables. "The parson thinks he can beat me at horse-racing, but I'll show him that I can ride like the devil," Jim shouted to the men. There were about twenty horses in the stables. Jim was not too drunk to know how to select a good horse. "Saddle Molly; she can beat anything on four legs," he said to the hostler. Molly was a splendid specimen of horse-flesh; a steel gray, finely built, and over fifteen hands high, one of those rangey animals that cover the ground without special effort. The preacher anxiously scanned the stalls for his favorite horse, Spokane. "I'm sorry, parson," said the hostler. "Spokane is in the hills." "Saddle Tom then," said the preacher, "he's good for a long race, though I'm afraid he will not hold Molly down for the first mile." Tom was a little bay, with plenty of fire in his eye, and good staying powers—just the horse for the five-mile climb up to the mine.

In spite of the fact that Jim was thoroughly intoxicated, he looked every inch a cowboy, as he stood in the saddle. "All right, Jim," said the preacher, as he mounted Tom. "Go," shouted one of the men, and Molly and Tom sprang forward. Neck and neck they ran down the one long street of the town, followed by the shouts of the men. Molly was completely aroused by oaths and curses, and was sweeping along at a terrific rate. Tom, nervous and excitable as he was, needed no urging, but almost "leaped out of his hide" in his efforts to keep alongside the big gray. A few yards more will bring them to the great log bridge, which spans the Wild Horse River. In a moment they are upon it, and the huge bridge

creaks and sways as they thunder along. "Watch the turn," shouted the preacher to Jim, for at the end of the bridge the road turned sharply to the left to avoid a great wall of perpendicular rock, which frowned upon the river. The warning had been given none too soon, for Jim in his wild recklessness was still madly urging Molly. "Pull her up or you're a dead man," cried the preacher, who had already brought Tom up on his haunches. There seems to be a kindly Providence who cares for the devotee of Bacchus, for though



ENTRANCE TO A MINE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Jim made no apparent effort to check Molly, she made the turn, but so closely did she graze the wall that Jim's coat was caught as he swung around, and his sleeve was torn off by a ragged edge of rock. With an oath he dug his heels in Molly's flanks, and shot up the hillside. Tom followed, and the two horses heaving, panting, foaming, raced up the hill. Molly is over a length ahead now, and Jim shouts back triumphantly. A minute more and Molly is almost twenty yards ahead. Suddenly Jim stops. The parson pulls up also,

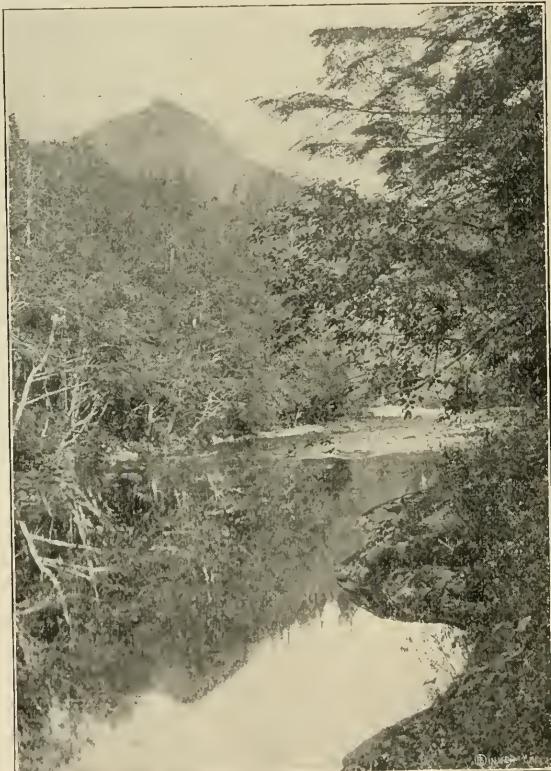
fearing Jim's design. "I've beaten you," said Jim; "I'm going back to town." The road here was very narrow; on the right was the iron-clad side of the mountain, and on the left steep precipices led to the river. Much blasting had been necessary in order to make the roadway sufficiently wide for a waggon to creep along. "The race is not ended," said the sky-pilot; "we have three miles to cover and Tom is scarcely awake yet." "Well, I'm going back to town to see the boys," said Jim. The parson placed his horse across the narrow trail so as to prevent Jim from passing. "Jim, old boy, you must come with me to the mine. Let's have another spurt, and I'll show you what Tom can do. That's square." This slight appeal to Jim's sense of honor had the designed effect, and in a moment they were off again.

But though the little bay did his best, he could not keep up with the long rangey gray. In two minutes more the horses, covered with foam, but with Molly leading, reached the "Miner's Retreat," a little log saloon in the mountains, where "red-eye" is furnished to belated travellers. Jim insisted on stopping for a bottle. "The boys will never forgive me if I do not bring them something," he said. So pastor and parishioner entered the saloon together, the parson knowing that it would take Jim a long time to buy a bottle of whiskey alone. The proprietor very kindly offered the sky-pilot a glass of wine. "No, thank you," he replied. "Give Jim what he wants right away, for we're in a hurry." Jim got a bottle, and in another moment they were again in the saddle. A half-mile had not been covered before Jim exclaimed: "I've lost my bottle!" There was nothing to do but dismount and walk back, for Jim insisted that he must find that bottle or secure another. Darkness was coming on and snow was falling in the mountains. After a few minutes' walk the preacher noticed the bottle lying in the soft snow. "Now, Jim, we want no more searching parties for your precious whiskey. I'll keep the bottle and give it to you when we reach the mine." Jim was just a little doubtful of the proposition, but agreed to it, after making the parson give his word as a man that he would not dispose of the contents of the bottle in the meantime. Soon the mine was reached and Jim was put to bed.

Two weeks later our missionary held the usual service in the Bunk House. At the close of the service Jim came over and said: "Parson, I'm ashamed of the way I acted last pay-day. I made a fool of myself." "Don't mention that, Jim," said the

preacher taking his hand; "but Jim, give me your word that it will be your last spree." Jim hesitated. "Christ will help you if you ask Him, Jim." "I'll try," said Jim, his great frame trembling with emotion. That night Jim found pardon and strength through Him who came to seek and to save the lost, and the sky-pilot returned to his shack with the joy of knowing that, while he had lost the race, he had won his man.

Victoria College.



INTERIOR VANCOUVER ISLAND SCENERY.

*Unanswered*

H. ISABEL GRAHAM

**L**ONG have I kept the incense burning brightly,  
But to my soul no answer comes as yet,  
Until sometimes, in weakness, I half wonder  
If God His blessed promise can forget ;  
Will He our cares and sorrows truly share,  
And safely keep the loved ones of our prayer ?

It is not much I ask—only to keep them  
So pure and white that sin can never shame—  
Perchance I've asked the hardest thing in reason  
And God for His delays is not to blame,  
What if they in the far-off land must learn  
The love of Him, who sweetly saith, “ Return ! ”

My path would easier be, but I am human,  
So very human, Lord, and short of sight,  
That oft I lose my own way in the darkness ;  
How then for others can I choose aright ?  
Thou lov'st them more than I, and so on thee  
I lay a load too heavy far for me.

'Tis in the desert waste the heart of pilgrim  
Turns to the comfort of his father's home,  
And in the dreary brier-land of sorrow  
The Shepherd seeks the stray lamb wont to roam ;  
Though they may wander over land and sea,  
Thy love will bring them back to Thee and me.

And then, when we are praying for the dear ones  
O'er whom our hearts in love and pity yearn,  
Our Father, too, is teaching us the lessons  
Of faith and patience that His loved must learn ;  
And sweet songs rise upon the midnight air  
That never could be sung by answered prayer.

## *Memories of Assisi*

E. J. KYLIE.

MY friend has wandered much in the by-paths of Europe. He is an unobtrusive and sympathetic traveller, for in the spirit of Francis of Assisi he loves simplicity in men and things. He has kept no book of his travels, but when in London he once told me of his first visit to Assisi, I ventured to set down some of his impressions:

*Tuesday, April 12th, 189*.—I was in no proper mood for a pilgrimage. I had come hastily from the South; and the food and wine at Tarontola, where I left the main line, were a sorry comfort. The train thence to Assisi skirted Lake Trasimene, as a pale sunset made of the quiet waters an ample mirror, and the shadows fell upon the fields and orchards. The lights of Perugia swung to this side and that in the growing darkness, as the train climbed to the city, and the fading crimson from the west was scarcely caught in the young Tiber, where it traverses the plain. From the station for Assisi I drove through the darkness to a winding road, which led to a steep narrow street and the small inn. I stepped upon the balcony, and felt, though I could not see, that far below me stretched a wide valley filled with the night. It was a night perfectly still, and yet all astir and throbbing with life, as often in Italy after a hot day. From the dimly outlined hills opposite rose the arches of the myriad stars. For the first time I was calmed and subdued to pray.

*Wednesday, April 14th*.—I had meant to be up at dawn, but the sun had almost banished the mist from the valley when I awoke. Before me stretched the fertile plain, green with the young corn, where not gray with smoky olives; across it the scant but gleaming waters of the Tescio wound their zigzag way; the dome of the pilgrimage church shone at its centre, and hills fading into distant blue confined it. Around me Assisi hung clinging to the mountain-side; close on the right, resting on great arched buttresses of stone, the monastery and the churches erected in honor of the city's patron saint towered over the valley like a giant citadel; far above the castle guarded the summit of the mountain. He was a rare and humane host who suffered his guests to breakfast with such a scene before them.

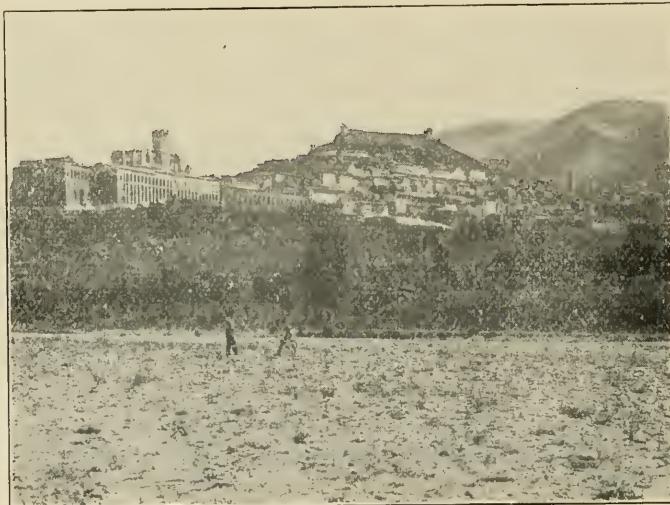
A stony street brought me quickly from the inn to the long piazza, upon which open the convent and the lower church.

As I sat upon the steps leading to the square above, some bright-eyed boys, rejoicing in a holiday from school, crowded around eager to question the stranger. In return they told me, with their expressive gestures, of Assisi and its story, and as a pledge of friendship I had to give them the stamps torn from all my letters for their collections. Laughing children came to bathe their tired feet in the fountain; a few black-robed friars talked near the church door; the shadows played among the cloisters forming the sides of the piazza, and the whole air was filled with the splendor of the Italian sunlight.

From the broad, grassy square in front of the upper church I took the road leading across the city to the easternmost gate, for I wished, first, to visit the retreat to which Francis repaired for rest and spiritual strength. In the city square there rose on my left the six graceful marble columns of the temple of Minerva. With its altar of sacrifice before it, the temple must have stood of old open to the whole Umbrian valley; now become a church it has strange neighbors in the mediæval palaces and houses about it. The old cathedral of San Rufino and its campanile have an almost equal charm. The rough brown stone of its front, where gleam hues of golden orange, has been wrought into columns, rose-windows and strangely-fashioned doors. The two lions of red marble, with men in their paws, which guard the main entrance, are quaint and impressive figures. Near the cathedral lay a wide grass-grown square, extending to the city walls and the eastern gate, as though Assisi had shrunken within her ancient bounds. The road at first went winding through corn-fields, where the sprouting maize made a tender green carpet for the olive groves, but soon became rougher; bleak heather-grown rocks rose sharply from it, as it skirted Monte Subasio. Suddenly it turned sharply on the left into a narrow gorge, at the bottom of which far below was the dry bed of a stream. At the end of the gorge a narrow paved way and a small court-yard brought me to the hermitage of Saint Francis. Beyond the tiny chapel, choir and refectory, built after his death, I found the dark caves in the solid rock where he made his retreat, the bed of stone and his wooden pillow, the hole in the rock through which he drove the devil, and the channel where the threatening torrent was dried up at his command. Beyond were the ilex-woods, now feeling the touch of spring; there Francis talked with his beloved birds, and singing through the night with Brother Nightingale the praises of God, retired vanquished in the contest. The hermitage hangs

suspended over the chasm, and sheer above rises the gray mountain wall; down the narrow ravine I could catch only a glimpse of the plain.

A young bright-faced, fair-haired German accompanied me back to Assisi. We lingered on our way, for the afternoon shadows were falling in the valley under the hills. At a turn in the road we beheld Assisi, just as it must have appeared to Francis; the great basilica and convent were hidden, and it was the mediæval city with its walls and castle which we saw, framed by the trees with a golden haze about it. A monk of Francis' Order passed us, old and bowed; kindness and con-



ASSISI, GENERAL VIEW.

tentment shone in his rugged bronze face. We asked him if it were not lonely in the hermitage. In truth the world had its pleasures, he replied, but in the hermitage there was peace. We watched him as he toiled slowly up the steep; the light of the Umbrian valley would soon fade from his eyes. . . My companion went on to the city from the eastern gate, but I turned to the right and through a feeble door entered the fortress guarding the north-eastern corner of the walls. I was alone within a deserted ruin; great masses of masonry had fallen from the once splendid tower into the enclosure, and the ivy was creeping over the stones. From it I looked upon the side of the

mountain opposite to that upon which Assisi lay; the rock fell precipitously from the castle at the summit to the winding Tescio beneath. The river came from the gray mountains, which bleak and barren loomed into the northern sky. Evening fell upon the desolate scene.

There was the sound of gay laughter in the streets by the inn; the townsmen had gathered and were playing soft mandolins and dancing. To the music and to the murmur of the neighboring fountain I fell asleep.

*Thursday, April 14th.*—The sun rose behind Monte Subasio and the light swept up the plain and along the hills, scattering the mist. The green of the fields, the bluish gray of the olives, and the pinkish white of the blossoms were fresh and clear as I went down across the plain to Santa Marie degli Angeli. There under the dome of the vast unattractive church stands the small stone structure with pent roof, narrow window, and wide-arched doors, which Francis took as the chapel for his order. It may well have been built by holy men of the fourth century, and restored by Saint Benedict, but I tried to picture it as it stood under the Italian sky when Francis set the poor huts of the Companions about it. Near it Francis died, and in the small chapel marking the spot the beautiful terra-cotta statue by Andrea della Robbia, with the finely modelled face, sad, but peaceful, recalls vividly the personality of the saint. Outside the church blooms the rose-garden, once the bed of thorns into which Francis threw himself, and beyond it is his resting-place, humble enough to be the lair of a beast. . . . The sunlight flooded the plain, as I followed the hot, dusty road back to Assisi; up to its very walls and the mighty bastions under its convent rose the indomitable vineyards, and above, the dwellings of Subasian stone, streaked with yellow and pink, narrowed to the mountain top. . . . Farther to the east a path led me from the city. Down through farms, where peasants at the plough followed under the trees their cream-colored, calm-eyed oxen, to the retreat of Saint Clare, the friend of Francis. The choir, refectory and tiny walled garden, with its row of flowers, remain as on the day when Clare and her companions sorrowed over their dead master. . . . Looking upon the smiling plain I could scarcely believe that there where two little chapels mark the place, the lepers dwelt apart from the city and Francis and his brethren of their mercy went among them.

*Friday, April 15th.*—I spent the day studying the frescoes in the lower and upper churches. The Middle Ages spared no enthusiasm in their worship, and so, upon the walls and the low heavy arches and vaulting of the lower church, as over all the spaces of the high, airy upper church, Cimabue and his school, Giotto and many other masters have depicted in a rich and harmonious scheme of colors the story of their faith. The legends of Francis, with their simplicity and poetry, their truth to nature and their dramatic feeling must have appealed greatly to Giotto, and he has made them live. Francis is still the brilliant youth, stepping lightly upon the cloak cast before him by the simpleton, and soon, indeed, his angry father seeks to strike the son who gives the family wealth to the poor, and before the dignified Assisians the bishop casts his mantle around the outcast. So Francis begins his mission. He dares the retreating Magi to enter the fire before the noble Sultan; he lovingly bends towards the birds, exhorting them to love their Creator, and he preaches earnestly before the Pope, while one young cardinal in an orange-tinted robe follows his burning words, and others are buried in thought. Thus Giotto elaborates the virtues of Francis and his order in a series of frescoes, upon which falls the softened light through exquisite windows. Seeking rest I entered the convent, where the schoolboys, its present inmates, were drilling in the arcaded courtyard; through the wide corridors I found my way to the refectory, a lofty room, which with its dark oak panelling and long tables and benches resembled in a striking manner an English college hall. Apparently the architect of all this pile came from beyond the Alps, as a master of the Gothic style. From the colonnade around the outer sides of the monastery I looked straight down upon the Tescio in the valley, and westward to the hills about Perugia. . . .

It was now late in the afternoon of my last day in Assisi. I should leave it sadly, for I had felt to the full its mysterious charm. Its kindly, courteous people soon won the affection of the stranger. Only an hour ago, when I was sitting in the upper church, some workmen making repairs there gave me some of their white wine. I had hitherto left the castle unvisited, so from the church I followed the road inside the northern walls; narrow streets over which the houses were here and there arched, brought me to orchards and gardens above the town, and finally to a grassy, undulating slope under the castle. I looked straight down upon the brown roofs of the houses and

the church towers, and into the city squares. The old porter of the castle, with garrulous pride, showed me through the massive keep, the dungeons, and all the rooms of the fortress, and we hurried through a long, narrow, arched gallery, with small deep-set windows, leading to a distant tower which defined the north-western shoulder of the mountain. I lingered in the splendid ruins of the citadel, which, from the days of Charlemagne commanded Assisi and the valley. At the gate a child met me with one of those haunting faces the great masters have sometimes painted. Her dark eyes looked out of a sad, pale face; she was poorly, but neatly clad. In and out among the hillocks, as I climbed, she followed, telling how poor her parents were, like the rest of the good people of Assisi; while I took my last view of the valley she stood beside me quietly. As the sun sank the whole plain from Perugia to Spoleto lay open before me; the Tescio ran on to join the Tiber, gleaming like burnished silver; the mountains on the north rose grim and wild; a light breeze whispered among the ruins. When I stepped down into the darkening street, the child looked after me with her wistful eyes; she seemed like the spirit of Assisi, beautiful and calm, yet indefinitely sad, which I should exchange to-morrow for the great world.



***A Good Book***

VERNON NOTT

**W**HEN we have turned from realms of "blood and thunder,"  
Of introspective loves that wail asunder,  
And wailing droop down to untimely graves—  
A simple tale, what joy it yields and wonder!

Here spits no realist of vice laid bare;  
These pages no neurotic passion dare—  
The story gently winds its pleasant length,  
A limpid stream 'tween meadows fresh and fair.

When first the feet of beauty lightly run  
Across the page, we say, "When the tale is done,  
She 'tis for whom the wedding bells will chime,"  
And o'er each mind there drifts the face of one.

The villain enters, harbinger of woe!  
We long to make the heroine somehow know  
Of all his former wives--meantime we cry,  
" 'Tis passing like that fellow, So-and-So!"

And ah, the hero! This no man to sigh  
In lover's dole—up and away to try  
To beat the villain ere the tale be told!  
While to our hearts we whisper, "Such am I."

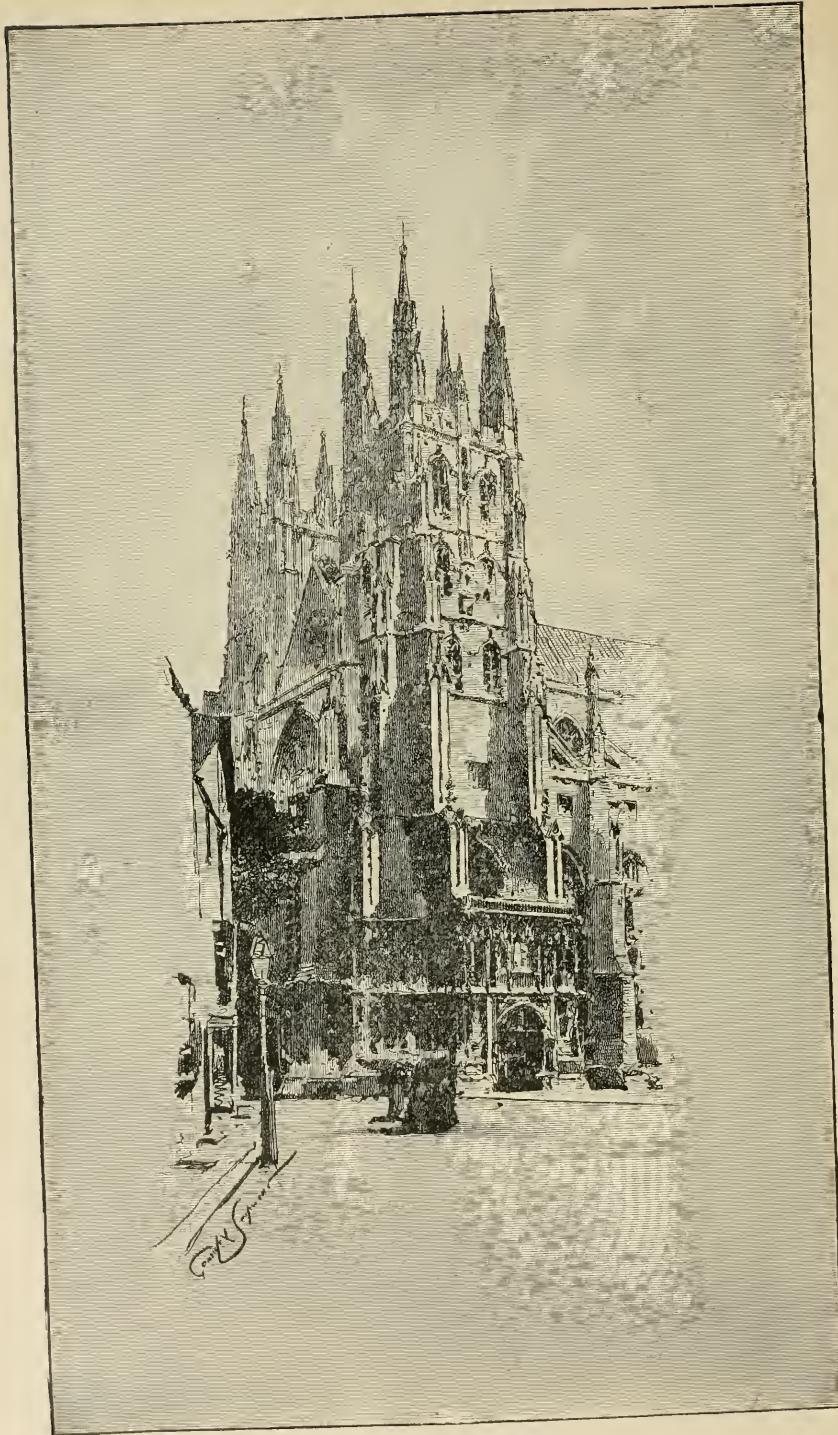


## A Canterbury Pilgrimage

D. R. KEYS, M.A.

"Denn über alles Glück geht doch der Freund,  
Der's fühlend erst erschafft, der's teilend mehrt."  
—Schiller's "*Wallenstein*."

IT was the month of June, 1892. The London season was at its height. The parks were resplendent in the beauty of nature, and Rotten Row was filled with the finest specimens of English humanity. The friends who made London so home-like, and to whom, in the words of Byron, the shadows of far years extended, had never been so friendly or so eager to assist the Canadian cousin to renew his acquaintance with the ancient metropolis. A new friend had taken the place of the two fellow-travellers who had, in the previous year, added another to the many delightful memories of visits to London town. This friend was a German *privat-docent*, whose acquaintance I had made in Leipzig the previous summer, and who had recently been appointed professor of the English language in the Leland Stanford University, of California. Ewald Flügel, the grandson of the first lexicographer of that name, whose earliest recollection was of copying out references for the dictionary, had for years been collaborating with his father in what was becoming a family heirloom of the most interesting kind, Flügel's German-English and English-German Dictionary. With such ancestry his knowledge of the English language was like Sam Weller's knowledge of the English capital. From my experiences of the past weeks, I had drawn the conclusion that the genial Flügel's intimacy with London lanes and houses was almost as great as that of "Samivel" himself. Frequent holiday visits to the British Museum, that great goal of "the programme-mongering German," and the German philologist's wide acceptance of the meaning of his vocation, had made Professor Flügel a far better guide to the literary pilgrim than my earlier companions, the Templar, the Editor, or even the Londoner born in Craven Street itself, within a stone's throw of Charing Cross. A book on Sir Philip Sidney had been the cause of his presence in England that summer, and we had worked together over several of Sidney's letters in the museum and the Record Office, among others the last he wrote after receiving his fatal wound at Zutphen.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

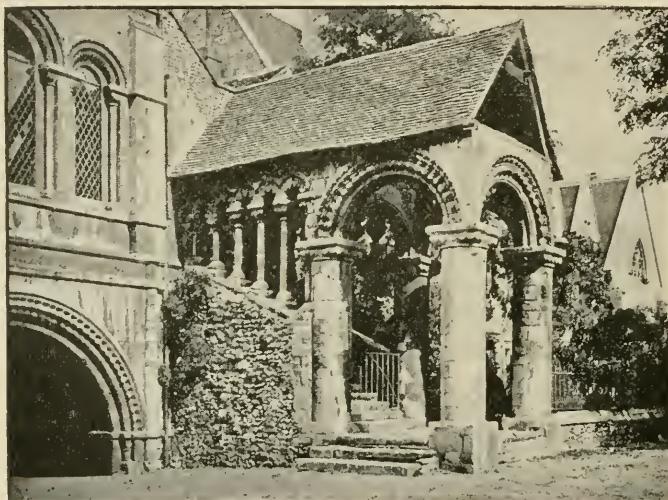
The previous summer I had heard him give a course on Chaucer in Germany, and so when he proposed that we should visit Canterbury on our way back to Leipzig, I felt that not all the attractions of London in June could equal the pleasures of such an excursion with so congenial a fellow-pilgrim. So we packed our gladstones and took a hansom to Charing Cross station.

Looking from the train as it crossed the bridge over the Thames, we saw below us the embankment which has so greatly improved the appearance of London. My companion was surprised to hear that I had seen London in the days before the embankment, when the old Northumberland House still stood on Trafalgar Square, and all the riverside remained as Dickens described it. We could see as we came out from the station and looked up the river towards Westminster Bridge, the St. Thomas Hospital, named after that saint, to whose shrine we were making pilgrimage after a very modern fashion. Our attention was thus called at the very outset to the characteristic persistence of the saint's influence in conservative England. Indeed, English conservatism had already made itself felt in the extremely antique quality of the cars.

The London, Chatham and Dover Railway seems to have kept all the old uncomfortable cars, which were in use in the early days of which Dickens and Thackeray wrote in the first half of the century. Yet, withal, it was a great saving of time and money, as compared with the three or four days usually occupied in making the journey to the shrine of St. Thomas during Chaucer's lifetime. But, as Frederic Harrison has remarked, the nineteenth century traveller gets no such impression of the country through which he is whirled, as did the men who rode on horseback through Europe in the middle ages. Best mode of all is that genuine pilgrim's progress on foot, although the German parson, Moritz, of whom Austin Dobson tells, found himself so badly treated when he took his walk through the Midland Counties in 1782. My German fellow-traveller and I had done many a mile on foot together in the environs of Leipzig during the previous summer, but time forbade our making this a walking tour, much as we should have preferred it to the dirty, dusty and uncomfortable cars of the L. C. and D.

As we were whirled under the tunnel of Sydenham Palace, the contrast between the two modes of locomotion was borne in upon us strongly. When we left the tunnel again we were

passing through one of the fairest sylvan scenes in the Mother Isle. The hop-fields of Kent were stretched out almost as far as the eye could reach, with little clusters of houses, and with the beautiful gardens, and hedges, and groves of trees, that make England so different from the continent, either of Europe or of North America. The only country that resembles Great Britain, as seen from a car window, is Denmark, where it would seem as if the similarity of conditions in being protected by the sea had led to the same freedom from the necessity of living in villages, and not in separate farm-houses. To my friend, familiar with the bare plains of Saxony and Prussia, the



THE OLD NORMAN PORCH.

landscape was as attractive in its variety as it appeared to myself, in contrast with our crude countryside.

At Faversham we had to change cars, and while we waited on the platform we discussed the curious English fashion of altering proper names, so that the spelling ceases to be a key to the pronunciation. This town, famous as the scene of one of the spurious plays of Shakespeare, "Arden of Faversham," is pronounced *Faversham*. Further back we had passed Rotherhithe, whence Fielding started on his famous trip to Lisbon, and where he had such difficulty in boarding the *Queen of Portugal*. This town is called *Redrith* by the natives, who know

the "Yankee," when he speaks of "Rotherhithe." A few days before, when on my way to visit friends at Ramsgate, I had met here an English gentleman, who had been interested in hearing I was from Canada, but who waxed rather indignant at my asking him if he thought Mr. Edward Blake would achieve distinction in the House of Commons. He was evidently himself a member of that select club. To him I owed my enlightenment on the pronunciation of Redrith and Feversham, although Ellis' "Early English Pronunciation" supplied a great many other even more remarkable examples. My German friend playfully suggested that it was for the purpose of making English, otherwise so easy, a more difficult language to speak correctly. I suggested it was a means of differentiating Yankees and colonials, but he thought they were already sufficiently marked by their nasal accents.

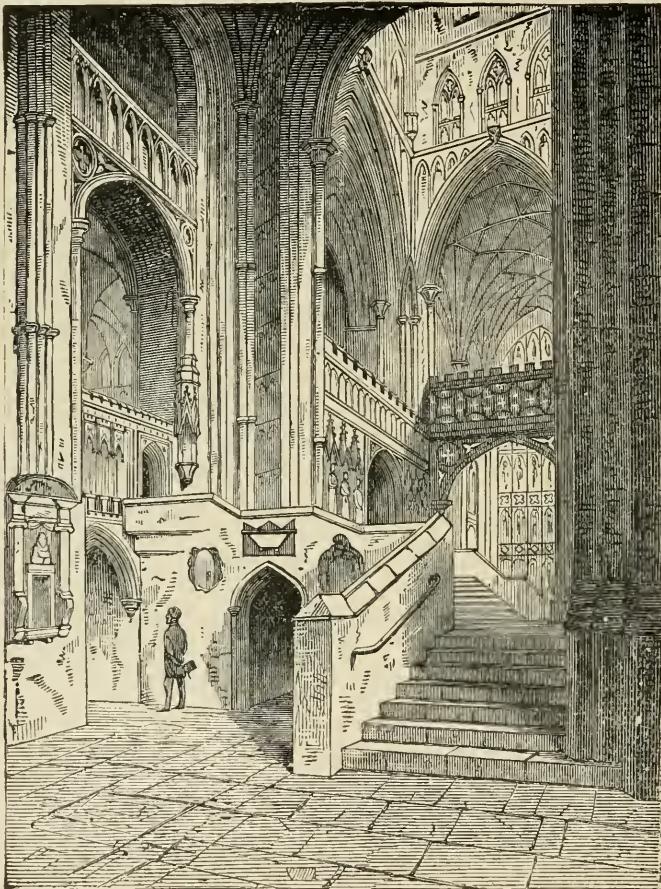
By this time our train arrived, and we were soon over the last ten miles of our journey, and landed in Canterbury, the ecclesiastical capital of England, and the most interesting city of the size I ever visited.

The walk from the station to the town took us past a great mound called Dane John, a case of *Volksetymologic*, or popular etymology, as Professor Flügel said, being an evident attempt to convert the Norman donjon into a Danish ancestor. The old Norman keep of the castle is just within the wall, and in modern times diffuses light, if not sweetness, as a gas works. As we walked through the streets we were both struck with a resemblance to Chester, that rare old English city which has helped so many Americans to revivify the Middle Ages.

From our first leaving the station our thoughts had been centred on the great cathedral, whose magnificent pile rose within the city, which it seemed to dominate with an imperial sway. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the weather was as perfect as English June weather can be. And what so fair as a day in June? We had earned a holiday by two weeks of hard work, and as we sauntered across past Marlowe's monument, we felt something of the old pilgrim's peace of mind still pervading that sacred close, and attuning our spirits unto theirs.

Poor Marlowe, though a Canterbury boy, had escaped too early from the skyey influences of that holy fane. One of us had made Elizabethan literature his specialty for six years, the other had been lecturing on Shakespeare even longer; we both stood silent before the statue of Shakespeare's great teacher, whose pleasant vices had become his fatal scourge. The mood

of melancholy seemed suited to the calm afternoon and the summer season and the many memories aroused by that overpowering cathedral. St. Peter's is less impressive when seen from the square than when you first behold its lofty dome from the train miles away. So, too, the towers of Köln are more



SCENE OF BECKET'S MURDER.

impressive from the steamer than from the street. But Canterbury Cathedral has a majesty like that of buried Denmark, it inspires a feeling of reverence that may be the far-off interest of the centuries during which the religious emotions of thousands were called forth by its associations, and now these in their turn

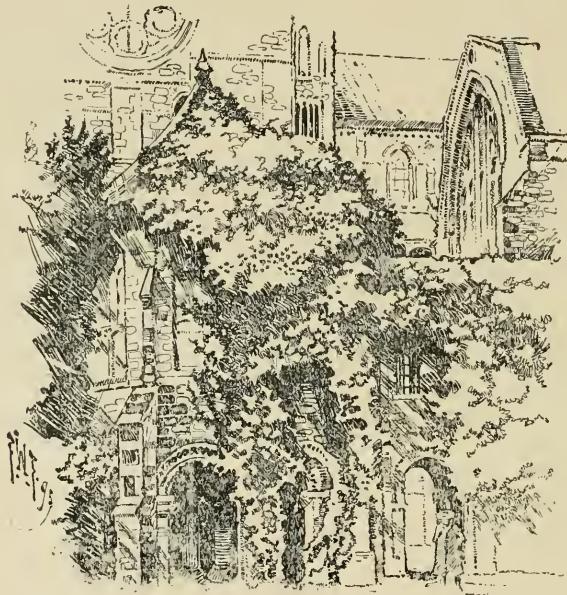
are contributing to swell this flood that makes for holy awe. The quiet of the cathedral town had prepared us for the deeper calm of the cloisters, and the yet more solemn stillness within. There were very few strangers about, and for a while we enjoyed in silence the devout calm of the interior.

Presently appeared the inevitable verger, and we were taken in tow and brought around to see the sights of the great church, with which no other church in England can compare, except Westminster Abbey. Like the Abbey, Christ Church Cathedral represents three different churches that have been built in the seventh, eleventh and fourteenth centuries. The first was founded by St. Augustine, the first evangelist of Kent, who was sent to England by St. Gregory, the author of the "Pastoral Care," in 597. During Anglo-Saxon times the famous Dunstan, whose short and ready way with the devil was more strenuous than Martin Luther's, and the martyred Elphege, whose brains were dashed out by the Danes in 1007, are the best known successors of Augustine. Canterbury, the capital of the Kingdom of Kent, was the obvious seat of the first archbishop; and as the faith grew in England, and Kent became absorbed in Wessex, and Wessex gradually extended its sway over the other Saxon and Anglian kingdoms, the Archbishop of Canterbury came to be the primate of all England. The recent visit of Dr. Davidson has, to some extent, familiarized Canadians with the curious privileges of the primacy. He is the first citizen of the realm; he can make doctors of law and medicine; his income is almost equal to that of the Governor-General of Canada and the President of the United States combined. Among his many predecessors, whose names Macaulay could cite off-hand—Odo, Lanfranc and Anselm were the most notable up to the time of Thomas a Becket, as Langton, Cranmer and Laud have been since. The name of Gervase of Canterbury recalls the memory of Gervase Smith, the great English Methodist, who lectured on Wycliffe in Richmond Street Church, Toronto, some thirty-five years ago, when Dr. Morley Punshon occupied the chair. Even as far back as Dunstan's time the monks of the rival monastery could quote with pride his saying that every footprint he took within their precincts was planted on the grave of a saint.

One great event, on December 29th, 1170, gave Canterbury Cathedral its pre-eminence among English churches. In the words of the late Dean Stanley, when Canon of Canterbury: "A saint—so it was then almost universally believed—a saint

of unparalleled sanctity had fallen in the church of which he was primate, a martyr for its rights, and his blood, his remains, were in the possession of that church, as an inalienable treasure forever." His last sentences were befitting the lips of a martyr: " Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." " For the name of Jesus, and the defence of the Church, I am willing to die."

With the Tennysonian drama fresh in our minds, we viewed with keen interest the small chapel in the north transept, where the great churchman died. It was one of those experiences which, coming at a time of special preparation, are not easily



A BIT OF NATURE'S ARCHITECTURE.

forgotten. The week before we had held in our hands the last letter of Sir Philip Sydney, still stained with his blood. Now we were shown the small square depression which marked the precise spot where Becket's murdered body had lain, as the ruffian knights fled, terrified by the storm which burst over the cathedral just after the deed was perpetrated. When the frightened monks returned they found that the savage blow of Richard le Breton had severed the scalp from the skull, and had snapped the sword in two. They piously collected the blood

and brains, which were scattered over the pavement, and mixing them with water, distributed it in vials to the people, a custom which continued to be characteristic of Canterbury while the pilgrimages lasted.

The body of Becket was buried at first in the crypt, and here, a few years after the murder, another strange scene took place. On Ash Wednesday of 1173 Thomas had been canonized. Meanwhile, King Henry's fortunes had gone from bad to worse, his foreign foes were successfully invading his territory, his people were in revolt, his sons in rebellion, the very powers of nature seemed to rage against the land where the horrid deed had been done. In this crisis the King, who had already expressed his contrition at the death of the martyr, made up his mind to do such public penance as might mollify the foully murdered primate. Crossing over from France, he rode from Southampton to Canterbury, and on catching sight of the cathedral, leaped from his horse, and walked to St. Dunstan's Church outside the walls. There he left his ordinary dress, and walked through the streets as a penitent, barefoot, with no other covering than a woollen shirt and a cloak thrown over it to keep off the rain. So he came, with bleeding feet, to the cathedral, and kneeling at the porch and in the transept, where he kissed the stone on which the Archbishop had fallen, he was conducted thence to the crypt, when he again knelt, and with groans and tears kissed the tomb. After the Bishop of London had proclaimed his penitence, and absolved him, the King removed his outer cloak, and was given a scourging by each of the bishops, abbots and eighty monks, who were present. He then passed the night fasting at Becket's tomb.

This exemplary penance bore immediate fruit. The day he left Canterbury King William the Lion of Scotland was captured by Ralph of Glanville, and the invading fleet of his son was driven back by the winds. So much was the Scotch king affected by the saint's power, that he dedicated the Abbey of Aberbrothok to the memory of St. Thomas when he returned to Scotland.

The fame of St. Thomas of Canterbury went over the Continent. After the practice of the time, his relics were sought for and distributed till the very distribution implied miraculous agency. At times strange means were taken to beg a limb of him for memory. In electing Roger, the keeper of the altar, to be their abbot the monks of St. Augustine's Abbey obtained for their church a portion of the remains of the sacred skull,

which had been committed to his care. Fielding at Lisbon might, perhaps, have seen his arms, which were visible there in the days of Tom Fuller. In Verona his tooth was preserved with more care than the bodies of the two ill-starred lovers whose story Shakespeare was to tell.

His name became the favorite in England, more so than those of the Lion-hearted King and the victor of Agincourt. Tom, Dick and Harry doubtless owe their democratic frequency to the historical influence of these three heroes.

His shrine was raised after the fire of 1174 in the new choir



CHAUCLER.

which William of Sens modelled after that beautiful French church.

It took nearly fifty years to make ready for the translation of the relics of St. Thomas, which was carried out with more than regal magnificence by Stephen Langton, on Tuesday, July 7th, 1220, a day celebrated for over three hundred years thereafter as a festival of the English Church. During all those centuries the crowds of pilgrims came to Canterbury, not only "from every shires ende of Engellond," but from all parts of the Continent, where the relics of "St. Thomas of Candelberg," as he was called in Germany, stood in high repute, and shone as a

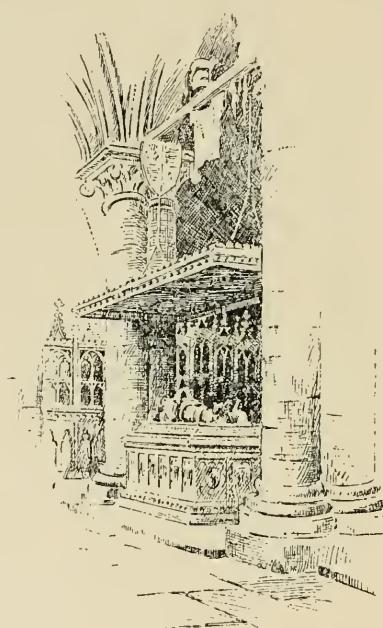
beacon from afar. King Louis the Seventh of France came first of many royal visitors from the mainland. Emmanuel, Emperor of the East; Sigismund, Emperor of the West, came, and the latter's famed successor, Charles the Fifth, visited it in 1520 with Henry VIII. There the conqueror of Agincourt returned thanks for the victory on his way back to London. Thither the Bruces came from Scotland and the Abbot of fair Melrose. Thither among the latest pilgrims came those two men of the Renaissance, who had done so much to weaken the sentiment on which the pilgrimages were based, Colet and Erasmus. The latter had much ado to prevent his friend from shocking the sensibilities of the guardian of the tomb. Another Henry was on the throne of England, one who might well have compared himself with the Second Henry in his relation with the proud Churchman. It is one of the ironies of history that Henry VIII., who had been destined before his brother's death for the See of Canterbury, should be the one who was to destroy the greatest source of its revenues. In 1538, after Thomas a Becket had been formally cited to appear before the court at Westminster to answer the charge of treason, contumacy and rebellion, the *advocatus diaboli* for once prevailed. The court decreed sentence against the saint, that his bones should be publicly burnt, and that the offerings made at the shrine should be forfeited to the crown. His very name was erased from the missals almost as thoroughly as that of Chaucer himself from the records of his time.

The treasures of the shrine were immensely valuable. A single jewel, which had miraculously flown from its setting in the ring of King Louis VII. and attached itself to the coffin, was reputed to be worth a king's ransom. It is variously described as a carbuncle, ruby or diamond, about the size of a hen's egg, and of surpassing brilliance. King Henry VIII. had it made into a ring, which he wore according to the old Teutonic custom, still practised in Germany, on his thumb. Queen Mary, his daughter, did not restore this sacred relic, nor the shrine of the saint, but wore the jewel in her neck-scarf. It disappeared, with many more of the royal jewels, during the reign of James I.

The pilgrims who now visit the site of the shrine find it dismantled, and only the foundation stones to mark where once it stood. The tale of Thomas' trial has been seriously doubted, and, in 1888, it was thought that his bones had been discovered in the crypt, but the news proved incorrect. Whether they be

buried, or, like Sir Henry Irving's, burned, the bones of the great Becket, must always remain the chief source of interest in Canterbury to those two pilgrims, who, like Colet and Erasmus, represented the new learning, though in far different degree.

Not even the great fame of Edward, the Black Prince, could offset, in our minds, the claims of him who had been the ultimate source of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." We saw with reverent gaze the very garments of the Black Prince, his hel-



Tomb of the  
Black Prince

met, his gauntlets, and his shield; we saw, too, the splendid tomb of Henry IV., who ousted Edward's son from his throne.

In the far eastern chapel, called the Corona, that word of good augury to the German student, we found the chair of St. Augustine, in which the Saxon kings, as well as the early primates, were crowned. So, at least, the verger told us, and was much surprised to hear from us, as we sat together on the massive couch-like throne, that we both *professed* Anglo-Saxon—he in California, I in Canada. Never before in all

probability had two such distant representatives of the language of Alfred sat together in the chair of Augustine.

We went down into the crypt, and found a new source of interest in the French chapel, where the refugees had held their services. And then, after a couple of hours in the cathedral, we returned through the cloisters, and past the Marlowe monument to the little Canterbury streets that had other interesting sights for us to see.

But first we fortified ourselves, not being minded to fast like King Henry, and knowing not what the morrow had in store. We found a typical little English tea-shop, where, as in our Toronto tea-room, we couldn't get a meal, but could buy a cup of tea and some of the toast, by which Austin Dobson betrayed his lack of acquaintance with German life. For to this day one cannot get English toast in Germany unless one lives with Anglicized Germans, or makes it oneself. Having refreshed ourselves with tea we sallied forth to visit St. Martin's Church, "the Mother Church of England," where the coffin of Queen Bertha is still shown, as well as the old font in which King Ethelbert was baptized. Then we went to see the Roper House, where that Margaret Roper lived who was the daughter of Sir Thomas More, and of whom Tennyson wrote—

"Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,  
Ere I saw her, who clasped in her last trance  
Her murdered father's head."

Across the street was the church in which that head was buried, whose gay wit and ready repartee inspired Erasmus to write the "*Encomium Moriae*."

As we walked through the streets of Canterbury we talked of another gentle daughter, who had won our hearts by her lovely qualities, and who seemed far more real than Becket himself, Agnes Wakefield, and of the slow-witted David Copperfield, who took so long to learn where his true bliss was to be found. Strange that he and Pendennis should both have been so short-sighted. However, though we saw many fresh English faces we met none that satisfied our ideal of Agnes, and so without seeking it further made our way back to the station and took train for Dover.

In due time we reached the pier, and after a short walk on that beautiful promenade, viewing the white cliffs of "Old England," the ringing of the bell summoned us on board, and our perambulation of Kent was at an end.

***The Parting***

JEAN BLEWETT

¶ CANNOT echo the old wish to die at morn,  
 As darkness strays,  
 We have been glad together greeting some new-born  
 And radiant days.

The earth would hold me, every day familiar things  
 Would weigh me fast,  
 The stir, the touch of morn, the bird that on swift wings  
 Goes flitting past.

Some flower would lift to me its tender tear-wet face,  
 And send its breath  
 To whisper of the earth, its beauty and its grace,  
 And combat death.

It would be light, and I would see in thy dear eyes  
 The sorrow grow ;  
 Love, could I lift my own, undimmed, to paradise  
 And leave thee so ?

A thousand chords would hold me down to this fair sphere  
 When thou did'st grieve ;  
 Ah ! should death come upon morn's rosy breast, I fear  
 I'd crave reprieve.

But when, her gold all spent, the sad day takes her flight,  
 When shadows creep,  
 Then just to put my hand in thine and say " Good-night,"  
 And fall asleep.





CLASS OF '06 EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1905.

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## *The College Man and His Influence*

F. LOUIS BARBER, M.A., '03.

NO man's influence can be estimated. If it be true that the pebble sends its rings to the remotest bounds, that the sheen upon the surface shines among the stars, and that the gurgle of the water never ceases, just as true is it, that to give a cup of cold water in the Christ-like spirit is a deed for eternity. When the college man to-day recounts the advantages he enjoys—as well as the disadvantages he suffers—he is enumerating the effects of the lives who have preceded him, as well as of those with whom he associates. Add to this his own life, and you have the conditions for his successor. The college man and his influence is a subject that has been considered so frequently that to speak of it presents the danger of saying poorly what has been already well said. But each succeeding year confronts new men with an old problem, and a problem, too, which can only be solved by living. Yet observation of the way men, unconsciously or deliberately, progress in their relations one with another, leads one to draw some conclusions that may be more or less helpful to oneself and to others.

It is sometimes said that the student is unpractical, that he forgets that the path of life begins at the bottom and not at the top of the mountain. He systematically studies the lives and works of others, and forgets that he has not yet lived to work out his own life. He climbs the mountain's rugged side, up which there is no royal road, catching the gleam of the rising sun as it penetrates the shade and the dark recesses. The higher he climbs the wider becomes the vision of the valley below, and the clearer and grander the sunrise. And if, as the landscape widens, the details become less distinct, and if, as the student looks out toward the receding horizon, he would be so unwise as to think to journey eastward, forgetting that to do so he must come down from the mountain-top to the beginning of the path of practical experience. Ah, but he has the vision! Necessity forces his feet to the path, but the vision can never be forgotten. If, at times, some men are unpractical; if they do try to journey, beginning at too great an elevation, may they not be pardoned if they are but faithful to the "gleam"?

It is the constructive thought of some men that makes useful the blind labors of others. It is written, "Your young men

shall see visions." The influence of such men has wrought wonders, and such visions have made men. It was a vision that at the same time made Lincoln and freed the slaves. It was a vision that at once gave us Wesley and Methodism. It was a vision that enabled John Knox to pray: "Give me Scotland or I die," and thereby gave *Knox* to Scotland. Of course it may be said that only one Lincoln, Wesley or Knox was needed to redeem the situation. In recounting successful lives we usually cite great persons who have had great opportunities; but there are weak men in strong positions, and there are men of ability to whom the chance has not come. In fact, the vast majority of men lie between the weak man with a weak chance and the great man with a great opportunity. Is not this putting a false estimate upon life? How is it possible to measure one man by another? Surely that man is great who lives the best under his own peculiar circumstances. To know and to do the truth is to leave a heritage to mankind, and the man who has been so fortunate as to spend a few years at college has enjoyed an opportunity of learning how to improve opportunities. While he has developed physique in the field he has also learned decision and precision. Social functions have not been valueless if they have given him pleasure and polish. The class-room has made stepping-stones of dead selves if it has made him thoughtful and thorough. Then, too, the hallowed inexplicable feeling of college companionship has given him new glasses through which to look upon the world. So be sure it would be unusual if every man should derive the greatest possible benefit from all sides of college life, but there are few who, touched by the finger of alma mater, do not go away healed of many an infirmity of sight, of feeling, of knowledge as to what to do and how to do it.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man ;  
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'  
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

You cannot measure a life at its beginning—and it has no end. The influence of men of clear perception, of wide knowledge, of high purpose, of pure motive, and of strong courage, going out into practical life, can be known only when the ennobled lives at the hearth and at the desk, at home and abroad, have ceased as factors in the lives of succeeding generations. No man's influence can be estimated.

**Dramatic Art**

E. S. WILLARD.

(An address delivered to the students of Toronto University.)

I AM asked to speak to you on the subject of "Dramatic Art." It is a difficult subject—one much easier discussed than explained—for I find that there are widely dissimilar opinions as to what does and what does not constitute Dramatic Art. Nor is this greatly to be wondered at, for, of course, the art of acting is the most intangible and evanescent of all the arts. The very things that mark the degrees of difference between the work of one actor and that of another are to a great extent subtleties that escape analysis. We are aware of them, we recognize and acknowledge them, but we cannot clearly define them. There is a critical vocabulary that from time immemorial has been employed to indicate these distinctions; but it is purely an arbitrary and agreed formula—and sometimes, like a doctor's Latin prescription, it masks a confession of ignorance. I do not mean ignorance in the sense that the critic is not qualified for his work, but in the sense that he must often be without a scientific basis of criticism, because a studious comparison of what we may term the masterpieces of that art cannot be instituted.

For example, there is no one before me, probably, who has not heard or read enough about David Garrick to feel convinced that he was one of the greatest of actors. That was the verdict of his contemporaries, and each generation of writers, critical and other, has unqualifiedly adopted and endorsed that opinion. There is, of course, no sort of doubt that he was a great actor, but we have no evidence of the fact; that is to say, no direct evidence. We have only the testimony of others—reliable testimony, admitted; but there is no means by which you and I can satisfy ourselves as to the quality and proficiency of his art, or decide that his art was of a kind to meet modern requirements in the interpretation of character. Such is the disadvantage at which the actor is unavoidably placed. The situation of the painter, the sculptor, the poet or the musician is vastly different. In those departments of art the evidence is positive, tangible, conclusive, and may be definitely presented at any time, the actual work of the artist being at all times available for comparative criticism.

You may hang the work of a modern painter beside that of the old masters, and the expert will tell you at a glance which is the greater of the two, and point out what are their decisive differences, so that you may see them for yourself. If a Turner declares that he is the equal of a Claude he has the chance of an ocular proof of his claim, and you who have visited the National Gallery in London since the death of the once misunderstood Chelsea painter, can see how bravely and with what success he challenged intelligence to declare that his picture is less beautiful in tone, in feeling, or in technique than its more venerable companion. It is easy to arrive at an almost exact definition of the status of a painter. We have but to call him into one or another of the galleries of precious canvases from the brush of Raphael, or Titan, or Velasquez, or Murillo, or Rembrandt—any master with whom he may claim equality—and weigh him in the balance. The standard is fixed, not by tradition and hearsay, but by visible fact and precise comparison. We have no less clearly defined and demonstrable criteria in literature, in sculpture, in music—so that when we speak of those arts we are conscious that whatever ranks as great in their domain has passed triumphantly through time's critical ordeal, that reduces the pretensions of false art as pitilessly as the crucible separates dross from pure gold. We measure new aspirants unerringly by those established rules of selection, and the merit of modern effort is judged by the known excellencies of past achievement. But the allied art of acting can leave no evidence of itself. When the actor has passed away no trace of him remains. There is a memory of him like the vision of a dream; but his work—however brilliant, however powerful, however thrilling and moving while the footlights burned—is like an extinguished candle when the curtain falls on the final scene. The spectator bears away from the theatre a more or less vague impression of the performance with certain incidents perhaps unduly emphasized; and that vague impression becomes the basis of his judgment of the actors he may afterwards see in the same character. That is the only standard—and you will admit that it is not entirely trustworthy—by which dramatic art in immediate expression can be given a status.

That is what I meant in the beginning by saying that I have been assigned a difficult subject—one more easily discussed than explained, so that when I am done speaking I shall neither be surprised nor offended if you tell me that I have not greatly enlightened you. But—and I take the risk of being considered

egotistic—I am going to state frankly my belief that dramatic art is the most important, if not the greatest of all the arts with which it is generally grouped. That is an easily assailed statement. Much merriment can be extracted from it at my expense. Yet when you reflect that dramatic art is the only one that requires living elements to its expression; that the whole machinery of physical being, with all the attributes of mind, soul and heart in activity, is its source and consummation; and that by dramatic *art* I mean the most complete embodiment, and the most perfect interpretation of all the qualities defined or suggested in the character assumed, it should be obvious that the actor has to deal with the most exacting and complex of the arts—and that according to the degree that he succeeds in achieving his purpose should be his pre-eminence over artists who succeed in placating a less tyrannous mistress. He has never been given this proud place, nor is he likely ever to secure it—and for the reason, as I have presumed to say, that his work is so evanescent, that like the lightning, it has ceased to be ere we can say it lightens. But if we may reach a conclusion by the study of effects, if we may form an estimation of values by the measure of influences, how can we place the potentialities of the theatre secondary to any other social inspiration when we see that—good, bad or indifferent—the theatre is the national school of every civilized country? I do not stop to argue now whether or not communities have attached sufficient importance to this serious fact; I do not think it necessary to elaborate my opinion that a grave responsibility rests upon the public in its right use or careless abuse of the opportunities the stage offers for the moral and intellectual education of the masses and for the development of national character; but I do insist that, whether for good or evil, there is no influence, conscious or unconscious, that is operating socially to-day, so great, so penetrating, or so formative as that of the theatre in its various phases. This is a sweeping declaration, and one that will not everywhere be graciously accepted; but count the number of play-houses of all kinds, give each of them seven or eight audiences a week throughout the season, and estimate for yourselves the influence of the theatre on a community. Bear in mind, too, that what people seek and receive in the form of entertainment is more readily assimilated with normal thought and sentiment than that which is urged upon them as a wholesome instruction or moral obligation.

Now, after a statement of that kind it may surprise you to hear me say that the rapidly increasing popularity of the theatre

in recent years has been of temporary detriment to dramatic art. You can readily understand that the multiplication of play-houses created a corresponding demand for plays and actors to keep them open and make them profitable. But dramatic art cannot be got ready-made. It is a thing of slow and toilsome growth. It is got little by little through years of studious experience. The actor must train himself in mind and in muscle, in nerve and in spirit to meet the infinite variety of its requirements; and some of the most gifted and capable of actors have spent years with a single character, and confessed, at least, that, however greatly applauded by the public, they never succeeded in acting the part to their own satisfaction. Thirty years ago there were comparatively few theatres, and each theatre had its own solidly-equipped stock company—many of them famous for the individual merit of their members—everyone of whom felt a pride in giving his best possible performance of the part entrusted to him, and studied to give it artistic embellishment consistent with its purpose. Under the new order these companies were gradually disintegrated. In America they were dismembered, that two or three sterling actors might become the nucleus of new travelling combinations, largely made up of people of little or no experience. This went on until the stock company quite disappeared, and there was no longer an association of actors capable of presenting with admirable art a repertoire of standard plays, and one-play companies became the thing. In England, in addition to similar conditions, the damage to dramatic art was aggravated by the fact that the request for new plays allowed the author to dominate the situation. He insisted on having special casts for his plays, with the result that managers ceased to make regular engagements, and what is known as "job acting" became the custom. That is to say, actors were identified with one line of character work, and were engaged for their specialty when the occasion came about. Hence an actor was no longer called upon to play a variety of parts in the course of a season; but having successfully appeared as a gentleman with a lisp or a stutter, or as a butler with a wart on his nose in Mr. Browns' play, he actually had to remain unemployed after that engagement until Mr. Smith wrote a play in which was a character with a similar idiosyncrasy. These conditions were inimical to dramatic art in its old and best sense, and the English public, finding itself annoyed by indifferent acting, or bored with problem plays in the théâtre proper, turned to the music halls for its entertainment.

Whereupon the theatrical managers, seeing that they could not otherwise compete with the attractions of the variety theatres, introduced into their own domain the musical comedy—which is really a variety entertainment under another name—and this was for a long period the chief amusement of the general public.

Happily a considerable body of playgoers remained loyal to the traditions of the theatre, so that the continuous demand for art, beauty and purpose in the drama has been sufficient, not only to prevent the utter usurpation of the stage by frivolity and license, but to create at last a reactionary feeling among those inclined to regard the theatre only as a place of amusement. Yes, a reaction is going on already. The signs of the times indicate a wholesome dramatic revival. That means better and more uniform organizations. It means plays that shall have literary worth, artistic construction and humanly significant characters. It means also a greater earnestness, greater zeal, greater zest toward the perfection of dramatic art on the part of the actor. Already the revived stock company is proving a decided attraction in many cities; and, speaking personally, I may say that I find the public more readily aroused by programmes which include a diversity of plays that demand versatility on the part of their exponents than by the special production of one play that chiefly depends for success upon the merit of its spectacular treatment. All these signs point to a reawakened regard for the art of acting; and who knows but that before many years have passed we may have residential companies as worthy of our commendation as were some of those in London, New York and other great English-speaking cities twenty-five years ago? There is no such company now, for the reason that for nearly the quarter of a century actors as a body have not been required to attain proficiency in the dramatic art, it being quite enough to the purpose if they became respectable, or even tolerable in a given line of work.

But dramatic art is not to be judged by the conditions of an epoch. It would not be an art were that the case, for there must be a permanent basic principle to all art; and intangible, elusive as the work of the actor is when we attempt to subject it to comparative analysis, it must have certain abiding laws as its foundation, and these laws must direct and shape the delineation of character so that the performance shall be something better than mimicry. Acting is, indeed, often spoken of as the mimetic art; but if it were no more than mimetic it would hardly be worth our serious discussion. That part of acting which

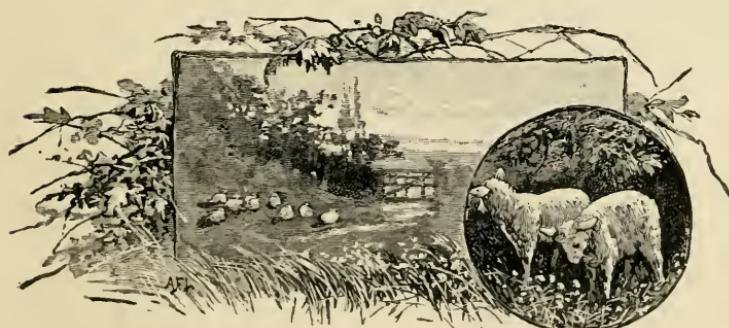
may be named "mimicry" belongs to the technique of the craft, and may be taught either by direct instruction or by the practice of observation; but the essentials of dramatic art are innate—are as truly creative in their developed expression as if they were directed toward painting on canvas or carving an image from a block of marble, or shaping the sense and metre of an epic. The art of the actor creates the character he truly impersonates, as certainly as the artist creates the portrait of a sitter. Both have something to copy and follow, but each puts into the result so much of himself that neither the subject of the painting nor the author of the play can deny that the artist has produced a third entity distinctly his own; we speak of Kean's "Richard III.," of Garrick's "Shylock," of Irving's "Louis XI.," of Booth's "Hamlet," of Salvini's "Othello," to indicate the peculiar stamp of descriptive individuality the respective actors gave these roles; but if acting were mimicry only, all performances of a given part would be identical in kind, and we might as well have the lines spoken by an operator of marionettes, as he makes his puppets caper.

Soul is the essential of dramatic art. The true artist feels, but feels intelligently. His feeling convinces, because he understands—and how can he understand if he has not made the analytical study of his own emotions; developed his intellectual faculties and perceptions until he can comprehend the emotions of others; refined and corrected his sensibilities until he can respond with quick, sure sympathy to every degree of sentiment, and trained his physical forces to give accurate expression to his thoughts and intention? These are the demands made by dramatic art; and to meet them in their full measure the actor must have so many and such varied qualifications that I can conceive of no other calling so arduous, so exacting, so compelling. It may, therefore, be fortunate that we have not the opportunity to compare the work of actors generation after generation, as we may the work of other artists—for we might then too clearly see how far the ablest of them have fallen short of the ideal possibilities of the art. On the other hand, though one may miss the utmost heights, the effort to get further up the ascent has an aspiring influence over those who are but rising from the level; and in that sense it is a serious loss to the world of art that we cannot exactly place the respective eminences of the chief actors of the past, and study in detail the art that gave them distinction.

But if we cannot determine the degrees and conditions of the actor's art period by period, we can, with certainty, estimate its

national value by its imperishable fruits. The actor goes and his art goes with him, but in the literature he inspired is the testimony of his service to mankind. The supreme literature of a country that has matured in civilization is the work of dramatic poets who wrote for stage representation. The plays of Sophocles, of Alfieri, of Calderon, of Goethe, of Schiller, and, lord of them all, our own Shakespeare, answer and silence any sceptical question as to the nobility of the dramatic art to which such tribute has been paid. And let me tell you that whenever and wherever a people has come earnestly to the support of dramatic art in its true character, the genius of all the other arts has shone forth in its greatest splendor. Almost it may be said, that the theatre's status determines the status of art in general, for a people indifferent to dramatic art cannot appreciate the three sister arts.

Finally, let me say that the actor, like the poet, cannot be made. As a great many persons who have not the real poetic gift can turn a clever verse or construct a readable or even praiseworthy ballad, so can many who have not the true constituents of an actor play parts, with respectable ability and commendable intelligence. But the one who is really to be an exponent of dramatic art in a creative way must be born into the world with special attributes. These may be developed, amplified, strengthened in proportion to the self-devoted zeal the aspirant may bring to the profession of acting; but no sort of training or discipline will qualify one who was not so endowed at birth to achieve the highest honors of his calling.



***Ted's Gleaning***

AGNES MAULE MACHAR ("FIDELIS").

IT was a hot July day, with its sky of pale azure arching over the deep green forest, and the already yellowing fields, and toning down the distant pine-crested ridges into an indefinable purplish-gray—a day suggestive of long languorous hours of blazing sunshine—with latent thunderstorms lurking in the masses of pale slate-color gathering in the background. In the rocky foreground moved a boy and girl, of some sixteen and fourteen years, respectively. The former, a well-developed, much-freckled lad, in coarse, country clothes—the latter a slight reed of a maiden, clad in a frock of light blue, evidently outgrown, and a white pinafore, worn and mended, yet, like the rest of her attire, daintily clean. Her coarse straw hat had a pale blue ribbon round the crown, harmonizing it with the rest of her appearance. The long plait of hair was of a pale chestnut hue, but her eyes, which one would have expected to find blue, were softly brown, and had an expression like that of a timid fawn. Each carried a tin pail, into which they were busily engaged in picking the ripe ruby raspberries that hung in luscious clusters from the clumps of bushes massed among the great rough gray rocks amid which they were wandering, the boy pushing through the bushes first, the girl following close in his footsteps.

"Seems to me we ought to have enough by this time," said the boy, looking wearily at his still unfilled pail.

"No, Ted," replied the girl. "I am sure Aunt Elsie will be disappointed if our pails are not full. It does take so many jars to last us all winter." She spoke with a slight precision of manner, in a voice naturally soft and pleading—a voice that matched the soft brown eyes.

"Then I wish it wasn't so hot! It's no fun picking berries days like this. Seems to me, Ruthie, that you would get more berries if you would pick by yourself, instead of just coming after me! I don't see how you manage to get any that way."

Ruth looked at her pail, at least as full as his, and replied gravely: "Oh, I can find plenty after you. You leave all the under ones, and I get lots of berries low down, where you don't look at all."

"Oh, I leave those for the birds and the chipmonks; I think you are Ruth the Gleaner!" the boy replied. Then looking

critically at his companion, he exclaimed: "I don't know how you always manage to look so nice, Ruthie, whatever you are doing! I just wish, though, you could have a nice fresh white dress every day, with pretty blue fixings—like that girl who nursed mother when she came back from the hospital! *That* would just suit you!"

"But *that's* a nurse's dress, Ted; not for everybody. All the same, I'd like to be able to wear it," she added, with a sigh.

"And *I'd* like to be a surveyor, like Mr. Kensett. I say, Ruthie, we're not far from Mr. Kensett's camp now. Let us go there and see if he's come back yet."

"I'm afraid it's going to be a thunderstorm," she replied, looking uneasily at the sky, where the clouds were deepening rapidly into dark gray, while an occasional roll of distant thunder sounded like the boom of far-away guns.

"Well, if it is, we'll get there sooner than home, and we can get shelter there, whether he's there or not," replied Ted.

They hurried on, for the rolling of the thunder rapidly grew louder, and the flashes of lightning more vivid. Panting with heat and haste they reached the little open shack used by their friend, the surveyor. It was empty, but evidently not untenanted, for there were various camp utensils in evidence, beside other traces of occupation. The boy's quick eyes espied some of the surveying instruments which had fascinated him before, and he was cautiously inspecting them, heedless of the lightning flashes, or the great rain-drops already beating on the roof, when rapid steps were heard approaching, and a tall, slight, young man, in gray flannels, threw himself into the shack.

"Well, Ted! Well, Ruth!" he exclaimed, shaking the rain-drops off his rough garments. "So here you are, and here I am; and we're in for a nice pelt. Here, Ted, take my traps, and put them away for me. As I've got afternoon visitors, I think we'll have some afternoon tea." And he proceeded to set a kettle of water on a small coal-oil heater, while Ted proudly took charge of the "traps," the uses of most of which he had already learned.

Ted and Ruth had, from frequent encounters, become great friends with the solitary young surveyor, and had once or twice before had the treat of "afternoon tea" with him. Ruth's eyes lighted with pleasure as she watched him throw a clean hand-kerchief over the rough board that did duty as a table, and set on it a couple of agate-ware cups, and a tin mug—the only "china" at his command. Then he produced tea from one tin,

and some dainty biscuits from another, and cut some thin slices of bread and butter while waiting for the water to boil; keeping up, meantime, a running fire of lively talk with his guests. Ruth shyly drew from her pocket a small bottle of cream, which she explained that her Aunt Elsie had given her to leave for Mr. Kensett, in case he should have returned, and earnest were the hopes expressed that the lightning might not have turned it sour.

When the tea was brewed the three sat down to it on camp-stools, or box-ends, and forgetting the storm without enjoyed a pleasant sociable repast, Mr. Kensett asking many questions about the progress of matters at the farm, Mrs. Petrie's health, and Ted's small experiments in amateur surveying. They were so much preoccupied that they scarcely noticed the unusual darkness, the heavy downpour of rain, the fierce flashes of lightning, and the heavier claps of thunder, though Ruth's occasional start showed her instinctive nervousness. All at once, however, they almost started to their feet, as an avalanche of thunder seemed to burst over their heads.

"I believe *that* struck somewhere," exclaimed Mr. Kensett, going to the door to look out. The rain dashed in as he opened it, another blinding flash dazzled them all. The next moment Mr. Kensett had fallen senseless to the floor.

Ted and Ruth were for a few moments paralyzed by dismay. Ruth was the first to recover herself. Rushing to the door she closed it against the in-rushing rain; then Ted and she raised Mr. Kensett's prostrate form and laid him on the little camp-bed in the corner of the shack. Ted had at first been stunned by the thought that his friend was dead, like a man he had once seen struck in the field. But Ruth would not admit such a possibility.

"Don't you see he breathes?" she exclaimed, in a low, breathless voice, as she hastily loosened his collar and tie, seized a sponge that lay near, and bathed his head and hands with cold water, chafing the latter as she had seen a nurse do to recover her aunt from a fainting fit. Ted, meantime, busied himself in quenching some burning boards in the floor, ignited by the lightning stroke, easily accomplished owing to the dampness of the wood. The violence of that thunder-bolt seemed to have exhausted the fury of the storm, for the succeeding peals grew more distant, and the rain came down much less heavily.

"I guess I can run home now," Ted said, "and get father and Will to come with the horse for Mr. Kensett. We can't leave him here alone."

"Oli, do, Ted, and then you can run on for the doctor. I'm afraid he's a good deal hurt!"

Ted needed no urging. The idea of danger to Mr. Kensett seemed to give wings to his feet, as he scrambled along the rough trail that led to his father's farm. Ruth, meantime, sat very still, her colorless face alone evincing her sharp suspense, while she still, from time to time, bathed the patient's forehead, and chafed his hands. What else to do she did not know, and to do nothing seemed intolerable. Suddenly her eye fell on a spirit-flask on a shelf. She had seen that remedy used in her aunt's bad heart attacks; and, seizing it with a trembling hand, she managed to force a small quantity down his throat. In a few minutes, she perceived, with relief, that his breathing was improved. Then there was a slight, restless motion and a murmured word. The girl bent over anxiously to hear, and caught the faintly uttered word, "Letty!" A curious pang shot through her heart; she scarcely knew why; but she choked it down and continued her patient ministrations, till she heard, with inexpressible relief, the rapid hoof-beat of a horse rapidly approaching the little lonely "camp," and thankfully resigned her charge into older hands.

It was the evening of a lovely October day, some seven years later—such an evening as in Canada frequently celebrates the apotheosis of the fading year. The rich colors of the woods took a rainbow harmony under the soft farewell rays of a crimson sun, setting into a horizon of rose and purple, while the air was mild and balmy as summer, yet pervaded by an aromatic suggestion of autumn. Ted and Ruth watched it together from the little vine-clad verandah, which was one of the later improvements to the old farm-house. The former had grown into a strong, manly fellow, with an air of college and city life about his appearance. The latter had developed into a comely maiden, with the old, fawn-like eyes, and an expression at once firm and *spirituelle*. Her black dress and a look of sorrow in both faces suggested a recent bereavement. Both, indeed, had been summoned to the death-bed of Ted's father—good, quiet, hard-working John Petrie, whose long-ailing wife had gone to her rest some years before.

"Ruthie," said Ted, after a short silence; "do you know what Kensett is going to do?"

"No," replied Ruth, with a somewhat startled glance, and a slight catch in her low voice.

"He's going out to South Africa. Offered and been accepted for the contingent. Throwing up a good position, too; but he thinks there's great need for men of our profession out there, and if the country needs us, he thinks we ought to go. The worst of it is his fiancee doesn't see it, and if he goes I fear she won't wait for him to come back!"

"Then she isn't half good enough for him!" said Ruth, picking to pieces the spray of bright maple leaves in her hand.

"The trouble would be to make *him* think so. I know *you* would never want a fellow to shirk his duty to his country," he replied. Then he added, with a little effort, "Do you know I have been thinking of doing the same thing myself?"

"*You* have, Ted?"

"Well, Ruthie, you know how good Kensett has been to me. If it hadn't been for him I'd never have been where I am now. Of course I know he believes that we saved his life that time he was struck by the lightning; and I suppose if we hadn't happened to be there at the time it might have been a pretty close call. Still he wasn't obliged to do all he did for me. I know he would like me to go with him. And I should like it first-rate, too, if it weren't for leaving *you*, Ruthie! Now, father's gone, and Will has his wife; there's no one to mind leaving but *you*!"

And then Ted nearly broke down, and turned away his head to hide an emotion reflected in Ruth's moist brown eyes.

"You know I don't see much of you now, Ted," she replied gently. "My nursing keeps *me* busy, and you're so much away. I should wish you to do as you think right."

"But Ruth, *you* count for a good deal to me. I shall feel it very queer to be thousands of miles away, on the other side of the globe. We've no one but each other now, Ruthie," he added, appealingly; "and it would be easier for me to go, if you would promise that—if I live to come back—it should be as I've always hoped!"

"No, Ted, don't ask me to promise that," she replied firmly. "I love you dearly as a cousin; but I couldn't promise any more!"

Ted was silent for a while; then he said, very low: "Well, if *that's* all you can say, Ruthie, the sooner I go to Africa the better. You won't forget me out there, I know."

"No, indeed, Ted," she said, laying her hand lightly on his; and with a half-sob, half-smile, she added: "And if they send nurses out, perhaps I may go, too—some day!"

The weary war had dragged itself out for nearly two miserable years. It was Christmas Eve, at a little field hospital in the

Transvaal. A glorious African sunset lost itself in the wonderful crimsons and purples of the veldt horizon, and three people were together, as they had been years ago, in the little shack in the Canadian backwoods. Ruth, in her nurse's dress of blue and white, bent over an invalid talking wildly under the delirium of enteric fever, while another, a pale, attenuated likeness of Guy Kensett reclined on a pallet near, watching them both.

"Hush, Ted, dear; it's all right," she said soothingly, as he murmured incoherently about the heat, the weariness of berry picking, the gathering thunderstorm, and Ruth's blue and white dress.

Kensett smiled sadly. "He's back to years ago—and dear old Canada," he said. "Ah, me! I should like to see it as it is to-night; all shrouded in snow; so white and pure in the moonlight! Don't you almost think you can hear the tinkle of the sleigh-bells, and the crisp sound of feet on the snow? Ted, old man, just go to sleep, and we'll have a Christmas carol tomorrow!"

Ruth tried to smile, but it was rather a failure. Perhaps he partly read her feelings, for he said presently in a graver tone:

"I know, very well, Ruth, that I'm not getting well. I know my heart is weak, and this troublesome wound is sapping my strength and keeping me down. I feel I am not likely to be fit for work again, and in that case I would rather go out quietly. It's not a bad way to do it in trying to do one's duty for one's country. But, if I *should* go off suddenly will you take charge of this packet for me and mail it, as addressed, with just a line from yourself—to explain?"

Ruth took the little soft packet—letters, she knew instinctively—and she knew also the address without looking at it.

"I think she would care to know—for the sake of old times—though it was all over between us when I left Canada," he added.

"I will send it," Ruth replied, looking up at him, her brown eyes full of tears.

He read the tender solicitude shining in them, and lay still for a little while, watching the sunset purple change into silvery moonlight.

"Ah, Ruth, he said wearily: "we make mistakes often, and only know too late. *You* would never have turned back on a man like that!"

Ruth held her breath to keep in a sob, till she could turn it into a faint, sad smile. Ted, who had been quiet for some time, began to murmur again: "I'm glad you've got that nice blue and white dress—Ruth the Gleaner!" he said.

Ruth's lip quivered.

"Could you sing us one of the Christmas hymns the home folks will be singing in church, presently," said Kensett. "It will do both Ted and me good?"

Ruth thought a little, and softly began one that has brought comfort to many a sad heart at Christmas-time:

"Who is He in yonder stall,  
At whose feet the shepherds fall?"

Both her patients were very quiet, and when the last stanza died softly away no one spoke. A little later Ruth saw that Kensett would never speak again.

"Ruthie," said Ted, as the liner ploughed its way through the waves, and he lay still pale and weak in his deck-chair, "Ruthie, we have no one but each other *now!*"

"No, Ted, dear," she whispered, and laid her hand in his, this time to be caught and held in a close grip. A dream never to be realized had vanished with the death of the friend who had captivated her childish imagination, and held it. But here was the tried comrade and lover, faithful so long, and needing her so much. Was he not nearer to her than any one else could be? It is not given to many to realize a dream. But was she—or Ted—the Gleaner *now?*

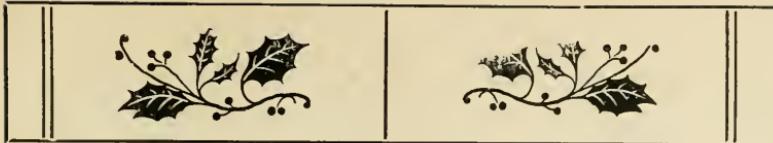




BOARD OF MANAGEMENT, VICTORIA HALL, 1905-1906.

C. L. Luck, '06. C. J. Ford, '07. E. W. Stapleford, B.A. J. E. Brownlee, '08. E. E. Ball, '06. R. J. Manning, '06.  
C. E. Mark, '06. Miss E. L. Chubb, '06. Prof. L. E. Hornung, M.A., Ph.D. Miss M. B. Landon, '07. W. E. Galloway, '06.  
J. L. Rutledge, '07. H. F. Woodworth, '07. R. P. Stockton, '08.





VOL.  
XXIX.

# *Acta Victoriana.*

No. 3.

## **Editorials**



“Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.”—*Moore.*

**A**MONG the fondest memories drawn from the cherished treasures of past experiences are those of childhood days which cluster round the mysteries and gaieties of Christmas time. Those were the good old days when St. Nicholas and his reindeer, and the midnight trip down the chimney, had not as yet degenerated from fact to fiction. There was then an air of mystery enshrouding the actions of the older members of the household, and mysterious paper parcels were carefully stowed away in secret places, and glad surprises awaited us on every hand. In those early days the roast goose, the plum pudding and other good things of the festive board formed no small part of the boyish charm of this the crowning day of all holidays. Oh, to be a boy again, just for that day! And even in later years, the holly and mistletoe, carol and glee, the universal good-will and good cheer have formed associations dear to our hearts, bright spots in the sombre setting of the sordid business cares of the workaday world.

And as we pause over these memories and look forward with great expectations to welcome again the approaching yuletide festivities, we are led to ask the question: “What is the secret power of this season, which thus pre-eminently of all the year seems to unlock the hearts of men and to liberate a gladsome and universal feeling of good fellowship and brotherhood?” Dickens has done much to fill this day with a new meaning and happiness for the poor of England, thawing out the hearts of the “Old Scrooges,” and implanting therein all the warmth and glow of the Yule fire and the cheery “Merry Christmas.”

But we are carried back nearly two thousand years for a fuller answer, found in the advent to the world of that Life which is fraught with so much significance for man, and which ushered in a new hope and joy, finding expression in that grand angelic chorus: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

But the irony of it all appears in the fact that while it is possible for man to partake of this kindred spirit, and to build up a Christ-like character, yet for many it seems to require an effort, too sustained, to continue it throughout the year. Is it not strange that we allow the cold, selfish, grasping disposition to possess us for the greater part of the year, and only come out of ourselves for so short a time to enjoy the pleasures of well-wishing and gift-giving? What a grand old world this would be could we but perpetuate the contagious and all-pervading spirit of this day! Could we but go about day by day with a warm heart and an open hand, passing on to the other fellow the joys and the sunshine that may have been ours, it might still be true that "Christmas comes but once a year," but its genial influence would prevail, a universal and eternal reign of human sympathy and love, reaching from year's end to year's end. The good-will generated on one Christmas Day, if we but thoroughly enter into and appreciate its true meaning, should suffice till its return.

Then shall we not all strive to bring about the early dawning of such an era, when we shall realize that there are many around us who need to be cheered, encouraged and helped, and that, therefore, we have an obligation to fulfil? Thus, in meeting this, shall our lives be brightened by a foretaste of heaven here on earth. Hoping that our readers may be thrilled with some such resolve to make life brighter for those who are with them in the way, we wish them one and all "A Merry, Merry Christmas."



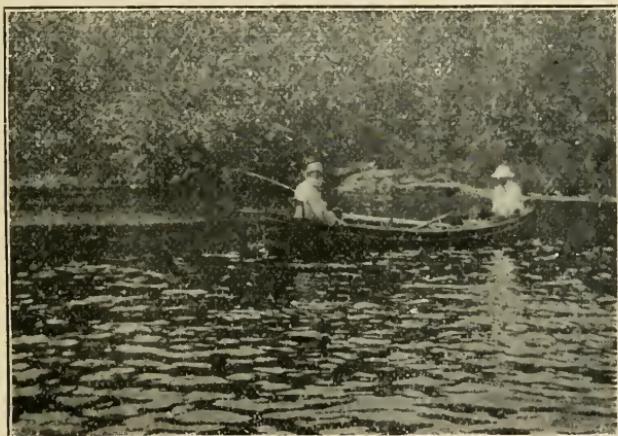
**W**E desire to acknowledge our indebtedness, and to express our heartfelt gratitude to all who have so generously come to our assistance in our attempt to make this number interesting and attractive. If we have failed we have ourselves to blame; if we have succeeded, then we thank you again.

We regret that lack of space has compelled us to hold over a number of excellent articles, but this, too, has its compensations in the prospect of good things for some future number.



# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

**W**HEN the "crisis of the month of May" is passed our revered professors, with light hearts, doff caps and gowns, and hie them to the lakes and woodlands of the northern wilds. The cut shows how our Chancellor acquires



the patience with which to deal with both fish and boys. We see but dimly the classic figure of Professor Langford in the other end of the boat.

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### *The Class of '03*

Hoopedy! Hoopedy! Zip, zip, zip!  
Hurrah! Hooroo! Hurree!  
Boom-a-laca, ching-a-laca, 19'3!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Miss Rose Victoria Beatty is at the Deaconess Home, Toronto, preparatory to going to the foreign fields.

Miss S. Bristol is Professor of Moderns at Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.

Miss E. Campbell is teaching moderns at Pickering College.

Miss R. Cullen has returned for another year's work to Whitby.

Miss E. E. Dingwall has given up teaching and has entered into Y. W. C. A. work in Berlin, Ont.

Miss F. M. Eby is teaching in the High School at Glencoe.

Miss S. Jackson is teaching in Drayton High School.

Miss R. Jolliffe is so enamored with the West that she has returned to Walla Walla University, Washington State.

Miss O. Lindsay is teaching at Qu'Appelle.

Miss F. Smith is teaching at Midland High School.

Miss Alice Will is with the Morang Publishing Co., Toronto. She is editor of the *Educational Monthly*.

R. C. Armstrong is at Hamamatzu, Japan, engaged in missionary work. He is married, needless to say, and the proud father of a few weeks' old daughter.

F. L. Barber is pastor of the Paisley Street Church, Guelph, and is also taking Ph.D. work at the University.

N. E. Bowles has returned to College, a member of the sedate B.D. class.

J. F. Chapman is preaching at Minden, Ont.

J. Harry Chown has hung up his rugby suit and is working twelve hours a day—his story—in the office of the General Superintendent of the C. P. R., Winnipeg.

W. Conway is stationed at Kerwood. He finds that the ministry is not nearly as strenuous a task as guarding ice-cream.

R. G. Dingman is with the Toronto Carpet Company. His leisure hours are devoted to running Broadway Tabernacle

E. Forster is taking his Ph.D. at the University.

A. R. Ford is moulding public opinion in the West through the columns of the Winnipeg *Telegram*.

R. S. Glass is in the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa. He is one of the pillars of McLeod Street Methodist Church, being President of the Epworth League and teacher of the Young Men's Bible-class.

G. Howard Grey is enrolled at Osgoode Hall.

R. O. Jolliffe is learning the Chinese language at Yuin Hsien, Sz-Chuan, China. We expect that he will furnish us shortly with another item of interest for the columns of *Acta*.

E. H. Jolliffe is chemist with the Canada Foundry Company

E. C. Irvine is Professor of Mathematics at Stanstead College, Quebec.

D. B. Kennedy is preaching at Rouleau, Assa.

P. McD. Kerr is Classical Professor in Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.

John McKenzie is still delving into the mysteries of Calvinism at Knox College.

C. W. Webb is at his home at Ancester.

Percy Near has returned for his third year's work at the S. P. S. He was a member of the astronomical party which went to Labrador this summer to view the eclipse.

D. P. Rees is advertising manager for *La Patrie*, Montreal.

D. A. Walker is back at Victoria to finish up his theological studies. He is president of this year's Conversat. Committee.

" Jimmie " Wallace has gone to China to engage in Y.M.C.A. work. He expects to be located at Hong Kong or Nanking. His permanent address will be 15B Pekin Road, Shanghai, China.

C. J. Wilson is preaching at Lloydminster, Sask.

T. E. Wilson is at Osgoode Hall.

Amos Thomas is stationed at Kinglake, in the London Conference.

The Secretary of the class, Arthur R. Ford, Winnipeg *Telegram*, Winnipeg, Man., would like all members of the class to notify him of changes of address. The class is preparing for a reunion to be held next year, convocation week, and all members are urged to make their summer plans so as to be present.

### **Obituaries**

 N October 10th, Dr. Frank Buller, one of Victoria's most distinguished graduates in medicine, passed away at his home in Montreal. He was born at Campbellford, Ont., on May 4th, 1844, and received his High School education at Peterborough. Entering Victoria he graduated in 1869, and later took a post-graduate course at McGill. As he wished to study under some of the great eye specialists of the Old World he went to Europe, where he spent seven years in various capacities. He did valuable medical service in both England and Germany, and during the Franco-Prussian War served for a time with the German military hospitals. On returning to

Canada, Dr. Buller took up his practice in Montreal, where he has since resided. For seventeen years he was eye and ear specialist in the General Hospital, but resigned that position to accept a similar one in the Royal Victoria. He lectured in McGill for many years, and from 1883 occupied the chair of ophthalmology and otology. Dr. Buller was regarded as one of the foremost eye specialists on the American continent, and his death is a blow, both to his profession and to our country at large.

DR. W. E. SMITH, another of our medical graduates, died on November 1st, at his home in St. Thomas. He was a son of the late D. B. Smith, and was born in Charlottesville, Norfolk County. After passing through Woodstock College he took his medical course at Victoria, graduating in 1863. He practised in Carlisle for ten years, and from there went to St. Thomas. Since that time he has been connected, in a medical capacity, with various railroad corporations. At the time of his death he was surgeon of the Canada Southern Division of the M. C. R., and chief surgeon of the Railroad Hospital Association. By his kindness and self-sacrificing goodness he gained the affections of men, and his death will be deeply regretted in all the districts where he is known.

THE death occurred in Chicago, on October 19th, of Mrs. Esther Zealand. Mrs. Zealand formerly resided in Cobourg, and was the daughter of John Helm, one of the early settlers in that district. She attended Victoria, or as it was then, the Upper Canada Academy, in the years 1840-41, being one of the earliest of the women students.

ONE of Port Hope's oldest and most respected citizens, in the person of Peter Robertson, died at his home on October 15th. He spent almost his entire life in Port Hope, and took an active part in municipal affairs. He, too, was a student of the Upper Canada Academy, in the years, 1836-7. Few, indeed, remain of those who, at that time, attended the little academy, which has developed into our alma mater.

AS we were going to press, W. Graham Wright, '07, one of the most promising and popular students at Victoria, passed away suddenly after a period of convalescence at the Toronto General Hospital. His loss will be keenly felt by all who knew him in College and out. We extend our warmest sympathy to the family and sorrowing friends in their sad bereavement.

***Exchanges***

**D**O not be modest, for it doesn't pay. If you know of anything which could be transformed by the magic touch of your pen into a story, an article, or even a paragraph of interest, let the College have the benefit.

In concluding this oft-repeated plea, we might add a few definite suggestions. For example, the Alumni Editor does not make it his sole business in life to hunt up graduates, and tell what nice successful careers they are carving out. If you have any friends who were fortunate enough to weather the storms of a college course at Old McGill, please jot down a line or two of memorandum as to what they are doing, and how goes their battle in life, and leave it at the desk in the library.—*McGill Outlook.*

(To this, applied to our own case, we would add a fervent “amen.”)

Professor—“The Teutons, gentlemen, were just big, grown-up children. They were like good strong—shall we say—Freshmen.”—*Ex.*

From the Divinity Class-room—Q. What is effectual calling?” A. “Oh, whustle and I'll come tae ye, ma lad.”—*Ex.*

“Well!” he muttered, butting his head on a landing, as he fell down the elevator shaft: “As Mr. Kipling would say, ‘that is another story.’”

In its October number the Trinity University *Review* engages in a perfectly frank discussion of various university questions. After favorably commenting upon the *personnel* of the University Commission, it speaks thus of the New Residence proposition:

“The Senate of the University has embarked upon an ill-advised scheme of building university residences. The announcement of its action perturbed many of the friends of Trinity—needlessly, we think. It is impossible to have a residence worthy of the name, and likely to produce the results noticeable at Oxford and Cambridge, if men of all faculties, with little in common, the one with the other, are to be herded together; nor are the benefits likely to accrue if provision is not made for intercourse between resident dons and the undergraduates.

“Trinity has its residence, so have Knox and Wycliffe theirs. Victoria has already announced its intention to erect a residence for its men, as it has already done for its women. Now

the Senate, in the face of protests, persists in its residence scheme for the whole University, thus competing with the colleges on their own ground, which it has no shadow of right to do. If University College wants a residence let it set about obtaining one. It has friends, or can make them; it can also approach the Legislature. Its students would probably be the better for living a common life, as we do it here. But, mingling with medical, legal and dental students, together with S. P. S. men, no distinctive type can be evolved. Failure, which seems inevitable on the proposed lines, would be a disappointment to all those who believe in the residence idea as one of the most important factors in the education of men."

WE are glad to welcome among our exchanges this month the Dalhousie *Gazette*. There is a freshness about its pages, a rugged strength and freedom that mirrors the surroundings of this college by the sea. However, we doubt the editor's wisdom in establishing a kicker's column. Reformers usually make themselves heard and felt without a special invitation.

" NOVEMBER wears a cynic guise,  
There lurk sad tales of cheated aims,  
In his lack-lustre misted eyes,  
And no fair promises he frames  
Of joy to come.

His sad monotony of sighs,  
His spiteful, wild outbursts of tears,  
Bespeaks a heart in misery wise,  
Weighed with remorse and boding fears,  
O'erspent and numb."

—*The Oxford Magazine.*

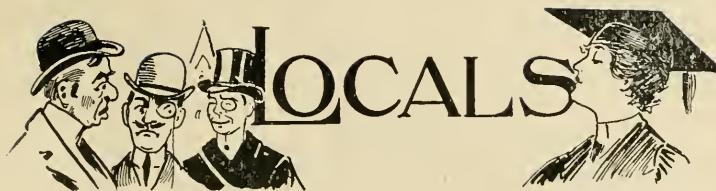
THE following is a list of the Exchanges which we have received this year: The *McMaster University Monthly*; the *Hya Yaka*, *Trinity University Review*, the *Varsity*, *Queen's Quarterly*, the *Queen's University Journal*, *McGill Outlook*, the *Argosy*, the *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *O. A. C. Review*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Vox Collegii*, *Lux Columbiana*, the *Student Quarterly*, the *Oxford Magazine*, the *University Record*, the *Harvard Monthly*, the *Monthly Maroon*, the *Notre Dame Scholastic* and the *Salanian*.

UNION LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1905.

G. A. King, A. D. McFarlane, J. G. Brown, E. J. Moore, J. B. Lamb,  
*Leader of Opposition.* *Cor. Secretary.* *Leader of Govt.* *Assistant Critic.* *Treasurer.*  
F. W. Morcom, R. A. Critie, D. A. Hewitt *Pres.* Dr Bell *Hon. Pres.* A. M. Harley, *1st Vice-Pres.* F. E. Coombs, *2nd Vice-Pres.*







WILSON, C. T.—“The worst of it is, when a man is on circuit work, he is expected to supply all the social life for the people.” Poor people!

JUNIorette—“Isn’t Mr. Oldham the cutest little baby. I think he’s a regular little cupid.”

MR. JEFFREY, leader of the Glee Club—“If you fellows hold that pitch, you’ll knock the tar out of that song.”

THE once prevalent idea that a college education unfit a woman for her sphere in life, has lately been losing ground in the face of the many and convincing proofs to the contrary. If further evidence is necessary you have only to learn that among the leaves of a book returned to the library by our fourth-year philosophess was found a long list of recipes for custards and other dainties.

WE are told that at a certain house where F. G. Farrell was calling this summer that the lamp burned all night after his departure. Was she too exhausted to blow it out?

MISS H—L—D, at “the nursery tea,” which occurred on the night following the Woman’s Lit.’s reception—“I don’t want sugar on my bread, I want jam. I had *J.A.M.* for refreshments last night.”

AT Lakeside someone came up behind Douglas Henderson, and clapping him on the back, said: “How are you, old man?” On noticing Douglas’ astonishment he said—“Oh, I beg pardon, I thought you were the Chinaman who is staying here.”

A YOUNG lady and gentleman of the class of ’08 were seen a short time ago gazing interestedly into a jeweller’s window. Such scenes are becoming far too frequent.

OVERHEARD through the fence, the day of the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament:—

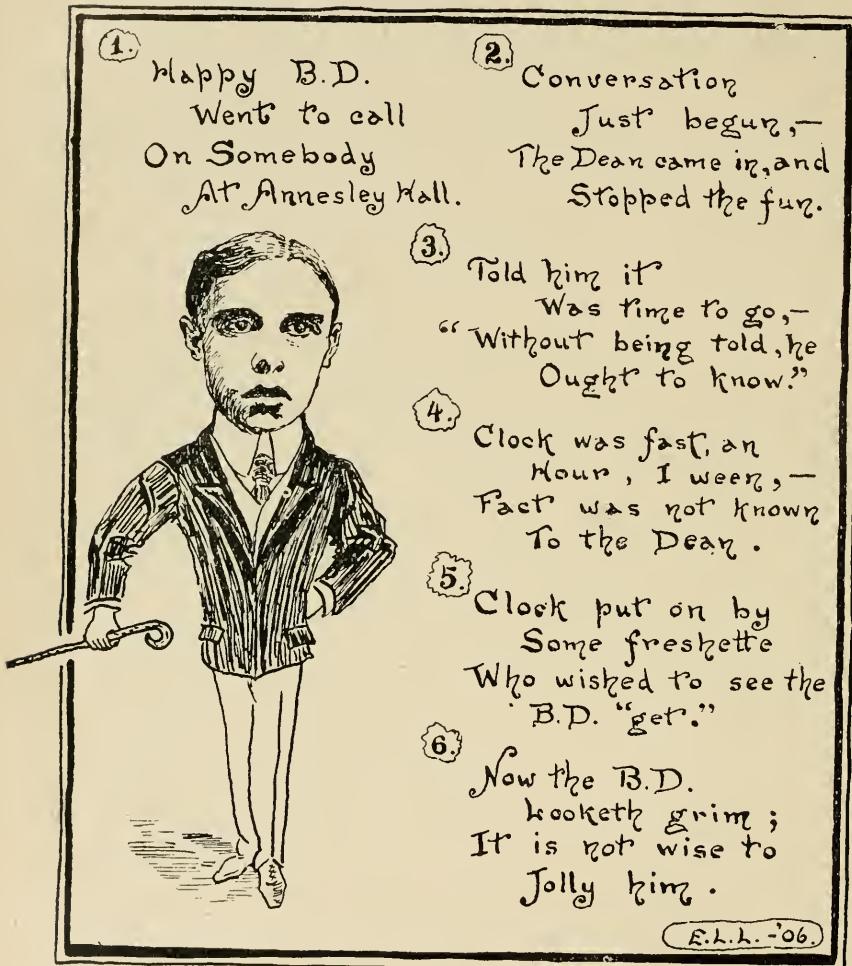
First Small Boy—“Who are all those people in there?”

Second Small Boy—“Oh, they go to College.”

First Boy—“Well, is that all they got to do? Don’t they have no lessons nor nothin’?”

McROBERTS, '09—" You should hear Dr. Burwash lecture on prehistoric Greek."

JUNIOR—" When I was a Freshman I used to think that the Seniors were little gods." Bowman, '06—" I think so still."



D. A. HEWITT was seen one day studying the fourth year mathematics time-table. Did Dave learn it by *heart*?

Miss P. B. F.—T, '07—" Say, girls, just see the blisters on my hand from holding my pen!"

THE other day Gus Shover, '06, received an interesting looking parcel from a young lady. Several of Gus' sympathizing friends proceeded to help him open it, and soon the cake that had been the work of some fair fingers was finding its way down the wolfish throats of six hungry seniors.

MISS D—, '09—"I simply love Dr. Horning; he's such a fatherly man. I feel like going and sitting on his knee whenever I see him."

B. D., at reception, observing his partner—"Ah, I see my doom."

ONE of our Freshmen entered a down-town bookstore the other day and demanded a book called:

"English, with an Essay to be Written at the Time of Examination."

When the poor bookseller protested that no such book existed, the Freshman became stern, and said that he would go at once and procure it elsewhere. We hope he found it.

MISS BR—D, '08, after the "Bob"—"Ah, I made it all up with the Freshettes, but it wouldn't work with the Freshmen, and it wasn't my fault either!"

GARNET ARCHIBALD, addressing the League—"Speaking of men, you know what I mean. I use the word in its general sense. They embrace the other sex."

TIME 10.35 a.m., November 9th, 1905.

Scene—Dr. Reynar's lecture-room.

Dr. Reynar, delivering a lecture in English to third and fourth-year students. At intervals faint, yet melodious, strains of "God Save the King," are heard coming from lower regions.  
A pause in the lecture.

Miss Ch—d—ck, '07—"What are they singing that for?"

Miss C—rm—n, '07—"King's birthday."

Miss Ch—d—ck (in tones of surprise)—"Which one?  
"G. A.'s?"

For a moment each gazes at the other in utter mortification—then light dawns, followed by only half-suppressed giggles.

It has been discovered that the best way of increasing the circulation of ACTA is to mention the Freshmen in its columns.

E. W. MORGAN—"I'm going to get married as soon as I get three things: The consent of the brethren, the money for the license and the girl."

SHERIDAN, '07, to elderly lady—"You know I'm an optimist." Elderly Lady—"Oh, so you don't belong to any church?"

#### THOUGHTS FROM THE OPEN LIT.

Conron, '06: "I tell you, Mr. Speaker, the course of recklessness and improvidence into which the Government has been drifting, would knock the Dan patches off Dan Patch."

M. D. Madden—"I ask you gentlemen, what possible thing is there in common between the Medicoes and the S. P. S.?" Voice—"Paint."

Davy Wren—"Just as the great orb of Day pressed his golden lips to the dark cheek of night, and with soft and amorous kisses wooed and won her." (Furious blushes from the front seats, where the palpitating Freshman wriggled in agony, believing that this was but another attack upon themselves.)

#### POST BOB EFFECTS.

Norm Tribble's a fat boy at Vic,  
Who is up to full many a trick.  
But since he did swipe  
Dr. Bain's seasoned pipe,  
He's been feeling decidedly sick.

FRED. BOWMAN, '06, was among those sopoena'd by the Bob Committee. Is the joke on Fred. or on the lynx-eyed Sophs?

ONE of the Junior girls, who has figured in locals on more than one occasion, when threatened with another appearance, said she might be an idiot, but she didn't want the whole College to know it. However, when told that it would be worth while for the Local Editor to cultivate her acquaintance, she remarked that she wouldn't mind *that*.

#### A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dramatis Personæ—Clark; McKenzie, Clement, Hemingway.

Scene opens with all the actors in front Annesley Hall door. Clark rings bell. All other actors run to the foot of the steps.

Maid enters. Clark—"Would you please tell Miss—Miss—(despairingly)—who in the deuce do I want to see, Mac?"

Minute later: maid in room above—"There's a lot of awful green fellows wants to see you girls."

Applause from the audience. *Fallt die Vorhang.*



L. N. Green,  
*1st Year Rep.*

C. J. Ford,  
*3rd Year Rep.*

ATHLETIC UNION EXECUTIVE, 1905-06,

M. E. Conron,  
*Alley Rep.*

M. G. Larré,  
*Rugby F. R. Rep.*

H. G. Brown,  
*Assocn F. R. Rep.*

H. D. Robertson,  
*Tennis Rep.*





## *College Athletics*

L. E. HORNING, M.A., PH.D.

ALTHOUGH it can scarcely be said that the question of athletics at Victoria is a burning one, yet it might, perhaps, be retorted that it would be better were some flames of enthusiasm to be seen. Canadian colleges, generally, are not in the position of the colleges in the Republic south of us, where athletics are thoroughly saturated with professionalism, and where enormous expenses are incurred in training, summer as well as winter; free board for members of teams, and in a variety of ways added thereto, comes the scouting for new material in the High Schools, which contributes its unsettling effect upon the sub-Freshman. From all these, our colleges in Canada are fortunately very free, and well free, for this professional spirit is a very insidious foe to the practice of probity and manliness and generosity of conduct, which sport or athletics should inculcate.

Now, to begin at the beginning, what do we mean by athletics? What part ought they to have in college life, and what standing ought they to have on the college curriculum?

An athletic in the olden days was simply a contestant for a prize, and it was one of the greatest honors a man could gain in life if he were crowned with the boys at Olympus, or in some other of the national games. A win meant for the individual, before the contest, devotion to a wise course of training, so that at the critical moment every bodily power, every power of mind and soul should contribute to the staying abilities and the palm at the end. Now who can object even to-day to such a conception of an athletic, and who would not be such a hero?

While it is not possible to-day to repeat for every one the Olympic contests of Greece, it is possible, or ought to be possible, to develop a healthy system of college athletics. There

are students who suffer from headache, indigestion and many other ills, some real and many more imaginary, who would be cured by out-door exercise. Some good people object to these "worldly" games, and even many of our young ministers seem to share in this opinion. But is not our blood stirred within us to healthy, vigorous action by a brisk walk, these lovely November mornings? To some, however, a walk is not an attractive exercise, for it is possible to walk, and still keep the brain actively on some engaging brain-work. On the alley-board, or at tennis, or at football, or on a paper-chase, this is impossible, and after the game, a shower bath, followed by a good rub, puts one in a condition for bright, effective, telling work. One of the best of college games is alley or hand-ball. Every muscle of the body is called into play, but not over-strained; the eye is trained and the judgment is called upon for quick decision. Tennis is very like it. Endurance is called for in a cross country run, and more so in a football game. Here endurance and strength, two of man's greatest virtues, are tested, and the young man, who comes through the ordeal with an even, just temper, and the consciousness of having fought an honorable fight, has had a fine training for the after-battle of life. It is not necessary to have a winning team in order that athletics should be cultivated; they should be vigorously followed for the health and life training they give, and if pursued whole-heartedly by every student, winning teams will develop, and no question about it.

Football has its opponents, because of the roughness said to attach to the game. While the American game of Rugby, by its mass-plays, may be dangerous, and, indeed, is so, the Canadian open game is not necessarily any more so than a ride on a railway train, or in an elevator. But if one is to refuse to engage in a game because of *possibilities* of accident, then what is a person to do in the world?

"Dangers lie thick through all the ground  
To hurry mortals home,"

Are two lines of an old-fashioned hymn, which are quite true, and truer of many things than of football. Therefore, get into the game, out in the open, train for endurance and strength; learn to play the "uphill game," one of the greatest of all virtues, and "buck the line." This will be necessary in more games of life than in football, and at times when student days' will long have been past.

Should athletics be on the college curriculum? Most decidedly. Faculties run over the lists of their students to see that work is being done, but no one asks after the physical well-being of the students. And just as one may, by a little attention to diet and habits, avoid putting one's self under a physician, so one, by care and attention to this or that weakness or tendency, may help development in right rather than wrong directions, and help one's self on perfection of body, ease of carriage and general lissomness. In some few colleges there are advisors for this purpose, but in only one, as far as I know, is the instructor a member of the staff. If people would only pay as much attention to the development of the human body race as they do to the perfection of a strain of blood in horses, cattle, sheep, yes! and pigs, we might soon develop a system of sociology that would help eradicate many of the ills that are among us. Are there signs of a dawn of a brighter day? Let the colleges show the way, caring seriously for the physical development and well-being of the students, and doing that, especially by the fostering of out-door, open-air games, and by inculcating good habits in the care of body. And let all the students see to it that they get the chance to develop along this line. A strong body, through seventy years of life, is the foundation for enduring work, intellectual and religious. Many a life has been snuffed out prematurely, just when the promise of a useful career was being given, "providentially," it is often said, but really because of neglect of some simple law of life, some overstrain which should not have been undertaken. Train steadily, honestly, intelligently for the combat of life.

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*Victoria vs. Dentals, in Mulock Series*

WE asked ourselves the question, over and over again, can Victoria hold them down? It had been a subject of interest for several days, and now as our Rugby team faced the Dents it came up more forcibly than ever. Twice before in the first game of the Mulock Cup Series had the two colleges met, and each time it had gone ill with us. For the past three years, in fact, Vic's first game had been her last. But extra effort had been put forth, the men trained into better shape, and so we even ventured to expect results.

It was with feelings intensified by nursing such hopes and fears that a goodly crowd of Vic. enthusiasts waited for the

whistle to blow. Among these were many ladies, to lend, in a quieter, though, who will not say, more powerful way, that encouragement which our husky cheers should lack. But our eyes were on the players, and we could read in their faces a fixed determination to render a good account of themselves, coupled with what seemed to one who knew them, a desire for clean, straightforward rugby. This we had come to see, and many times in homage to the men were forced to repeat our college yell.

Then, as the ball was about to be put in play, we made out our line up as follows: Full-back, Archibald; half-backs, Mc-



OUR VICTORIOUS TEAM.

Cubbin, Robertson, Lane; quarter, Stockton; scrimmage, Kelly, McFarlane, Connor; wings, Lamb, Davidson, H. S. Lovering, Moore, J. E. Lovering, Walden. The game started with the wind in favor of the Dents, and they quickly bore down toward our line. Our scrimmage, however, soon proved equal to the occasion, and held them well. But all attempts to punt the ball back were frustrated by the wind, and Archibald was soon forced to rouge, giving the Dents one point. Shortly afterward the ball was driven over our dead-line, giving them another point. With this lead of two they strove hard to increase the score, but

every Vic. man played the game. In bucking, Stockton was brilliant; time after time forcing his way through their line, until compelled to desist on account of an unfortunate injury in the head. Then Lane became the chief aggressor, and showed remarkable ability in getting through. Victoria was able almost invariably to make her yards. But what the Dents were losing in scrimmage work, they endeavored to gain by side rushes. Here, again, they were met; our wings tackled low and sure. Davidson, Lamb and Walden were conspicuous in this work. Nevertheless, the Dents pressed hard, and credit is due our back division that they did not score more. It kept the onlookers continually on the *qui vive* to see what would happen next. Archibald was in the right place several times, and once, particularly, was seen to carry the ball from behind our line to about twenty yards up the field. By such work the Dents were held down in the first half to their initial score of two.

During the interval, no school children ever rushed more joyously to their play than we to congratulate our men. Sure, with the wind against them they held it down to two. What would they do with the wind in their favor? This, we reasoned out for our own satisfaction, hoping all the time that the wind would continue. Then our fears as to this danger were set aside, for Knight remarked that the clouds were moving faster. So, we resumed our seats to watch the finish of the Dents.

But they had some determination, too. For the first few minutes the ball was crowded over into Vic's. territory. However, by punting and bucking, they were forced near to their own line, and Robbie punted clear over their dead-line, making one point for Victoria. The Dents then tried to force their way through, but being unable to make yards attempted to punt, when J. E. Lovering, breaking through, prevented, and sent the ball bounding over their line. Lane, following up close, secured a try. This was six, and, if converted, seven. That trick was neatly performed by Lane, and when the ball dropped over, there was a medley of joyful yells from the Vic. sympathizers. Both teams now did their best. Bricker, of the Dents, made some fast rushes, and once got perilously close to Vics. line before he was fetched up. Then an off-side gave Victoria the ball, and it was their turn to rush the Dents. Time was up, however, just as they got the ball well into the Dents territory. There is no reason why we should describe the scene that followed. It need only be said that no matter how our next game results, another achievement has already been added to the records of the past.

**NOTES**

Tennis has flourished at Victoria this fall. The tournament, though rather long, has been marked by some keen playing. Following is the list of winners in the different series:

Ladies singles—Miss Graham, Miss McLaren.

Mixed doubles—Miss Graham and S. Mills; Miss McLaren and C. D. Henderson.

College championship—C. D. Henderson, E. W. Wallace.

Handicap—J. M. Dawson, C. F. Ward.

Men's doubles—J. M. Dawson and H. D. Robertson; C. F. Ward and E. J. Sanders.

(The second name in each case is runner-up.)



The inter-year games in association have at last started. On November 18th the first and second years' were pitted against each other, resulting in a victory of 3—0 for the latter. Now, since they have begun, we predict that they will be completed, unless perchance, the snow comes too soon.



The fact that the Dents, who put us down by a score of 1—0, have defeated Trinity 9—0, reflects that we were not so bad after all, at least in comparison with Trinity. It is too late now to say anything, except the usual, "I told you so." But if we had only been trained a little more in combination work, a different story might be told. It seems reasonable that whenever we do compete, even in an intermediate series, our team should be in the best possible condition.



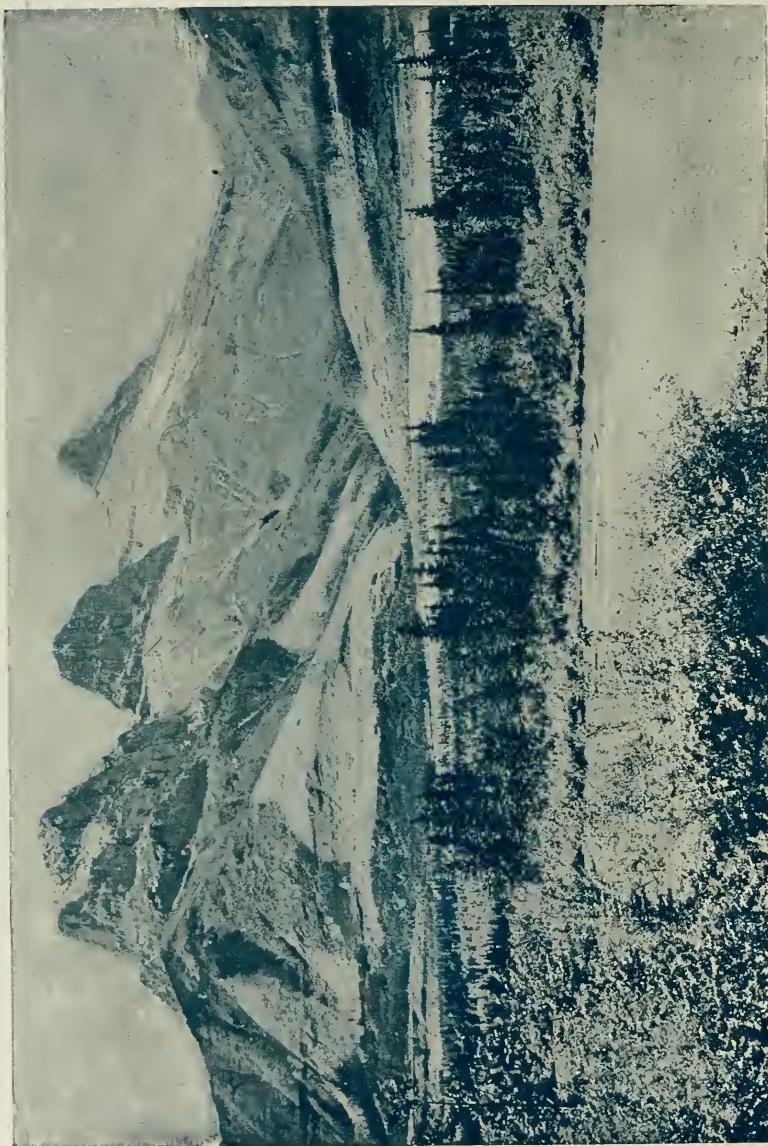
No one is surprised to learn that the C.T.'s, B.D.'s and P.G.'s have demonstrated their prowess in slapping the rubber ball. We congratulate them on winning the inter-year alley championship.



The record of our college team is not the brightest. We have splendid material for the game, but owing to the condition of our alley board during the first month, practice was impossible, consequently in the first set with St. Michael's and the Dents we were thrown down completely. However, in the next round our team, being in better practice, secured second place.



THE THREE SISTERS





# ACTA VICTORIANA

Published Monthly during the College year by the Union Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto.

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No. 4.

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## *The Hills and the Sea*

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

GIVE me the hills and wide water,  
Give me the heights and the sea;  
And take all else; 'tis living  
And heaven enough for me:  
For my fathers of old they were hillsmen,  
My sires were sons of the sea.

Give me the uplands of purple,  
The sweep of the vast world's rim,  
Where the sun dips down, and the dawnings,  
Over the earth's edge swim;  
With the days that are dead, and old memories  
Human and haunting and grim.

Give me where the great surfs landward  
Break on the iron-rimmed shore;  
Where Winter and Spring are eternal,  
And the miles of sea-sand their floor;  
Where Wind and Vastness, forever,  
Walk by the red dawn's door;

Back from this grime of the present,  
This slavery worse than all death;  
Let me stand alone on the highlands,  
Where there's life in the brave wind's breath;  
Where the one wise word, and the strong word,  
Is the word the great hush saith.

### *Some Notes After a First Visit to London*

D. A. HEWITT, '06.

A MONG the many advantages accruing to the colonial may be included the privilege of having a double citizenship—of being as well a Britisher as a Canadian. And the sentiment which holds dear the Old Country, as that from which our fathers came, and from which we draw our traditions of government and education, is one which any man may most justly cherish. Personally—for I shall not strive at formality in this sketch—ever since I sat in the old school-house and neglected my sums to listen to the master teaching English history to senior classes, I have hoped and purposed to see with my eyes what I had so often visited in fancy, the land where Hastings was fought and Magna Charta signed. One very important result of such a visit is the development of a *conscious* patriotism. The Canadian who will observe and think must return from the "Old Land" proud of his race, his country, and his empire.

The circumstances of our work this summer confined my stay to London, and for the present, at least, spoiled the opportunity of travelling in Scotland, Ireland, or the provincial cities of England. Excepting a week-end excursion to Windsor and a trip to Paris at August bank-holiday season, London, bustling and grimy, the metropolis of the world, engrossed our time. Only on Saturday afternoons and Sundays were we free for sight-seeing, but in the three months of our residence in the capital we were able to become more or less familiar with the places of greatest interest to the tourist, and with some which that individual—ordinarily supposed to be ubiquitous—overlooks as a rule in his cursory survey "mid pleasures and palaces."

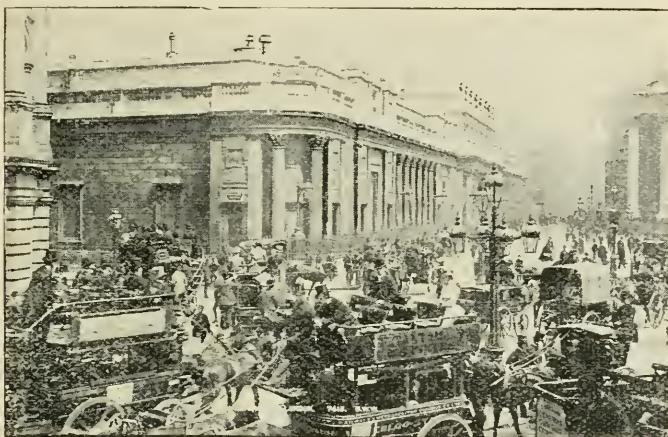
I believe the difficulty of saying anything new about England or London will appear at once when it is remembered that even to the most untravelled Canadian there is no foreign part so familiar from history, and tale, and tradition. How many of its scenes and edifices have become almost commonplaces to us from photographs and verbal description, until we know more of the detail and circumstance of some than men who live beside them. I suppose there are millions of people—and I speak advisedly—in London who have never entered Westminster Abbey. I have in mind two well-educated Englishmen, bred in London, of

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The illustrations used in this article are from "A. U. E. Loyalist in Great Britain," by permission.

whom one has never visited the Tower nor the other the Abbey. There is a fine equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion outside the Houses of Parliament, which, however, bears no inscription. To make sure of its identity, I asked a cabman who was sitting on the pedestal, sunning himself, with several other cabbies. He replied: "Blowed if I knows, gov'nor. 'Oo is the bloke on the 'orse, Bill?"

The greatness of London grows on one. It is an old town and yet new. The first sight of narrow streets in the city proper, impassable with penny busses, suggests conditions rather behind the times, a sort of modern mediaevalism. But it is simply because of the narrow streets in the congested business centre



BANK OF ENGLAND.

that the old-fashioned bus persists (and I may say there are worse modes of conveyance than a London bus drawn by a stout pair.) But go out into the suburbs, where the highways are broader, and you will find the finest electric trams and motor busses in the world. It will not be out of place to here mention the excellent pavements of London. There one must go a long way to find a road-bed so utterly execrable as, for example, that on Bloor Street, between Yonge Street and Avenue Road.

London contains the worst and the best of everything, the richest and the poorest, the most beautiful and the most ugly, with the whole gamut of society, from Buckingham Palace to Whitechapel. Not even the Londoner becomes unconscious of this fact by reason of its familiarity; and we who rarely have looked upon the utterly abject and despicable in human life, and

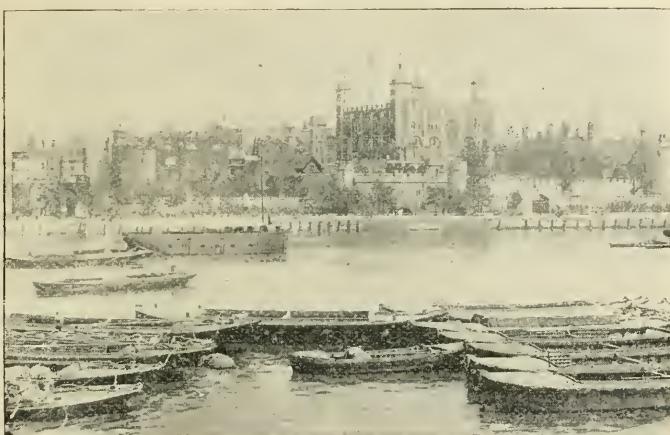
as rarely see the pomp and ceremony that attends nobility and rank, very keenly realize the new social atmosphere into which we have moved. I trust I shall not unduly dwell upon this point if I attempt to illustrate by means of an imaginary journey, first to Regent Street, New Bond Street, or Piccadilly, in the fashionable shopping centre of London, and afterwards to Club Row or Petticoat Lane, in the notorious Whitechapel district.

On Piccadilly, in the season, one can see the handsomest men and women in the world. Silk hat and frock coat is the regular business and street dress, and it certainly carries with it a stylish tone, whatever we may say against its utility. The women are costumed in the acme of London and Paris fashion—"modern to the minute," as the advertisements say. They promenade the sidewalks, or pass in their hansoms, while the onlooker-for-the-first-time, and, indeed, for many times after, rightly admires. If we enter the shops (the English do not speak of "stores") we tread on soft-carpeted floors; the attendants and sales-people are in frocks, if men; if women, always in black gowns; with everywhere an air of luxury and affluence.

But on the street, if we wait and watch, we are almost sure to see some tattered beggar pass along, probably with a placard conspicuous across his breast, "Kind Friends, I Am Blind"—which may or may not be so—pounding the pavement with a heavy stick as he advances—a signal for right of way—while one cramped palm is outstretched for the pennies of the charitably disposed. In many streets, along the curb, stand men and women in various conditions of clothing, some decrepit, some able-bodied, selling odds and ends of all kinds on trays suspended from their shoulders. Cheap mechanical toys—some of them quite ingenious—collar buttons, "the unbreakable comb, a penny," cut flowers, newspapers and penny "horrors," picture post cards, and above all, matches, for the Englishman is an inveterate smoker. It is common, especially at the present stage of the unemployed problem in London, to see a man, accompanied by wife and children, operating a street piano, to which is attached some such notice as this: "Dear Friends, I Am Out of Work, and Have a Wife and Five Children," etc. It is illegal to beg. Even the blind man mentioned above carries a box of matches under the thumb of his extended hand, ostensibly for sale.

Thus the poor have, in a sense, invaded the domain of the rich. But let us choose some fine Sunday morning, and go down Club Row into Whitechapel. It is scarcely necessary to say that this is the poor Jewish quarter of London, where Sunday is made

the bargain day of the week. All the respectable city shops are closed, but here in Whitechapel the English idea of entire religious toleration has till now hesitated to permit the slightest Sabbath restriction. The din of the Sunday market can be heard at some distance. On each side of the street, along the curb, hundreds of hucksters have their carts loaded with wares of the most varied description, and the sidewalks and roads between are crowded for half a mile with shoppers almost as varied as the goods they buy. A catalogue of these would include every sort of wearing apparel, much of it second-hand; house furniture, vegetables, and other articles of food of coarse grade—the culls of the London markets; second-hand horses, bicycles, carts, etc.; patent medicines, tools, toys, and gew-gaws



TOWER OF LONDON

of numberless species. Every Sunday brings a new fakir with a new hoax. Very remarkable (in Whitechapel) is a certain vendor with his suave solicitation, "Do you vont to buy a sponge?"

From this "East End" quarter Dickens drew some of his characters, as in "Oliver Twist," for example, Fagin, Nancy, Bill Sykes, and others. But, though crime and degradation still prevail, the church and the universities have established missions and institutes with very beneficial results. It was Whitechapel, with its poverty and ignorance, that first suggested the university extension idea. Under the auspices of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, Toynbee Hall was erected in the very midst of this slum, and there graduates and under-

graduates live and teach, chiefly at night, the motley classes which assemble for instruction in the various branches of commercial education, and, as well, botany, painting, and other liberal subjects. Many of the preceptors have regular business occupation in the city, returning every evening to the Hall, where they eat in several messes in jolly college fashion; and, after the evening classes, sleep in dormitories specially built for them. I considered it a unique privilege to be able to attend the annual conversazione of Toynbee Hall, at the invitation of an undergraduate of Oxford who lived and taught in this university extension institute for a year.

To return to more general observations, somebody has written that one could eat a meal from the centre of most streets in Paris, so clean are they kept. London, too, is a clean city. The roadways are swept, not by old men as in Toronto—they would be run down by the traffic—but by small, active boys with hand-pans and brushes, who dodge among the vehicles with amazing dexterity. At night the streets are flushed. On the other hand, the old men are the newsboys of London, and some old women; but the women chiefly, both young and old, sell cut flowers.

In comparison with New York, London is a comfortable city. The great American metropolis suffers continuous discomfort from its cramped position. Built upon Manhattan Island, New York has been forced to erect its sky-scrappers as its business interests required larger accommodation. For the last fifty years the main thoroughfares have been perpetually disordered by *débris* from buildings in process either of dismantling or construction. Quite durable and comparatively new edifices are constantly being demolished to make place for higher structures, inasmuch as the ground area is so limited. In London, although building operations are always in progress, the law secures the minimum of inconvenience by prohibiting the dumping of material of any kind in the streets. It is taken on or off wagons by cranes above the building.

Again, turning to a more internal consideration, the Englishman does not work as long or as strenuously as his American cousin. Even the clerks do not arrive at the shops or offices in the morning before nine, the principals at ten to eleven o'clock. The latter leave shortly after tea, which is served in almost all the business places at about four in the afternoon.

In the matter of public comfort, London annually spends enormous sums in parks and gardens. The humid atmosphere of the British Isles greatly favors the growth of vegetation, and in the capital the countless ornamental trees greatly aid in puri-

fying the otherwise noxious air. The parks are the lungs of the city. Particularly on Sunday there are, I presume, hundreds of thousands of all classes driving, or walking, or lounging in these lovely green spots, where Nature has been caught in her flight from the metropolis, and is guarded with zealous care.

I wish to close this aimless sketch by mentioning a feature of residential life in London, one which we should do well to copy in Canada. Not satisfied with public parks, in the better residential districts they have reserved the land and planted gardens



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

within the blocks, accessible from the rear of each house, and private to the residents of the block. Where we had our apartments in London during the past summer, our garden was, I judge, more than half as large as Vic campus, and laid out with fine walks and shrubbery and great elms, with tennis and croquet courts—a most delightful spot.

As a last word, I may say that I have made no attempt to write what is important or even interesting concerning London, but merely the things with which, as a colonial new come to the Old World, I was most impressed.

***"The Parting of the Ways"***

ILPH ECARB.

IT was during the winter of 18—; the night was clear and bright, the stars seemed to snap and dance, which revealed what was already felt by the ears and nose; while the crisp, white snow and exhilarating air lent a vivacity to step and movement. The sputtering arc sent its uncertain but bright light far ahead, and was thrown back by the myriad snow facets like the flashing of legions of diamonds. Old 'Varsity, the pride of the city, stood in dark outline clear and strong, as issuing from its corridors came Gordon Brown and his two chums, Wily Marsh and Allan McIvor, talking exultantly of the recent Rugby victory over Queen's.

Before one of the magnificent homes of Bloor Street are drawn up in rapid succession the prancing steeds, while amid youth, beauty and intellect our trio enter the inviting scene. Into that hospitable and home-like circle we likewise advance, and though tempted to study the various types, we come on a group around Gordon, whose athletic skill has this season brought him unusual honor, from the manner in which he has upheld old 'Varsity as half-back on the Rugby football field. Who can but admire the manly form and clear, intellectual brow; and one at my side tells me, in answer to a question, that the fellow who stands above Gordon in the class lists must do some "tall studying." At a sudden piece of good-natured raillery from little Wily Marsh, Gordon says, smilingly, as he strokes the strongly-built, manly little fellow, his companion on the field and elsewhere: "Boys, we're selfish; let's scatter; Wily's right." Moving hither and thither, amid the contagious flow of good-nature which seemed ubiquitous, they mingle in the joyous groups of beauty. Nothing seems lacking to make the event one of ideal pleasure which will send every mind back to work with redoubled energy. Our friend, led by some unaccountable spell, has been drawn towards a small knot where several of his chums are kept on the *qui vive* by the quick, keen wit of Mona Bliss, who, charming of presence and manner, recognizes his approach with a smile which would thrill even a stronger breast than his. The others make way for the favorite, and on flow the laughter and interchange of brightest thought.

The strains of music of the orchestra from behind that bank of tropic foliage call them to movement, and soon the spell of

unalloyed pleasure is cast over the scene as the couples drift rhythmically through the spacious rooms, and in the isolation of the promenade "two hearts beat as with single thought." What wonder that we noted a look of pride on Gordon's face as he moved out from the other fellows with Mona's responsive hand on his strong arm, a privilege which a dozen there would give much to possess. True, the admiration of the two is not unmixed with a somewhat cynic utterance of an unsuccessful rival. Enveloped in the whirl of pleasure, each is soon commingled with the rest. What fairy-land could vie with this? Lights, music, flowers, harmonious dress and decorations are in evidence everywhere. The animation of wisdom, strength and beauty reveal a thousand charms as the promenade proceeds. The outer world seems "for the time forgot," as everyone yields to the subtly thrilling exhilaration of the hour.

Hours so far have seemed but moments. Now the company have gravitated, as by some marvellous instinct, to a common centre, where tables glisten with decanters of choicest wines, while they groan with every dietetic luxury.

From all parts rang out the merry laughter, as sections composed of kindred spirits fairly bubble over with fun. Suddenly all are conscious of a cloud as they hear from the genial, whole-souled Gordon, who is always known to be ready to please wherever possible, an unexpected, pained, but decided "No, sir!" ready, but evidently backed by painful thought. Why this? Mona for a few moments before was chatting freely with Reddy Strong, a bright, witty undergraduate, scarcely less popular than Gordon. She suddenly turned to Gordon with a dangerously bewitching smile, whilst at the same time Reddy, who had several times urged his rival to drink to the health of their fair companion, looking at Mona, said, in a tone of polite banter, touched with an exquisite sarcasm: "Do you think, Miss Bliss, that Gordon will condescend to please you by joining us?" as he raised his glass to his lips. The evident irony seemed only to increase the fire of determination in Gordon's breast, a fire fed by the memory of loved ones who had gone over that brink at whose edge he now stood. That moment of thought saved him. The picture of the scene came before him, when in covenant with his mother he vowed on those memories, and strengthened him to meet the great enemy, now an "angel of light." As lightly she lifted the glass of sparkling wine, she sweetly rippled in musical voice: "Gordon, just once, with me!"

A pause, only momentary, but in intensity an hour. Will he waver? Little she knew the magazine she so carelessly and dangerously approached, or the results which might follow even so light a spark. Little she knew that generations of habit indulged had piled up a predisposition known to but few, and only checked by a sterling manhood developed by a mother's training and advice, and backed by her prayers. Will he yield and laugh at his rival's plot? Can it be so? Surely friends would weep! No! a change is seen—no longer agony so plainly marked; his face, calm, peaceful, and strong, backs that emphatic "No, sir!" "Very well, Mr. Brown, I will not trouble you any more, since my pleasure is of so little consequence to you." As the sting shot forth, the effect was apparent to the company, for strong as he was, Gordon's pride and tenderness were touched. "You're a coward, Miss Bliss, and so are you, Reddy Strong, for you have helped this on!" blurted out little Wily Marsh, who could never stand meanness whether in the ward or on the campus. Allan McIvor was no less moved, but showed it in no other way than by a firm, drawn, blanched countenance. Little Wily, seeming to realize that he had allowed his manly feelings to overstep the demands of society—which in this instance no one deemed a crime—stumblingly added: "Pardon me! but—really—I—I—mean—it!"

Since that memorable evening when Gordon returned to his room amid a conflict of feeling, but recognizing a stronger manhood, and with a firmer belief in his mother's prayers, he has passed through many trials leading to triumph.

In the passing years he received the news that Reddy Strong and Mona Bliss were married amid great *éclat*, and that fortune had smiled on the happy pair, and in his true heart wished them the very best things of this life.

Later word told of the insidious advance of the demon, never once relaxing his hold, gentle at first, but ever tightening, till home and life became almost unendurable.

A drunkard's widow, with her two lovely children, Mona Strong, with chastened spirit and enriched character, is working for her Master amongst those especially who have suffered or who are suffering as she has suffered. Comparatively young, she determined to spend her energies in "redeeming the time," and wonderful are the results of her efforts.

It would be but the repetition of the old story to detail the long trail of sadnesses which have been made by this one tragedy. We can only feel thankful that it did not extend farther, and wish that others had the marvellous power of the "No!" at the crucial moment.

Often at the close of a busy day, Gordon with a full heart will recall to his devoted wife the great deliverance which God wrought for him on that memorable reception evening.

All who remember the events of that evening rejoice that there was forged one of the strongest links in the chain of sentiment which is increasing at old 'Varsity, and likewise in those homes in which the boys are entertained, a sentiment which withholding that which has been the cause of so much of misery in the past.

To-day Gordon and his wife, Mona, little Wily Marsh, Allan McIvor, and many of the others of that period, are at the forefront of the battle to remove this seemingly all-powerful temptation from those who have to pass over the perilous highway of youth.



MOUNT STEPHEN, FIELD, B.C.

***Weaving***

MISS E. A. M'LEAN, '02.

O, A WONDERFUL weaver this Heart of mine,  
 In colors of crimson and gold,  
 The shuttle flieth right merrily,  
 To the time of a tune that is old.  
 For Memory stands beside the wheel,  
 And sings of days that are past,  
 While this Heart of mine, 'tween smile and sigh,  
 Sees the web grow fast.

The mother's love and the father's care,  
 The home that stood on the hill,  
 The joy of life and the heart of a friend  
 Are threads the shuttle to fill.  
 The sunset glow, the still of the woods,  
 The sound of a sighing breeze,  
 The grace of a flower, a token of love,  
 O Heart, leave out not these.

Now Memory chants of a darker day,  
 When Hope grew weary and faint—  
 My Heart's strength slackened at the wheel,  
 But wove without complaint.  
 The threads were grey and brown and black,  
 To match the singer's words;  
 But soon again the shuttle flies  
 To music like song of birds.

The garment is made, and I wrap me warm  
 In my cloak of varied hue,  
 Fearing no storms or wintry blasts  
 'Gainst colors so warm and true.  
 The threads of warmth and love and light  
 Show brightest next the gloom,  
 So I fear me no more the future days,  
 When I think on Memory's loom.

## *The Gospel of Work*

MISS A. D. SWITZER, '05.

THE unusualness of the expression, "The Gospel of Work," causes us to pause and consider whether it is justified, and if so, on what grounds. What do we mean by the term "gospel"? We find that it comes from two Anglo-Saxon words, "god spell," or, in our language, "good tidings"; and one definition given for it is, "Any system or principle exercising strong influence over one." By "influence" we understand "good influence." Now, on what conditions, and in what respects, can work be said to exercise a strong, good influence over men; or, in other words, how can there be a gospel of work? In this essay we shall try to answer this question.

The most important condition is that the worker shall find his own particular sphere of work. "Blessed is he who has found his work." Carlyle, in these words, has struck the keynote of all true success. To each one of us God has entrusted some special talents, to every one as it hath pleased Him. Be our gifts few or many, important or unimportant, as the world counts them, our first task is to find what kind of work they best fit us individually to perform, that for which we are best adapted by natural temperament and endowments. There are so many tasks to perform, that for each one of us there is some special one, something which we can do better than anyone else possibly can, and it rests with us to find this.

"No man is born into the world, whose work  
Is not born with him ; there is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will."

Many failures in life are rightly attributed to what are suggestively called "the misfits of life." Men in many cases engage in certain occupations which for some reason appeal to them, without pausing to ask themselves whether they are fitted for that particular line of work; and not infrequently they discover that they have failed to find their proper sphere only when it is too late to rectify the mistake. So, hampered in the free exercise of their powers, their lives become dwarfed and fail to attain unto the perfection their Maker had intended. Carlyle writes: "The latest gospel in this world is 'know thy work and do it'; know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a

Hercules." Truly happy, indeed, is he who has discovered this work, this life-purpose! With what confidence and assurance may he go forward, knowing that it is great enough to give his powers full scope, but yet not too great to be entirely beyond his accomplishment. Henry Van Dyke expresses this thought in his sonnet:

"Let me but do my work from day to day  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room ;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
'This is my work,—my blessing, not my doom  
Of all who live I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way.'  
Then shall I see it not too great nor small  
To suit my spirit, and to prove my powers ;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best."

Granted these conclusions, facing one's life-work becomes a serious problem, which should have most careful consideration. Many questions must be asked and faithfully answered if the individual is to make the most of his God-given powers, and if the work is to be to him a gospel.

Another very necessary condition if work is to bring the blessing which it was intended to bring, is that man recognize its dignity; for no man who feels his work beneath him can fully succeed. All true work is sacred. It was shown to be so centuries ago, when the Greatest Workman who ever lived gave us as His creed, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister"; and again, when He said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." The old monks used to say, "*Laborare est orare*," "Labor is worship"; and truly there is in work something divine and noble. Man does not work in isolation, and his chief concern should be to work in harmony with the divine order. In the building up of mankind he has his part. He must remember that in the great plan which God has for the world, the fulfilment of which will mean universal peace and happiness, each individual has been allotted some task. If this great plan is to be successfully carried out, if the world is to be happy, it rests with each to do his share; he owes it to his fellowmen and to

his God. Christ himself realized the absolute necessity of doing His part in the great work of the world when He said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me." He realized that He had some specific duties to perform if the Father's plan was to be perfected. Thus it is a great privilege to be included, under the Master Workman, in this innumerable class of laborers whose one great aim is the perfecting of humanity in all its conditions, and the sense of having a mission to fulfil lends dignity to one's undertakings.

When a man has recognized this dignity, he should throw his whole energy into his work, and do it to the very best of his ability. "All honest service ranks the same with God." It is not so much the nature of the work done that He counts important, as the spirit in which it is done. It is only the consciousness of work well done that can ennable the man. If he undertakes a piece of work in a half-hearted, careless way, with no ambition to do it in the best possible manner, he adds nothing to the strength of his character; on the contrary, he weakens it, for he is degraded by the consciousness of having done less than his best. On the other hand, the realization of having produced something worthy of the effort gives true joy. One of the ancients has given us this piece of philosophy: "We enjoy ourselves only in our work, our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment." There is a triumphant ring in Christ's words toward the end of His life, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do," for He felt that He had put Himself into His work. There is a sense in which man always of necessity puts himself into his work, for his work expresses him more clearly and legibly than any words which he may utter. He cannot conceal himself from his fellows, for in every act he is revealing the character which is the result of the habits of his life. He who is content to send out from his hands some production which to the careless observer appears to be without imperfection, but which, to him who critically examines it, is full of flaws and proofs of indifferent workmanship, truly shows that he has put into this product of his hands a character marked by many flaws, the inevitable result of continued careless habits. Every true worker puts into his work the qualities that are most distinctive in his nature, and every piece of genuine work which comes from his hand is stamped with the personality of his whole being. It is only when one puts into it the very best part of himself, and devotes to it his truest energies, that it can be a real success in any degree.

As a final condition that the work may prove a gospel, it must be done in an unselfish spirit. The best work is not that which is done for the sake of obtaining some prize, or for the sake of self-advancement, but which is really done through love of the work itself and a desire to put into it the best of oneself. This ideal condition will be reached in the time of which Kipling writes in those oft-quoted lines :

“ And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame ;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame ;  
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are.”

Granted, then, that these conditions have been realized, that man has found his sphere of work, and recognizing its dignity, has conscientiously put his whole heart into the fulfilment of it for unselfish ends, let us consider in what respects the expression “the gospel of work” may be claimed to be a justifiable one, in the sense in which we defined it at the beginning.

Work is one of the most important factors in the discipline of the human mind. Its mission is never fully accomplished until the will has attained supreme control of all the mental and bodily faculties and made them its obedient and efficient instruments. Only conscientious work will bring this result, effecting not that cloister piety which is without the self-reliance necessary to face the world, but that control of will-power which enables man, confident of his own power to face new tasks, new temptations, new trials without fear of being overcome. That alone is real freedom which is based upon discipline. License is not liberty, as many imagine; liberty involves self-knowledge and self-mastery.

“ Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,”

and these three can be obtained only by the bending of all one’s energies to some task. Ovid tells us, “There is no excellence without difficulty.” If a thing is worth having it is worth striving for, and in the very fact of the striving there is a valuable training and development.

Work intensifies power. It concentrates one’s scattered energies, checks their diffusion, and directs them along a single line of effort, producing firmness of action instead of indecision. Inward power and a justifiable realization of this power are

matured and harmonized by outward work; and a man's resources are increased by acting in accordance with what he already knows. By acting he learns to act. His capabilities are tested, and the accomplishment of each deed makes the next easier and surer. There is a gradual and steady development, and his abilities are naturally increased.

Not only is work a test of capability and a means of increasing this capability, but it is also a test of theory, and the foundation of true knowledge. Theory alone avails nothing; it is a mere hypothesis of knowledge, and real knowledge comes only by practice, by actually working out those theories which a man has. In this way his judgments and opinions are put to proof, and it is shown how much or how little of his knowledge is possessed of real worth. What a man does, he knows; he learns by experiment and by experience, and this is the knowledge that remains. He may have many fine theories as to how a thing ought to be done, but till he has put those theories to the test, he has not practical knowledge. In this way work enables man to distinguish between the true and the false, an essential requirement for success in any line of activity.

Work is most important in building up the whole character by giving to it a stability and firmness gained in no other way. When humanity goes to its work in the morning it goes to its school; and the benefit derived from the work cannot be estimated in terms of money, but only in the training in character which it unconsciously brings. It is only by facing and overcoming difficulties that man is morally strengthened. In the struggle all his faculties are exercised, and thus gain new power. Character is the man. Work, therefore, by building up and developing the character, takes hold of the whole man and leads him out into the fullest realization of his powers.

This realization of one's powers leads to the truest culture; it means the recognition of one's weakness as well as one's strength, and this recognition leads to sympathy with others who likewise have faults and failings. At the root of the noblest culture must lie the idea that all men are brothers, and in no other way can this be recognized as readily as by uniting in the common toil. He who merely looks upon life as from some eminence sees only confusion and disorder, and does not feel the steady influence of toil in common with his brothers, and the deep unfolding and enriching of the best side of his life, which comes from mingling with others in the world's work.

If we are right in making these claims for such work as we described in the first part of this essay, if it does discipline the mind, teach us to distinguish between the true and the false, help us to build up character and develop in us the truest and best culture, no one will dare deny that it has indeed a powerful influence over us for good, an influence which makes life worth while and lifts us nearer God. Hence it is a gospel we may well lay before men, and it is one which the world is seizing with avidity. And therefore, "there is hope for the future. The world is moving on. The great and common mind of humanity has caught the charm of hallowed labor. There has been an upward spirit evoked, which men will not willingly let die. Young in its love of the beautiful, young in its quenchless thirst after the true, we see that buoyant presence—

"In hand it bears, 'mid snow and ice,  
The banner with the strange device  
Excelsior!"

Brothers, let us speed onward the youth who holds that banner.  
Up, up, brave spirit!

"Climb the steep and starry road  
To the Infinite's abode,"

till, as thou pantest on the crest of thy loftiest achievement, God's glory shall burst upon thy face; and God's voice, blessing thee from His throne in tones of approval and of welcome, shall deliver thy guerdon 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

### ***Frenzied Insurance Proverbs***

- A death in time saves many premiums.
- All is not gold that appears on the tabulated statements.
- Never look an insurance policy graft in the mouth.
- Where ignorance is bliss 'tis wise to be a policy-holder.
- Seest thou a man diligent in the insurance graft, he shall stand before the investigators.
- Wilful waste makes a woeful investigation.



### *The Development of a Forest*

J. HORACE FAULL, PH.D.

A FOREST is something more than a society of trees. It is a complex of societies and trees, herbs, mosses, fungi, and bacteria. But the trees, the giants of the formation, are ever its glory and majesty, and give to it its main distinctive characters. Green, even in old age, they raise their great shafts skyward, carrying their crowns of leaves and branches upwards to bask in the direct light of the sun. Every year witnesses a fresh display of foliage, a new growth of food and water-conducting tissues, and a new set of absorbing rootlets. They renew their youth literally in a way that does not apply to the animal, and practically to none of the rest of the vegetable kingdom.

On their trunks lichens and mosses find an undisputed footing, removed from an unequal conflict and requiring only a resting-place from their host. Sometimes vines climb up their naked boles, and frequently take all but a parasite's advantage, not actually sucking the life streams, but raising themselves above their supports to secure the precious sunlight for themselves. In warm, moist tropical forests, vines, parasites, and epiphytes crowd the mid-air until a way becomes impossible.

Herbs and seedlings occupy the forest floor. They may carpet it with a rich covering, or they may be almost lacking, all depending upon the density of the shade.

And, last of all, fungi and bacteria have their place in this forest formation. A few of them are parasites, and may occasion diseases that are disastrous in their effects, but the majority earn an honest livelihood. The latter serve as scavengers, and in a way as cultivators, for they dispose of the cumbersome waste of the forest, and by their activity renew the richness of the soil. A few even gather food for trees with which they associate. These symbiotec fungi wrap their hyphae about the roots of beeches, oaks, and seedling conifers, and function as

their drawers of water and gatherers of food. Such are useful, even indispensable members of the formation.

Trees, however, are the glory of the forest, indeed, of the plant world. As objects of majesty and beauty they have called forth the songs of poets from Virgil down. So fond was Passienus Crispus, the orator, of a favorite beech, that "he not only delighted to repose beneath its shade, but he frequently poured wine on its roots, and used often to embrace it."

Structurally, a tree is an object of wonder. Its roots reach far out into the soil, the larger breaking up into numerous branches, these into countless rootlets, and each rootlet is clothed with minute hairs, by means of which nutrient solutions are absorbed from the soil. A section of the trunk displays the growth of wood in rings, each ring made up of conducting cells and supporting tissue. Each year a new ring is added, and the entire sap flows through new channels. Antiseptics preserve the unused rings from decay. The bark is thick and impermeable in districts of alternating seasons of wet and drought, of summer and winter, except for respiratory pores that penetrate it here and there. It is a water-tight garment preventing loss of sap by evaporation. The leaves are equally marvellous in structure, whether we consider the strong but light framework on which the lamina is stretched, or the minute openings through which gases may be exchanged and excess of water permitted to escape, or the adaptations for utilizing and regulating the light.

Trees are strong growers. They are not always rapid in early years, but in such cases they are usually tolerant of shade, as with the seedlings of the pine, beech and maple. Soon, because of steady growth, and the ability to hold whatever growth has been acquired without dying back each season, they shoot above their competitors of youth and claim the land for themselves. They also attain a great age, and once having seized the soil other plants have no chance of ousting them. Our maples and oaks are not mature at an age far removed from a hundred years, and at a hundred years the pine is youthful. The Sequoias, the big trees of California, count their age by centuries. Many of them began life at the beginning of the Christian era, and the hoary ones perhaps as many centuries earlier still, putting, as one said, "the pyramids to the blush."

Equally favorable to trees in their struggle for place are the adaptations of their seeds, especially in regard to the dissemination and the preservation of their kind. Most retain their vitality

for many years, though some, like the willows, must germinate within a few days after they reach maturity. The coats of some seeds are so hard that they resist fire itself; indeed, the fire prepares them for germination. By the aid of wind or water or animals the seeds are carried far and wide, and so the species is introduced into new fields of conquest or defeat.

*Indeed so favorably equipped are trees in every respect that under certain conditions of temperature and moisture they are capable of displacing all other kinds of vegetation.* The process of displacement, or, more comprehensively, of the conquest of the land, is constantly in progress at many places and is a matter of observation.

A newly burnt-over tract is quickly covered by a growth of fireweed and brambles. But their occupancy does not long remain undisputed, for, wafted by summer breezes, the winged seeds of poplar find their way to the new scene of struggle, and in a few years the poplar grove has replaced the earlier growth. Another winged seed was carried by autumn winds, and in the favoring shade of the precocious poplar slowly growing pines have been steadily sending up their shoots. At first there is little evidence of struggle, but when the pine has at last overtaken its competitor, it becomes keen though unequal, for pine is king. So the succession always is: herb, shrub, quickly-growing trees, and finally victory to the strong grower tolerant of shade in youth.

On a congealed lava bed, or an island newly born, the first flora consists of an army of bacteria and lichens. Rain and the action of vegetable acids soon prepare a soil in crevices and hollows capable of supporting mosses and wiry grasses. These add the mould of their decaying bodies to the soil, enabling society after society of more exacting plants to dominate the land. But eventually, here and there struggling trees come to eke out a poor living from soil-filled crevices, tenaciously clinging to the face of the rock, and competing with scrubby shrubs for the scanty means of support available. At this stage, however, the conquest is well-nigh assured, for mould is now more quickly added to the more rapidly disintegrating rocks, the depressions fill and the eminences wear down, and ere long the straggling, struggling pioneers are succeeded by the waving plumes of a more prosperous generation.

On an advancing shore all stages in the evolution may be seen at the same time by walking inwards from the water line. The conquest on an exposed sandy shore begins between the high-

water marks of summer and winter storms, for in this zone quickly-growing annual succulents, such as the cakile or sea rocket, find a tolerable and undisputed territory. In southern regions the struggle may begin at the very water's edge, for the mangrove is said to advance even into the sea, pitching "even its young brood into the advance of the battle, to wrestle with the waves and gain a foothold as best it may." Beyond the reach of winter waves, perennials are secure if they can endure the exposure of the situation. This zone may be occupied by grasses with strong rootstocks and resistant leaves, by milkweed, horsetails, even the despised *Rhus Toxicodendron*, or poison ivy, and by that excellent forest pioneer the poplar. Other species besides may venture here, but they must have strong root-stocks or roots that reach far down, and leaves that allow little water to escape. The struggle is not between plant and plant, but between the plant and the soil.

Enriched by the rotting of these plants, the bear berry, rose, grape and red cedar find sufficient substance in the soil to enable them to subsist, and shaded by poplar and cedar the white pine makes a beginning. It is just beyond this belt that white pine reigns supreme, unless, indeed, the oak has secured too firm a grip. If not, there is a pine zone succeeded by an oak. And still further on, in a soil greatly enriched by the accumulations of decaying wood and leaves, is a forest of maples, beeches, birches, ashes, walnuts, hickories, and elms, with perhaps a sprinkling of pines.

But no forest is proof against the tooth of time, and all are subject to change, and even to destruction. Sooner or later the giants are overtaken by disease and decay, and falling in their place, make a large space for a host of aspiring saplings, and their crumbling bodies, reduced by insects, fungi, and bacteria, provide food for many years to come for a new generation. Thus the pine forest may change to one of hardwoods, and the mixed forest may change in kind. Tolerant maples and beeches that have grown in the shade of intolerant oaks, may finally come to occupy the soil when the veterans have fallen, and so with others.

Stronger forces, however, such as fires and land disturbances, have wiped out entire forests, and in the same locality forest has succeeded forest in the long course of time, with an appearance of new forms with the changing ages from the carboniferous period, when giant ferns, lepidodendrons, and horsetails were supreme, to the present, the day of broad-leaved trees. The

rocks and the coal-beds bear the records of these mighty changes.

An analysis of the factors affecting plant life reveals the fact that there are but two that determine the existence of a forest, namely, moisture and temperature. Cold alone forbids a forest in the far North, stunted birches and aspens marking the southern limits of Arctic wastes. It is true palms were at one time dwellers in the far North, but that was in a pahny age, when the North was almost tropical. The glacial age came, and an advancing sheet of ice drove them south, where they have since remained, and have not returned because the north is still ruled by Boreas. On the other hand, lack of moisture alone accounts for the prairies and deserts of central continental areas, the former clad with xerophytic grasses, except along cotton-wood bordered streams, and the latter covered with a scant growth of salt bushes and cacti.

But the climatic factors enumerated not only determine the existence of the forest, but also the general tree types (as well as other floral types) over large areas. Thus in North America (taking our own continent by way of illustration), the forests which naturally cover nearly 45 per cent. of its land surface, fall into about six zones or regions, which overlap, but which in general are characterized by certain types. There is the Hudsonian zone, with its spruces, balsams, and hemlocks; the Canadian, with its coniferous forests of spruces, hemlocks, balsams, cedars, and pines; its hardwood forests of ashes, maples, elms, beeches, and oaks, and its mixed forests of conifers and hardwoods. Strangely enough, a southern flora invades the Lake Erie district of Ontario, where we find the tulip tree, sour gum, pawpaw, chestnut, and magnolia.

South and east of the Canadian zone is the Alleghany region, characterized by oaks, hickories, chestnuts, beeches, locusts, spruces, hemlocks, and pines, and further south still the Carolinian, with its tulip trees, magnolias, sweet and sour gums, paw-paws, Spanish oaks, and long-leaved pines. Along the Gulf of Mexico there is, in addition, a swamp flora of the bald cypress type, and an upland flora of a distinctly tropical type. And, last of all, on the Western coast there are dense forests of sequoias, Western pines, spruces and cedars, and Douglas firs.

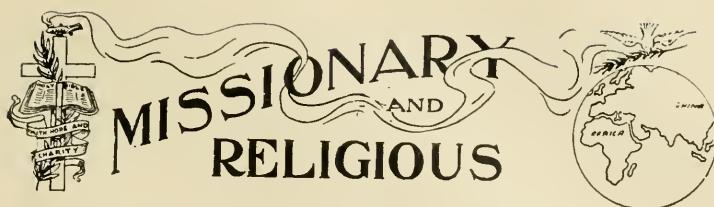
Within each region the arboreal types characteristic of that region are locally grouped together into many different combinations. For example, there are pine forests, and tamarack swamps, and forests of mixed hardwoods. These subordinate groups are to be credited to differences in the chemical and physical properties of the soil.

But there is still another factor that more than any other determines both the existence of the forest in potential forest regions, and its composition. I refer to the agency of man. Within a generation he ruthlessly destroys a virgin forest and converts it into vineyards and grainfields, or leaves the land naked and unsightly, and subject to all the attendant evils of floods and drought. Again, he may re-clothe the denuded soil with an arboreal covering, either by planting trees that are to a certain extent of his own choosing, or by intelligently protecting the land, on which Nature unaided will in time restore a cover. But both are matters of time, for the tree that can be felled in an hour cannot be replaced within half a century.

It is an unhappy truth that man has blindly wasted his forest wealth, either by sending it up in smoke, or by turning it into the pockets of a grasping few. But there is beginning to be an opening of vision, and with it a knowledge of mistakes, and a desire to preserve the splendid heritage that yet remains. A still keener sense will yet awaken, and then no inroads upon our preserves will be permitted under any subterfuge, and our forests will be restored and preserved for the use of our own and succeeding generations.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.



### *The College Student and Missions*

"TO be called by the authorities of our Church to go forth as a missionary, is the greatest honor a student can have conferred upon him," said the Secretary of Education of the Mormon Church, in conversation with the writer a short time ago. "How is he selected and how supported?" we queried a question to which the Mormon Secretary replied at length, giving a description of an all-round man—a Rhodes Scholarship sort of man—with courage, tact, and good judgment, devoted to his Church and her doctrines. "As to his support," he continued, "he receives nothing—the right kind of man finds his own support." "How old are these students?" we asked. "From eighteen to twenty-four. We find that young men can win their way where older men would fail," was the significant reply. It is needless to say that we asked many other questions about the organization and success of this aggressive missionary church, all of which were answered with a pride and an assurance which caused his listener mingled feelings of admiration and dismay. Is it any wonder that the Mormon Church grows rapidly?

The college student holds the balance of power. Taking the Colleges as the fulcrum and the Church as the great lever of society, we find the lever too much like a seesaw in our Colleges to-day. It is hard, if we are to trust the statements and actions of the students, to tell whether the College stands for organized selfishness or organized unselfishness, that is to say, whether it stands for a door through which the student may gain admittance to a profession to secure some advantage over the mass of mankind, or a place where he may gain a relation to society which enables him to consider the poor and help the needy.

A few days spent in visiting our colleges and talking with the students, will reveal that there is a great struggle going on within College walls. Many a student, with a vigorous athletic step and shout is fighting a battle in his heart with the problem of life investment. He thirsts for the life of competition. He knows

he can make a success in the *getting* fight; he fears to join the ranks of the *givers*. Two sides of the seesaw, the College is the fulcrum; on one side is organized unselfishness, on the other organized selfishness; on one side are "getters," on the other side "givers"; one side is "mercenary," the other side "Missionary." The mercenary side once chosen, it is in after life hard to get off it and go around and get on the Missionary side. At College it is only a step. There stands the student just over the fulcrum, which way will he turn? Only a step and his weight is on one side or the other.

In the Missionary enterprise the College student holds the balance of power. He stands at the central point of Church organization. The student is the movable man. All other men are fixed. Especially is this so in the itinerating system where there are few local preachers. The laymen, through force of circumstances or custom, and the ministers on their circuits or stations, because of their many duties seem to be limited in their missionary knowledge and effort. While the ministers and the Epworth League and Sunday School officers are the faithful and aggressive supporters of the Missionary cause, yet they are always so over-worked with local duties that they cannot initiate and carry through wide sweeping movements. The Colleges are the Missionary reservoirs. Into them flow a continuous stream of students. From them flow streams to drive the Missionary machinery of the Church. But much flows over the sluice-gate and runs to waste. If any new machinery is to be added, if any new Missionary movement is to be inaugurated, it is both wise and necessary to draw on Student Missionary power.

The Young People's Forward Movement could never have been launched and carried to a successful issue without the aid of the students. The student has the power to initiate and he is in a position to follow up what he begins. He is good for a life-long battle for what he sees and believes to be the right course of action. He is quick to adapt himself to the needs and opportunities of the hour. The Missionary Campaigners are the Missionary and Evangelistic Bands are significant of a mighty power which is developing in our Colleges. Year after year these workers are influencing the young life of our Church and drawing from our Epworth League and Sunday School an increasingly Missionary class of students who in turn are going forth from the Colleges to the Church to increase the volume and power of Missionary enthusiasm.

At the present time there is a great opportunity for a Forward Movement of such magnitude as will sweep the whole Church into a missionary advance of the dimensions needed to meet the demand of the times. If the theological students of our various colleges who can preach and take care of a church in the summer time—such men as our ministers seek when they need to go for a holiday—would form a union and offer no supply, as far as possible, one good man to each district on condition that the Spring District meeting appoint one of its best missionary advocates to campaign the district in the interests of a Forward Movement for Missions, the opportunity of the hour could be seized. This campaigner should be one of the strongest ministers on the district, and he should prepare to organize the whole church, including Sunday School and Epworth League, on the best plan of systematic missionary study and giving. While visiting the churches he could advocate and arrange for a Summer School, which could be held at the close of the campaign to sum up and emphasize what had been done, and to train leaders to carry on the work. The expenses would be paid by collections and profits on missionary literature sold.

While this may look like a theory, it is a plan which was successfully worked on one district last summer. The district allowed ten dollars a week for the supply, and it was a country district without any particular advantages.

This plan may not appeal to all students, as many would rather do missionary campaign work themselves than supply a church and set a minister free to do the work. But the average theological student does not receive sufficient instruction in missions to thoroughly prepare him for this work. Then, too, the student must return to college in the autumn and necessarily leave the work on the district, while the minister could report at the Fall district meeting and there arrange for the further development of the work.



ALONG THE G.T.R. SYSTEM.

## ***Are You Going to Nashville?***

### WHAT?

The Fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement.

The biggest student gathering in the world. 3,000 students from all over America will attend.

SPEAKERS:—John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Bishop Thoburn, of India, Bishop McDowell, Eugene Stock, of England; Dr. Kail Fries, of Sweden (President of the World's Student Christian Federation), and many others.

### WHEN?

Feb. 28—March 4, 1906.

### WHO?

Every Christian student who wishes information regarding the world problems confronting the church, and inspiration to do his part to meet these.

Every man or woman who has a life to invest.

*Does this include you?*

### WHY?

Because of the spiritual power of the convention.

Because of the education in meeting men from all over the world.

Because of the pleasure in the trip itself. Delegates from Toronto will visit Detroit, Cincinnati, and the *Mammoth Cave, Kentucky*.

### HOW?

Delegates from Victoria College will secure single fare (\$22.15), to Nashville; will travel in the University of Toronto special car; will be billeted while at the convention.

The greater part of delegates expenses will be met by a Nashville fund. It will cost you little, it will pay you big returns.

If you would like to go, tell some member of the committee. If you would like to help send some one hand in your contribution to the committee.

COMMITTEE—Miss K. Cullen, Miss N. Markland, E. W. Wallace, B.A., J. H. Wells, F. W. Langford, B.A., Chairman; E. W. Morgan, B.A., Secretary.

CAN YOU AFFORD NOT TO GO?

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C. E. MARK,  
Editor-in-Chief.

W. E. GALLOWAY,  
Business Manager.

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## Editorial

Again the old earth has launched out on its zigzag course as it "dances about the sun." THE NEW YEAR. And we, the readers of ACTA, are likewise again subject to the ups and downs, to the successes and reverses, to the hopes and fears which this voyage into the unknown has in store for us. But at the same time we recognize that the mysteries of the future must reveal themselves to us largely according to certain fixed and unalterable laws, with many of which we are already acquainted. Accordingly, we make plans and form resolutions for the new year—such resolutions, we trust, as are not thoughtlessly made but to be broken, but carefully framed so as to tend toward the realization of some worthy ideal. Then, for each and all striving in conformity with their plans, with a fixed determination to reach the goal, we wish a very Prosperous and Happy New Year.



It is not often that the hand of death falls so heavily upon our College as during the closing days of the year just gone. Though a fuller account is given in another column, we cannot refrain from mentioning here the intense grief and sorrow which seized upon each heart, and the gloom that settled over the College halls, at the sudden removal at such short intervals of two of our esteemed and beloved fellow-students and two of our revered professors; the former full of brilliant promise, the latter with many years of faithful service to their credit. We miss them, and each of us feels that, while enriched through having known and loved them, his life will be poorer for their absence.

It is under such chastening as this that we come to prize more highly the comradeship of those that remain, and to view more charitably their trivial faults, which at times we are prone unduly to magnify. In our human weakness and blindness we may wish

that our ranks could be kept intact and unbroken, but at the same time let us bow to the superior wisdom of Him who doeth all things well.



We regret that in the Christmas number of  
 A ACTA several errors crept into the printing of  
 CORRECTION. Dr. Kirschmann's article on "The Earth's Place  
 in the Universe." These errors are due to an  
 oversight in transcribing from a corrected proof-sheet. As the  
 mistakes somewhat affect the meaning we gladly make this cor-  
 rection. On page 175 the word "the" should appear before the  
 words "characteristic compounds" in the twenty-fifth line. On  
 the same page the thirty-third line should read: "play *that* role  
 under the condition of pressure," etc. Again, on page 177, in  
 the twenty-second line, the word "where" should have appeared  
 in place of "which"; and further down, in the thirty-fifth line,  
 the words "to me" are in the wrong place, properly belonging  
 after the word "seems," in the preceding line.



VICTORIA ALUMNI ASSOCIATION. Pending the announcement of the result of the investigations and deliberations of the University Commission, the undergraduates and friends of Victoria are doubtless wondering and speculating as to how it will affect us. This remains to be seen; but in the meantime our Senate and Alumni have not been idle. For information respecting their movements, which is printed herewith—including letters and resolutions—we are indebted to the kindness of C. C. James, M.A., Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

After ten years' holiday the Alumni Association has been revived, and has undertaken fresh work with a vigor that promises to accomplish something. In May last a number of graduates resident in Toronto arranged for a fall meeting, and, in order to have work planned, appointed three committees, as follows:—

*Educational*—Rev. James Allen (Convener), Dr. D. J. Goggin, Dr. L. E. Horning, Mr. F. C. Colbeck.

*Legislative*—Mr. E. B. Ryckman (Convener), Mr. Justice Maclaren, Mr. C. W. Kerr, Mr. J. R. L. Starr, and Professor J. C. Robertson.

*Historical*—Mr. C. C. James (Convener), Dr. W. H. Withrow, Mr. R. J. Clarke, Mr. E. W. Grange, and Professor A. E. Lang.

The annual meeting was held at the College on November 18th, and was attended by a large number of graduates.

The following officers were elected for the year 1905-6: President, Rev. James Allen, M.A.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. E. B. Ryckman, B.A., LL.B.; 2nd Vice-President, Dr. T. B. Sinclair, B.A., of Ottawa; Sec.-Treas., Mr. C. C. James, M.A.

The Legislative Committee presented a report which consisted of a draft of resolutions submitted for discussion, with a view to expressing the opinions of the graduates in regard to University reorganization. After lengthy discussion at this meeting, and also at the adjourned meeting held on November 25th, the views of the graduates were embodied in a short series of resolutions which were adopted unanimously, and the Secretary was instructed to lay them before the University Commission.

The Educational Committee reported that two subjects were under consideration, namely, the placing of works of reference on education in the College library, and the preparation of a plan for promoting the delivery of addresses and sermons on education by graduates of the College.

The Historical Committee reported two projects: the completion of an accurate list of all graduates and their addresses, and the collection of personal sketches of all former students of the College. All graduates and students are requested to send notes, clippings, and personal sketches of any old students to the members of the Committee. Anyone having old calendars, pamphlets, or any documents bearing on Victoria along any line of work, are requested to turn them in to the College library.

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*Letter to the University Commission.*

VICTORIA COLLEGE,  
TORONTO, NOVEMBER 27TH, 1905.

To the Members of the Royal Commission appointed to consider and report a scheme for the management and government of the University of Toronto:—

*Gentlemen*,—You have been good enough to issue an invitation to all bodies of graduates interested in your investigation to send to your honorable body their views on matters relating to the subject of your enquiry. In response thereto, the Alumni Association of Victoria University, composed of all the graduates of the said University in all faculties, called a meeting to consider the question. We have held two meetings, which have been largely attended, and have given careful consideration to the question and the relationship which Victoria bears and should bear to the University.

As a result of careful consideration certain resolutions have been adopted, which are herewith enclosed, and submitted to the Commission with the earnest hope that the findings of your Commission may result in the recommendation of a plan that may be of the highest value in advancing the interests of the University of Toronto, of which we feel that we form no unimportant part.

These resolutions have reference to that portion of your problem with which Victoria is directly concerned. The graduates of Victoria desire that these recommendations be taken as a whole. They were passed unanimously.

In laying them before you, perhaps it may not be out of place to refer to a resolution that was unanimously carried by this same Association at a very large meeting held in Cobourg, in May, 1885, when the question of University Federation was carefully considered:

*"Resolved,—That it is the unanimous opinion of the Alumni of this University that we ought not to go into the proposed Federation without all reasonable assurance of our perpetuated existence as an important Arts College."*

Twenty years have passed, and Federation has been tried. The Alumni Association of Victoria is to-day of the unanimous opinion that Victoria should be assured of her existence and recognition as an important Arts College in the University Federation, standing on an equality with all other Arts Colleges.

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Alumni Association of Victoria University.

JAMES ALLEN,  
*President.*

C. C. JAMES,  
*Secretary.*

*Resolutions of the Alumni Association.*

1. The general principles of Federation should be preserved intact and the three Arts Colleges treated in all respects alike.

The provisions of the existing University Act as to the division of subjects between the Arts Colleges and the University should be preserved in principle.

University College should be made entirely separate from the University in administration and endowment, and the State should make adequate provision for its support.

2. The principle of government by commission should be applied to the University, and the administrative powers now exercised by the Government should be handed over to a Board of Governors or Regents. This Board should have control of finances, appointments and general University policy; in regard to the two latter, calling for reports from the Colleges, Faculties,

or Departments concerned, before taking action. All appointments should be probationary for a term of years.

In the matter of representation on the Board the Arts Colleges should be treated precisely alike.

3. The duties of the Senate should be confined to legislating upon the curriculum of studies, examination standards, and such similar academic matters as call for legislative action. Such action should be based upon reports from the Faculties, Departments, or other academic bodies concerned, and be subject to appeal by any such body to the Board of Governors or Regents. For the purpose of preparing such reports the Faculty of Arts in the University and its Colleges should be organized as one body.

4. Discipline should be left in the hands of the various Colleges or Faculties in which individual students are registered. Questions of intercollegiate discipline, as well as University societies and functions could be placed under an intercollegiate Board composed of the President, Vice-President, the three heads of Colleges and the two Deans of Faculties.

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#### *The Recommendation of the Senate.*

The Senate of Victoria College to the University Commission.

*Gentlemen.*—In response to your request for an expression of opinion on the changes proposed in the organization of the Provincial University, we beg to submit the following:

1. That in our judgment it is not in the interest of the University, or of the Colleges, or of the country, that any serious change should be made in the general plan or ideal of the University.

The ideal of a general University Faculty for the teaching of the various branches of Science, and a number of co-ordinate Colleges for the teaching of the Humanities and the administration of discipline, seems to us the best that has hitherto been devised for this country. It resembles in its main features the system which stands approved in England after the experience of many generations, and it is growing in favor with the foremost men in the University life of the United States. In view of the great and ever-increasing number of students, it seems to us of the utmost importance to perfect this organization by strengthening the Colleges from which the influences that make for culture and character must mainly proceed.

2. In order to obtain this end, it would seem necessary to provide for the autonomy of University College, and for its adequate, separate maintenance by the State.

3. As to the constitution of the Board of Trustees, very much depends on the functions to be assigned to that Board. If those functions are to be mainly of a financial character, the Colleges

have not, in our opinion, a strong claim for representation on the Board. But if, as we would recommend, it is to be a Board of Governors, rather than of Trustees in the narrow sense of the word, and if those Governors are to have the direction and control in matters of an academic character, as well as in financial matters, then the counsel and aid of specialists in academic matters should be represented on the Board as well as the counsel and aid of specialists in financial matters. And, inasmuch as the Colleges are vitally interested in the academic management, and some of them have made and are making large contributions to the teaching forces of the University, it seems right that the heads of the Colleges and Deans of Faculties should have a place on the Board. Such a Board of Governors, moreover, would promote a feeling of common interest and solidarity in the University as a whole, whilst the Colleges would yet retain their individuality.

4. As to the Senate, we would suggest that some of the work now done by that body might better be assigned to the various Faculties, and the Senate confine its attentions chiefly to general legislation, the reception of reports from the Faculties, the hearing of appeals, the conferring of degrees, and the awarding of honors.

We see no sufficient reason to change in other respects the functions of the Senate or its constitution.

5. We further recommend the combination of the Faculties of Arts in the University and Colleges for the preparation of courses of study, the preparation of time-tables, the appointment of examiners and conduct of examinations, and the decision of all matters now dealt with by the Senate Committee on Applications and Memorials. For such purposes the Arts Faculties should be empowered to organize as one body and elect their own officers. The action of this united Faculty should be subject to confirmation by the Senate.

6. As to the administration of discipline we recommend that wherever possible it be left to the authorities of the several Colleges in which the students are enrolled. When, however, two or more Colleges are concerned, or the University and one or more of the Colleges, the discipline should be entrusted to a College Caput, consisting of the Chancellor and President of the University, the heads of the Colleges and the Deans of Faculties concerned.

7. The control of students' residences and of College Societies and publications should, in our judgment, be with the authorities of the Colleges to which the students belong.

8. We recommend that the name of the University be not changed, but remain as at present, The University of Toronto.

Victoria College, Queen's Park,  
December 1st, 1905.



# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

## Obituaries

SINCE our last issue of ACTA, the Angel of Death has passed through our midst, and several of those, nearest and dearest to our College, have been taken from us. We who knew and loved them can but feebly express the sympathy which we feel for those who mourn them most.

HIS HONOR JUDGE WILLIAM WATTEN DEAN,  
M.A., LL.D.

A RATHER startling series of losses has lately befallen Victoria.

It is a unique experience to have taken from us in less than a week two undergraduates, one member of the staff, and two well-known ex-students.

At the same hour in which a deputation of professors and fellow-students, with other friends, were gathering in Orangeville round the bier of young Hewitt, the town of Lindsay, by its closed stores, its suspended business, and its well-filled church was paying its last tribute of respect to our honored graduate, Judge Dean. The one at the outset of a career of brilliant promise, the other at the close of a long and useful life, were called from our midst the self-same day.

Judge Dean was born in October, 1830. His father, the Rev. Horace Dean, was one of



HIS HONOR JUDGE WILLIAM  
WATTEN DEAN, M.A., LL.D.

those early Methodist preachers to whose life and work Ontario owes so much. W. W. Dean entered Victoria College in the late forties, and graduated in 1854. While he was a student Dr. MacNab retired from the presidency and Dr. Nelles was appointed in his stead. Dr. Nelles was early attracted by this promising member of his classes, and a friendship sprang up between them which yearly grew deeper and fuller till the Dr.'s death in 1887.

After graduation Mr. Dean began his legal studies in the office of Lewis Wallbridge, at that time one of the leading lawyers of Belleville, and later Chief Justice of Manitoba.

In 1857, he opened a law office in Belleville, with Mr. Dymond as partner, and early acquired a commanding position among the lawyers of his county, and became known throughout the Province as one of its coming men. He early took a very keen interest in Canadian politics, and his voice and pen were actively and forcefully employed in advocacy of the measures of the Liberal party. His platform addresses and his leaders in the *Hastings Chronicle* soon proved that in this lively young lawyer the Liberals of this Province had acquired no mean addition to their ranks. It therefore was no surprise that on the advent to power of Mackenzie and Biske, W. W. Dean was appointed Judge of the Co. of Victoria. So impressed was the Hon. Edward Blake by the ability and character of Judge Dean that he urged him to accept the position of Deputy Minister of Justice for the Dominion.

After repeated solicitation he consented to fill that place tentatively, but finding, as he suspected he would, the life at Ottawa utterly uncongenial, he took up again his judgeship which for thirty-one years he so administered as to win the confidence and respect of all classes with whom he had to deal. In his ready mastery of the details of the cases that came before him, in his grasp of legal and ethical principles and in the impartiality of his decisions, he was viewed as an ornament to our Canadian bench. In Judge Dean the town of Lindsay also found not only a judge devoted to his specific duties, but a citizen ever ready to support and advocate all measures that tended to the true welfare of the community in which he lived.

Of Victoria College he was a warm, true friend throughout his life. Its interests, its growth, its honor were always close to his affections. His love for his Alma Mater was one of the active forces of his life. When practising law in Belleville he spent time, labor, and money in an attempt to discover and de-

velop the mineral wealth that was supposed to exist in the rocky regions north of that city, and he confessed that his principal impelling motive was the hope of gaining an adequate endowment for Victoria.

In the late fifties he became a member of the College Board, acting with such men as Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Enoch Wood, Rev. Anson Green, Rev. Richard Jones, and other stalwart upholders of their church and college, and preserving an unbroken connection with the Board through the remainder of his life. Bright and keen and witty, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and story, the judge was always a most welcome companion and guest. His humor and repartee were as kindly as they were apt and ready. Asked one day about an able, but easy-going lawyer, "Do you really think Mr. A. has been a hard-reading student?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "he sat on a pile of Canadian statutes and took in his law by absorption." No wonder that in college circles that function was viewed as an assured success at which he consented to be present.

When federation was first laid before him he recoiled from the proposal. He revered the men who had founded his college, and to become a federationist appeared disloyalty to them. To fall in with this new departure seemed to chill the hope he had cherished of seeing Victoria the best endowed and most efficient university in Ontario, as it was the oldest. But convinced at last by the reasoning of Dr. Nelles and the logic of events, he accepted and actively supported the federation movement.

Of the Methodist Church he was a loyal son, and gave it willing service on quarterly boards, in district meetings, and general conference. He founded and taught for many years one of the largest Bible classes in the Province. In politics, on the bench, and in his daily life, he was ever the kindly considerate Christian gentleman, and when at one of the crises of his career, the circumstances that faced him were very trying, his frank directness and unbending honesty won the admiration of all who knew him, and proved the genuineness of his religious profession. Dr. Potts was abundantly justified when speaking at the Judge's funeral, he said, "We do not rejoice at this hour in that our departed friend had been the Deputy Minister of Justice, the honored Judge, and the influential citizen, but we do give grateful thanks to his Father and ours that his life was the Christian's life and that his hope in death was the Christian's hope."

A. R. BAIN.

## THE LATE M. MASSON.

M. EUGENE A. MASSON, whom death has recently removed from our midst, was born forty-nine years ago at Lisieux, in the department of Calvados, France. Lisieux is a little town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, the ancient Noviomagus, and lies at the junction of two small rivers, the Orbiquet and the Touques,

and not far from the town of Caen. M. Masson came of a race of teachers, for his father and grandfather before him were professors of languages. His education was received in a Jesuit College, where he remained until his call for military service.

Between the years 1881 and 1887 he was cashier in a large shop in Paris. It was upon the death of his mother that he determined to come to America. He remained for a short time in New York, and attached himself to the Berlitz School of Languages. From this time forward his life was devoted to teaching, and what energy and inspiration he brought to his task his hundreds of old pupils can attest.

He held positions successively in St. John, N.B., Sherbrooke, and Montreal, at which last named place he was principal of the Ingres-Coutellier School.

About 1891 he came to Toronto, still remaining connected with the Ingres-Coutellier School. Since 1892 he has taught French in various schools in Toronto, the Model School, Havergal College, Miss Veals, and was on the staff of the Conservatory of Music, in whose building he for a period held his classes. Up to the time of his death his services were eagerly sought by individuals anxious to acquire proficiency in French, and I think it may safely be said that no more capable or conscientious teacher has ever won the lasting esteem of all who came into contact with him.

Victoria College secured his valued services in 1895.



M. EUGENE A. MASSON.

In 1894 he returned to Paris for a few months, and whilst there he married Miss Dupray, a Parisian lady, who died in Toronto in 1901, leaving one surviving daughter. Another daughter had died a year or two before the mother's death.

In October, 1903, he married Miss de Laplante, of Peterboro, to whose kindness I am indebted for some of the early details of M. Masson's life.

For more than a year before his death, M. Masson had suffered from serious ill-health, but courageously continued his collegiate duties. He lectured in Victoria College on Wednesday, December 6th. On Sunday, December 10th; his brave heart ceased to beat.

PELIHAM EDGAR.

#### DAVID ARTHUR COOKMAN HEWITT.

Magnetawan, Oct. 3, 1881—Toronto, Dec. 10, 1905.

NEVER has Victoria College lost a more prominent undergraduate nor a student of greater promise than "Dave" Hewitt.

He touched closely all the activities of college life, and gloried in being an all-round college man.

He entered Victoria with the class of 1906, with a splendid record behind him. A son of the itinerancy, he was educated at Neaford, Toronto, Bruce Mines, and at the High Schools of Richmond Hill and Owen Sound, from which latter he matriculated in 1902 with high honors, winning a classical scholarship at Victoria. His fondness for literature, his talent with his pen, his marked ability as an orator (which won for him the gold medal for oratory at the Owen Sound C. I.), his leadership among his fellows, his earnest, Christian character which in him had to show itself in Christian work—these were already marked characteristics which college life tended only to develop.

He won the prize in oratory during his first year at college. In his second year he had a prominent part in the Bob. The next year he was Local Editor of *ACTA*, and also secretary of

DAVID A. COOKMAN HEWITT.



tory at the Owen Sound C. I.), his leadership among his fellows, his earnest, Christian character which in him had to show itself in Christian work—these were already marked characteristics which college life tended only to develop.

the Alma Mater Society. In addition to these honors he served on his class executive and other executive bodies of the college. As a senior he might have had many offices, but feeling that in his last year he must devote his time to his studies, he refused all but one, the Presidency of the Lit., a position fairly won by the active part he had always taken in that great arena of student politics. His last appearance in college was in the Speaker's Chair the night before his death.

His characteristics were strongly marked. Intensely enthusiastic, he was wholly given up to the occupation of the moment. Add to this his unbounded ambition, his hopeful spirit, and his genius for persistent work, and there is no wonder that he succeeded as he did. His very strength of character tended to make him often differ in opinion from the majority of his fellows. His individuality was too marked for him to be a universally popular man. But there was about him something winsomely attractive, which bound his friends firmly to him. Better than the indiscriminate praise of all, he had the love of those who knew him best.

Amid his varied gifts may be noted his marked ability as an actor. His character sketch of the English lord at 'o8's Bob will never be forgotten by those who saw it. As a writer he excelled in burlesque, as his Bob and Senior Dinner Songs attest. Pre-eminently, however, he was the orator, and was at his best in public speech, whether it be at a dinner, at the Lit., or the Students' Parliament, or, as was not seldom the case, in the pulpit. For though he did not intend to enter the ministry, he often preached for his father. A brilliant career was prophesied for him should he determine to enter some form of public life.

Above all, his Christian character must be marked. From his conversion as a boy he was active in Epworth League and church work. At college he was an active member of the Y. M. C. A., holding at his death the responsible position of Chairman of the Bible Study Committee. He also assisted at different times in evangelistic and mission work. These varied activities were sustained by a life that was marked by firm faith and a simple trust in God, and a very real communion with the Master whom it was his constant endeavor to serve whole-heartedly and always.

His work here seemed but begun when he laid it down for the greater work which we believe is his now in the other life. May we not say that we are assured that he has found there a larger opportunity for those powers which as instruments for the truest living he was learning to use so well.

E. W. W.

DECEMBER 10, 1905

BY EDWARD WILSON WALLACE, '04

“ Pale death with foot impartial spareth not  
The imperial tower and the peasant's cot.”  
So mused the Roman poet as he saw,  
Bending before the universal law,  
The master of the world at last o'erthrown  
Just as the meanest wretch to fame unknown,  
Confessed no favor fortune can afford,  
Conquered and conqueror own one common lord.

“ Fill high the bowl and crown the eager feast !  
From death we'll snatch one hour of joy at least.”  
He spake. The hour is past, the joy is fled—  
Art glad old Horace thus that moment sped ?  
Or on thy lips hath turned to gall the kiss,  
To bitterness that last mad hour of bliss ?

Two thousand years have passed. To-day the same  
Impartial summons rigorously doth claim  
Him who with years and earth's best blessings crowned  
In honor trod serene to life's fixed bound ;  
Him who 'mid battle's heat his anxious part  
Bore with a gentle and courageous heart ;  
And him who in his manhood's dawning day  
Impatient armed him for the furious fray.  
In tranquil age, where sharp the arrows fall,  
In youth's keen testing—thus they heard the call.

No feast we furnish. In his quiet place  
Each sits apart, a wonder on his face,  
And each upon his soul one task doth lay,  
To order this as 'twere his final day,  
A prize, not wrested from a joyless night,  
But the first hour of the eternal light.



WALTER GRAHAM WRIGHT.

Belwood, Sept. 6, 1881—Toronto, Dec. 5, 1905.

THE death of Graham Wright, which came first in the series of severe afflictions which has befallen our college community, brought forth an expression of extreme sorrow which testified

very markedly to the attractiveness of the character of the deceased, especially when we remember that to most of the students he was known only through an association of a very few weeks.



WALTER GRAHAM WRIGHT.

conferences respectively, where he will be remembered as a preacher of great clearness and power. He returned to College last October, entering the class of 1907, and was rapidly taking a very prominent place in the activities of college life when stricken down with the illness from which he was never to arise.

His two years' absence from college had shown him his work in the world, and added to his already very attractive personality the force of a high and unselfish purpose. Gentle he was and of a remarkably sweet disposition, yet he formed his opinions manfully and conscientiously abided by what he saw to be right, doing it all with great cheerfulness and good nature. Added to this, his clearness of mind, and the energy with which he devoted himself to the task before him, left upon those privileged to be near him an impression of extraordinary power of achievement. His life was full of such beautiful promise that it seemed strange that its earthly course should be ended so soon.

The verses which appear below show his religion under trial, as did also a letter written home just before his operation, saying, "Now, don't worry, I have a Friend that is proving better than ever." But his comrades saw it also when he was in the full glow of health, and his faith then was just as simple, firm

Graham entered college with the class of '05, and was one of its most active men. He was a member of the Senior Dinner Committee, of the Glee Club, was Pianist of the Literary Society, contributed an able article to *ACTA VICTORIANA*, and was elected to *ACTA* Board, on which he did not serve because of his decision in the fall of 1903 to answer the call for men to the ministry. The two following years were spent on the Florence and Walsh circuits of the London and Hamilton confer-

and cheerful as afterward. He seemed here as in so many aspects of his life to have attained what commended itself to the writer, as the golden mean—the sanest and most wholesome position possible. In it all he was so manifestly sincere, so perfectly natural, for his religion had been a part of his very being since early childhood.

“E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth,  
In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth.”

His life had not been long, but it had been earnest, and he had learned what it means to live.

“God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,  
To wrestle, not to reign . . . .  
“So others shall  
Take patience, labor to their heart and hand  
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer.”

A. D. M.



### THIS IS WHERE RELIGION COUNTS

BY “FATHER”

(W. Graham Wright, after an operation, when suffering intense pain, on what proved his deathbed, said to his brother, “This is where religion counts.”)

When the splendid hours of morning  
With increasing beauty shine,  
Stricken down in Life's great battle  
On God's foremost fighting line ;  
When great suffering seemed Death's shadow,  
When ran low Hope's earthly founts,  
Beamed his blue eye, said he, “Brother,  
This is where religion counts !”

If to-day, from God's great college,  
Where Life's problems all are solved,  
Where all powers of soul and service  
Are in perfectness evolved—  
Could he speak, as his aspiring  
Spirit higher, higher mounts,  
He would whisper, “Comrades, brother,  
This is where religion counts !”

Burlington, December 10th, 1905.

REV. AND MRS. G. W. HEWITT AND DAUGHTERS, ORANGEVILLE, desire by means of ACTA to thank the faculty, students and friends of Victoria College for the kindness shown them in their recent bereavement. The expressions of loving sympathy and the high tribute paid to the life and work of their dear son and brother, have been a great source of comfort in their sorrow.

JUST as we go to press, our college has again been thrown into the deepest gloom by the death of one of the most prominent members of our faculty. On Thursday, Jan. 4th, the opening day of the new term, Professor Badgley was taken from us. Shortly before the close of the last term, he was compelled by ill-health to give up lecturing, but it was hoped that after a short rest he would be able to resume his duties in the college.

It is needless to say how keenly this loss will be felt by the whole university, and by the church with which he was connected. In our next issue we will attempt to give some adequate account of his life and work, and of the large part which he played in the development of our Alma Mater.

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### **"Some Undergraduate Poems"**

**S**ELDOM do we feel such a personal interest in any volume as we do in the little book of poems which comes to us from six undergraduates of the University of Toronto. This book is not, as has been imagined by some, supposed to represent the whole university, or any one college, but is the result of the work of a little group of students.

In looking over the various poems we find that while some leave much to be desired, they are on the whole good, and a few show merit of no mean order. Perhaps the greatest faults are a lack of simplicity, and a rather unsuccessful attempt to follow in the footsteps of the Bohemian Poets.

In the limited space at our disposal we will merely touch on a few of the characteristic poems of the various writers.

The frontispiece, "Evening," is perhaps the best which T. L. contributes. It is more finished in style than the majority of the poems in the book, and possesses considerable beauty and melody.

L. O. gives us a larger portion than any of the other writers. His verses in the Scotch dialect, especially "Where I Sae Daft," have a certain charm which only a dialect can give. "Monitor Admonitus" is really a clever piece of work, and has a tang of the student life, the absence of which is a little noticeable in the volume. But on the whole "The Summer Night" is the most valuable of his productions.

While C. E. H. F. has given nothing of any great weight, he has succeeded in adding a light, *naïve* touch to his work. "To a Coquette" is a good example of this:

" Nymph-like and airy,  
Eludest thou me,  
Coyest wee fairy,  
Mon amie chérie. .

" I shall not fret me,  
Cruelest wee she,  
Yet will I get thee,  
Mon amie chérie.

" Ishvara" is perhaps the most striking of the poems of C. A. L. It shows considerable originality, the last two stanzas being especially good.

" The Water Song," by A. F. B. C., is one in more than name. By care in wording and rhythm he almost makes us feel that we are :

" Oh, floating along  
To the water's song."

W. S. W. has given us a glimpse of considerable ability in his "Fragments." Numbers II and IV are worthy of special comment:

" O Death, I know not where thy sable regions are ;  
I only hear thy black kine lowing from afar  
Beyond the hills of home."

" Come and go, bits of snow,  
Fall and melt away ;  
All our life is come and go  
On a winter's day.

All is dark, care and cark,  
On a winter's day ;  
Take the Light to scare the dark  
While you chance to stay."

In this short review we have mentioned some of the best pieces of work, and will leave the criticism of the inferior portions to some one who feels less kindly disposed towards this little volume. We believe that "Some Undergraduate Poems" will be gladly welcomed by the friends of the university, and hope that it will do much towards disproving the popular heresy that college students are lacking in poetic appreciation.



**S**HE was lovely on the tennis courts,  
In the dreamy Indian haze,  
When we played at love and twenty  
Through the lazy Autumn days.  
Oh lovely she the whole year through,  
But never so fair, I think,  
As when in toque and jacket  
She comes upon the rink.

Ah! Then I thank the gay Ice-god,  
And romp with the biting cold;  
True friends are they, and bring to me  
Their blessings manifold;  
For the ice is ringing underfoot,  
And hand in hand we link—  
It's a bloomin' bit of Eden  
When *she* is on the rink.

H. F. W.

Draw your own conclusions.

"HERE'S another Freshette," said Clement, excitedly, as he saw Miss Proctor descending the stairs.

BILL CONNOLLY (telephoning to the hall after hours, was refused).

BILL—"But it's very important. I'm going away on the 2 o'clock train and I must deliver a message."

Maid—"But it's 4 o'clock *now!*" (Collapse of Bill).

EWING, '09—"You're the first girl I've tackled this season" (pause)—"skating's hard work, isn't it?"

IT is commonly reported that the Freshmen are thinking of using their class pins as chest-protectors this winter. We hasten to commend their action.

DR. JOHN BURWASH—"The Class in Freshmen Religious Knowledge will not meet this afternoon."

MISS CULLEN to G. E. Trueman—"Do you know, I have been dreaming about the most fantastic things lately—why, the other night I dreamed about you."

It has been decided that for the sake of simplifying matters, the Freshman class-meetings should be declared in continuous session.

"JAM'S" gloomy forebodings, concerning the spirit of "graft" in college life are proving correct. The influence of the Bob Committee has been too much for the faculty.—Witness the recent "salary grab."

HENDERSON (at the "Lit.")—"I wish to bring to the notice of the Society some of the things that have been doing across the road."

ARMSTRONG—"Are you going to the debate to-night?"

Kilpatrick—"No."

Heman—"How's that?"

Kil.—"I have a previous engagement."

Heman—"You're falling from grace."

Kil.—"No, I'm falling toward 'Grace.' "

JAM—"If we could raise \$20 on th relics, we could surely raise two or three times that much on some livelier subjects."

THERE was a discussion as to the advisability of holding a concert.

Woodsworth—"I believe that a very successful affair might be arranged, if the Freshmen could be prevailed upon to hold an open class-meeting."

E. W. MORGAN—"It is exceedingly difficult to get the boys in when the band is playing, the sun is shining and the ladies are skating."

"A Daniel come to judgment."

It is reported that a certain Freshman, on being asked as to when he intended to return, said that he was thinking of staying over till Monday, but his plans were not manured yet.

BARKER, '08, is a regular caller at a certain house in Parkdale. The father of the young lady was one day heard to remark that he didn't mind Mr. Barker's calling, but he did wish that he wouldn't take the morning paper away with him when he left.

HAVE you heard Cornell Lane's latest "Drummer" joke? Ask him, ladies.

A GROUP of ladies at a country appointment were discussing the choice of a new pastor.

1st Old Lady—"We might get Mr. Buelle."

2nd Old Lady—"Mr. Buelle, who's he?"

1st Old Lady (in stage whisper)—"Sometimes they call him Bull."



***“Looking Over the Border”***

EVENTS that have recently transpired across the line cannot prove other than instructive to the disciples of true sport. Never before has the Rugby season ended amid such a demonstration of popular feeling. Undoubtedly, the cause of this is the large casualty list, which far exceeds that of any previous year. The result of it all has been rather a free interchange of opinion among college magnates, followed by a conference in which the final question under discussion was not that of cancelling, but of revising the game.

This is encouraging to the one who believes that there is value in strenuous sport. The fact that Rugby has passed such a crisis in its history with so few adverse criticisms from leading educators, argues strongly in its favor as possessing intrinsic merit. But while the game itself has stood the test, not so the methods of those who have advanced it. The verdict of weighty opinion is against the rules that now exist. To these are charged many of the dangers attendant on the game. Consequently, the advance movement is toward a more open exhibition of Rugby, with less massed play and better opportunities for making long runs. It is maintained that the risk of injury which attends the close work under present regulations will thereby be greatly minimized. In this respect we already lead our American neighbors, for the O. R. F. U. rules secure that which they are seeking, viz., an open game, with less chance of off-side interference, and their agitation is, incidentally, an argument in favor of adopting the same snap-back rules to govern our own Intercollege and Faculty matches.

Still, in glancing at the American situation, one may be pardoned if he attempts a little moralizing. The action taken to revise the rules must have a beneficial effect, but is not the evil more deeply rooted. The spirit of professionalism has got a firm foothold in our sister institutions, and this, combined with

the apathy of college authorities, has had something to do in permitting the irresponsible rules-committee to get in its work. Pres. Elliot, of Harvard, touches the sore when he objects more to the spirit in which the game is played, than to the regulations governing it. We may be thankful that we have not developed, at least to such an extent, the spirit that actuates the American player. But it is not an entire stranger in our midst. For while professionalism has no part nor lot amongst us, yet the spirit of win-at-any-cost is sometimes present. This should be discouraged, whenever it appears, as detrimental to the best interests of legitimate sport.

Nor would such an elimination take away from us the privilege of competition in our games, or the college spirit which they are sure to arouse. It would even grant us the satisfaction of winning, so long as we do it fairly. But surely all these issues ought to be subordinated to one of greater value, viz., the benefit of the individual player. This is the real purpose of college athletics, and if it be permanently secured, we must heed the warning notes and not allow our sports to be permeated by anything that militates against the spirit of manliness and fair play. Let us pursue our games for the good to be gotten out of them, and not be swayed by the evil that may be introduced into them. If college ideals are worth anything at all, they should not be left behind in the realm of athletics, but here as elsewhere should lead the way to higher and better things.

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#### NOTES

Jack Frost, after his first snap at the rink committee, began a little tantalizing game. They tried to decoy him by every preparation, but the wary fellow awarded their vigilance. Even pails of water poured coaxingly on the half-melted ice failed to bring him to close quarters. But at last, when they hung up their Xmas stockings, he came, and their hearts were glad. Who does not believe in the mysteries of Santa Claus? The rink was ready to receive Christmas merry-makers. Then again he departed to return for the happy New Year. What consideration he showed for Jerry's feelings. And once more he left. But again not for long. This time we hope he will take up his permanent abode with us. We shall try to be very congenial in his company.



Now that the hockey season is upon us we begin to inquire about our chances. One doesn't need to be a clairvoyant to un-

derstand the prevailing sentiment. You can feel the hopeful and buoyant spirit that exists among those enthusiasts over the game. Of course this is partly due to our last year's record. There is no one who witnessed Victoria defeat the Senior School but has visions of a like success this year, and these grow brighter when he considers that we have five of last year's veterans with us. It is true that we shall miss Jane Salter between the posts, and Percy Campbell on right wing, but it is reported that the year '09 has something swift. If they show up like '08 their presence on the ice will be much sought after. They will have to go fast to win a place, however, as there are others who got close last year and will be right up to the mark this season.

But over-confidence will defeat anyone. Victoria cannot rest on her arms if she wins the Jennings Cup. We believe that the suggestion to have two teams is a good one. The gentleman who has kindly consented to be captain of "The Inds," though he, by the way, never got farther than the spectators' bench before, has caught the right spirit, and if any one will but get a double portion of it, we ought to land the trophy.



There is no reason to be ashamed of our stand in Rugby this year. We got closer than ever to the Mulock Cup. But the old saying, "so near and yet so far," is not too inappropriate. Our game in the finals with S. P. S. proved beyond question their superiority. Yet the fact that we climbed up higher than in previous years is encouraging. Much credit is due Lane and Robertson for their efforts in getting men out and in teaching them the game. Their example should inspire us to greater effort next year.



Up to the present nothing has been heard of the Ladies' Hockey Team. But no doubt they will come forth to conquer as of yore. We are assured that enthusiastic supporters will not be lacking whenever they choose to sweep the ice clear of their opponents.



Twenty-three parties early made arrangements with our rink committee for ice accommodation. Surely such an array ought to have some influence with the weather bureau.

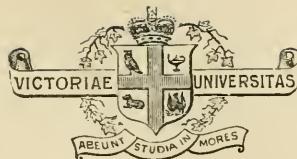


The following men constitute the rink committee: C. D. Henderson, Conv.; F. E. Coombs, Sec.; H. D. Robertson, C. B. Kelly, H. Adams.





CATHEDRAL MOUNTAIN, CONTINENTAL DIVIDE



# ACTA VICTORIANA

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## *Gray Europe to the Golden East*

WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON.

GRAY Europe to the Golden East,—  
The camel-train from Muscovy  
To where each lean and leathery beast  
Rests while the pilgrim riders feast  
Beneath the budding almond-tree.

Siberian snows, the bitter wind  
Down Tartar plains, dead wastes and drear,  
To where the sun doth burn and blind,  
And spiced breaths of the south wind find  
The full-blown flowers through all the year.

Gray Europe to fair Palestine,  
The green hills for the desert's frown,  
For iron spire the gorgeous shrine;  
O, Pilgrim, Christ's own joys are thine,  
From gray to gold, through cross to crown.

## ***Through the Lone Land of the Canadian North***

BY HUGH RICHARDSON, JR.

THE vast area of Canadian territory lying between Edmonton and the Mackenzie River is still, comparatively speaking, a lone land. Save for a few *voyageurs* and traders, fewer missionaries and explorers, it has a very limited population outside of the native Indians who are scattered through its length and breadth, and yet there are evidences of natural resources that are a revelation to one who traverses the region for the first time.

The journey I am about to describe covered approximately four thousand miles, counting the start as from Edmonton to Fort St. John, on the Peace River, thence to Fort Chipewyan on the Upper Peace River, Fort Chipewyan to Fort Fond du Lac and return, northward to Fort Providence via Slave River and Fort McMurray, and on the return journey calling at Athabasca Landing. Nearly six hundred miles was covered in the saddle, fourteen hundred by canoe, eighteen hundred by steamers and one hundred by wagon.

The trip involved journeys through parts of British Columbia and the Districts of Alberta, Athabasca and the great northern unsurveyed territory district of Mackenzie.

A start was made from Edmonton on April 25, with twelve pack and seven saddle horses, with a light load of only 150 lbs. on each horse. Yet some of them objected to even this weight, and tried hard but unsuccessfully to get rid of their encumbrances. Only ten or fifteen miles a day was made for the first few days that we might get into travelling trim. Late one night we reached the little settlement at Ste. Anne, where there is a convent, a Hudson Bay post, a trader's store, and a few settlers. From this point it was new ground to all the party, indeed, no one has been over the trail for three years past. We were warned that some hard work lay ahead of us, and the warning came true. For hours at a stretch we made our way through a low, wet country, with old beaver dams and muskegs without number. It was with difficulty that a dry camping spot was found. A heavily wooded district, however, followed, where the axes had to be freely used in cutting a way through the windfalls. At length the Pembina River was reached. The banks

are very high, and the trail winds down through the spruce timber to the water's edge.

The crossing of the Pembina was an exciting experience. The current was very swift, and the bed full of immense boulders. The horses followed their leader up-stream in single file against the current for a quarter of a mile before a safe landing was found. Later in the day, when Paddle Creek was struck, a raft had to be built, and the ponies had to swim. As the water was very cold the poor brutes had to be forced in, and as the opposite bank was extremely steep, the animals had to be pulled up by ropes. Fortunately there were no drownings among them, as might easily have been the case. But further troubles awaited them and us in worse bogs and muskegs, where not a few became mired. Their packs had to be removed before they could be extricated.

All along this section of our route we came across evidences of the Klondikers, who tried a few years ago to reach the gold fields by this overland course. Old whitened horse bones, parts of sleds and remnants of old coats hanging to trees were among the signs of the dreary way that ended in failure for most of them, and in death for not a few.

At last we had our first glimpse of the Athabasca valley, and a grand picture it made. It is six miles across, and the long sweep down the ravine made a magnificent view. Arriving at the water's edge, a miner's cache was discovered, containing gold pans, quicksilver and other supplies. We washed some of the river sand, and found particles of gold.

Day after day following this part of our journey we were in water part of the time, and the horses were often made to swim. A bridge was built across one bad piece of muskeg. Here we halted for a day, and a general wash-up, which was badly needed. The job was not, however, very satisfactory, as we had nothing but Pears' scented soap for the task, and it was fun to see the lather come out of our clothes later when they got wet. But we soon got used to wetness. At the end of many a day's hard travelling, we were wet to the neck and not infrequently had to go to bed in the same damp condition.

After being on the trail for some days, we came across the first sign of human life. Four tents held a settlement of nomadic Indians, and from them we bought some white fish, which was most acceptable.

On May 20 we reached Sturgeon Lake—a beautiful sheet of water. A mounted police post gives life to the little place. Be-

yond it is the Big Smoky River, which we first saw through a snow storm. Going down the bank was slippery work, the horses often rolling over each other. Logs had to be carried for two hundred yards with which to make a raft.

Leaving Sturgeon Lake behind a change was made from the bush to the prairie. Flowers were abundant, and for the first time the birds were singing. Millions of anemones covered the hills, and the saskatoon bushes were in bloom. Riding through such a country is the keenest pleasure. Spirit River was made



OLD FORT EDMONTON.

From "Making of the Canadian West."

at night after a good day's record of mileage. It was a welcome sight not only to see the houses ahead of us, to have the dogs greet us, but to see lights appear in the windows, and to hear the call of a white man out of the darkness. We had struck McLeod's Ranch, and with it potatoes and black barley bread—both fine luxuries. We made our beds on the cabin floors, and slept the sleep of the tired-out.

On the way to Dunvegan, on the Peace River, a charming district was traversed. Large bands of horses and cattle were

feeding on the prairie grass. For miles around lay the valley of the Peace River, stretching to the north, its banks fringed with heavy timber, while farther north lay the open prairie. It was one of the many inspiring sights we witnessed. Later, we crossed a succession of streams in deep valleys. It was impossible to ride down the steep hillsides, and it was comical to see the horses sit down and slide to the bottom.

On May 30th we crossed from Alberta into British Columbia, and began to climb the foothills. Suddenly the cook shouted: "Look at the mountains ahead." How to describe the sight is beyond me. Looking westward up the valley of the Pine River, the grand old Rockies loomed up in all their grandeur, and yet they were four days' travel from us!

The next day's trail was completely blocked by a storm. Passing into a dense growth of poplars, the trees were so thick that I could see but a few feet ahead. It was here that Inspector Moody, of the Mounted Police, lost a man, and never heard of him again. All during this day we had to wade through water and mud and climb over fallen logs, pulling the horses after us. Tired and hungry we were when Pincher Creek hut came into view, but as there was no feed for the horses we had to resaddle the tired beasts, and cover another three miles. We camped after all in the rain, tired out and starving hungry.

The next morning we were treated to a foot of snow, and the smoke blinded us as it rushed back into our lean-to. Coming to Rock Creek, the bank was a huge land-slide, and many a time we felt the earth slipping beneath us. The whole country hereabouts seemed to be sliding into the water, and it was none too safe where we struck camp for the night. The creek had to be crossed the next day. One horse lost his footing, and was carried down stream for some distance. Once more we camped in the mud.

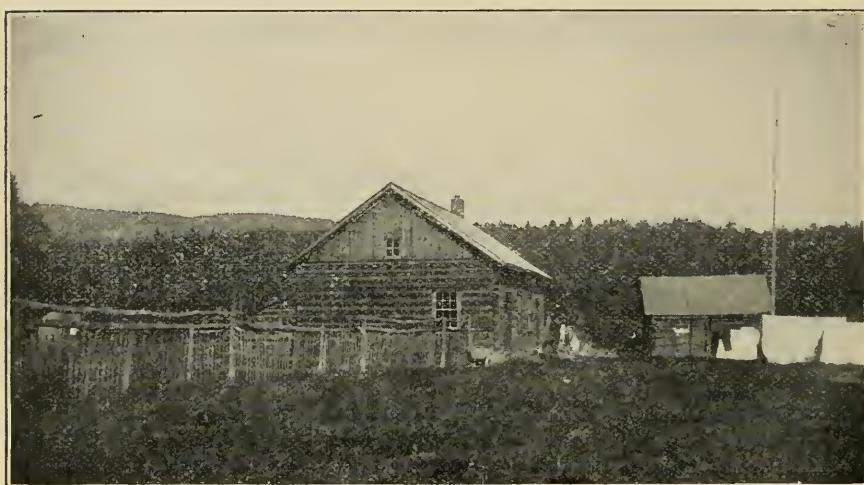
The short ride on Rock Creek was a thrilling one. The ponies were carried a mile down stream. Our raft struck the bank and nearly went to pieces under us. Near nightfall we came across an old Red River half-breed on a hunting trip, and he gave us some of his bacon, of which we were greatly in need.

At last we reached the banks of Pine River, opposite Fort St. John. Shouting to the Indians they looked across at us, and then went away to their tents. More shouting brought a York boat, and we were taken across the swollen river. We were certainly a picturesque outfit by this time—hungry, ragged and not

too clean. Here we were invited to help ourselves in a vegetable garden, which we did with a vengeance.

After a few days rest, a fresh start was made on a Hudson Bay transport to Dunvegan. On our way we sighted deer, bear, beaver and other animals. At Dunvegan the Indians were enjoying horse racing, and fired us a royal salute of welcome, and it was many hours before quiet reigned in the little town of the far north.

Fort Vermilion was in turn visited. Here the Peace River, very choppy, had widened out into a succession of island-studded lakes. At Fort Chipewyan the red men again fired a salute. We were now on Lake Athabaska. Fifteen hundred people were



FORT M'LEOD.

From "History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia."

there at the time, as it is a large trading centre and a Hudson Bay post. An interesting sight was the paying of the treaty money to the Indians, and they made a great racket while it was going on.

At Fond du Lac there was a band of Chipewyan Indians. The reindeer had come down from the Barren Grounds a few months before, and thousands of them were killed. The hide and tongue are the only parts that are taken, the carcass being left for the wolves, and these animals are threatened with complete destruction the same as the buffalo.

On June 25th we were so far north as to be in the land of the midnight sun. Shortly after 3 a.m. we were on our way back to Fort Chipewyan, from which point we sailed into Slave River with its scores of finely wooded islands. At Athabasca Landing another important trading point was visited, as everything that goes north to the Mackenzie River has to be portaged here past seventeen miles of rapids, and ugly rapids they are.

On the fourth of July we went aboard the *Wrigley*, a fine sea-going boat, whose prow headed toward the Arctic Ocean. As there was very little darkness we were able to sail practically all night, entering Great Slave Lake in the morning. Landing at Fort Resolution we were five hundred miles from Edmonton and over a thousand from the United States boundary, giving one some slight idea of the vast area of our great northland. The Mission garden was a surprise. Never have I seen finer vegetables. Huge stacks of furs were stored in the great warehouses, and the trading stores contained stocks worth thousands of dollars. Hundreds of Indians had gathered for their treaty money, and with them came as many dogs as Red men, and what a row they did kick up! There was no night here. From midnight till 2 a.m. a ghostly twilight reigned, and soon after two old Sol came up ready for his day's work.

Our farthest north point of call was at Fort Rae, where the ubiquitous Hudson Bay people are stationed, and a Roman Catholic mission is sustained. From this place we gradually made our circuitous way southward again. At one place we saw petrified trees, at another great deposits of coal.

On September 1st we landed safely at Athabasca Landing, and we were not sorry to be at the end of the long water trip. A few days later we were seated in a comfortable spring rig, arriving at Edmonton on the evening of the 3rd, where the trip was ended. The journey, as a whole, was very pleasant, and could be made in greater comfort another time. The sights that were seen will never be forgotten by any of our party. People do not know what a great country we have nor what is to be found in it. I saw timber, minerals, oil and tar in great quantities, and an abundance of wild game, such as moose, elk, bear and all the fur-bearing animals. Geese, ducks, and every variety of water fowl also abound, as well as partridge and ptarmigan. In a word, this is a large and a resourceful country!

## ***The Man With the Red Nose***

CHARLES F. RAYMOND.

[T was nearing Christmas. I remember it well. We were shooting up near Harriston in Wellington County. The wind was cold and soughed through the branches, whistling one minute and dying in a moan the next. The dogs were after a fox. Reynard had doubled and passed us. I had shot and missed, and he ran on and on, carrying the hounds far from hearing.

My comrades were men; I was a boy. And as the wind tore along, and we waited for the sound of the baying, one man produced a bottle, the other a flask. The man with the flask had cold tea, the man with the bottle had whiskey and a red nose.

"Have a drink, kid," said the man with the red nose; "you're cold."

"This is just as good," said the fellow with the flask; "chop the whiskey; drink this."

He held up the cold tea.

The other fellow held up the whiskey.

The fellow with the whiskey bottle and the red nose was a merry fellow, and I drank from his bottle. It burned my throat, made me gasp, made the tears come, but the heart beat faster, and nature seemed brighter. The wind laughed instead of sighing.

I fancied I heard the dogs again, but the man with the red nose said it was only a partridge drumming.

He pulled out the bottle again and drank. So did I. I knew enough this time to drink slowly.

"You drink well for a kid," he said, and I felt flattered.

I left nature after that drink, left the real for the ideal, and was gloriously happy; left the present and lived in the future. I suddenly became rich, and built a great house; furnished it on the spot, and lived in it. I had a carriage and a coachman, and the people doffed their hats to me. I travelled, visited Europe, and spent my money like a prince. I came home full of wisdom, home to my mansion, my carriage, my coachman, and the bowing public.

My enemies—

"Here's the dogs." The man with the red nose poked me in the ribs. We separated through the bush.

The fox came loping three hundred yards ahead of the hounds, and the man with the red nose shot it.

"Have another drink, kid," he said, as soon as he had caught the dogs. I drank again, and in fifteen minutes a tall maple tree was dancing with a stately elm in its arms, and all nature was holding high carnival. I heard strange sounds, conjured up by the wind, thought strange thoughts—the red nose looked funny, looked like an incandescent—and when I told the owner my thought he replied that he had spent a lot of money decorating it.

I tried for my carriage, tried for my coachman, my mansion, but failed. I was sure I heard voices calling, but the red nose said it was only a farmer shouting to his horses in a field just outside the bush.

I made another effort to recall my coachman: again I failed.

When I awoke I was in a stall in a stable near the hotel.

My God! What a head, what a tongue, what lips! I visited Europe again, with my head hanging down over the fence, in misery, agony and disgust.

I was in hell. I was repaying with double compound interest right here in this old barn-yard. Going to the pump I drank. Water was never as good before. I raised the old and dented tin to heaven and, looking at the moon as she went sailing by, I vowed that I would never drink again. I thought of mother, of father, of their shame if they should see me.

"Have a drink?"

"Sure."

The answer was in the voice of the red nose man whom I saw leaning up against the bar in the distance.

For a year I did not drink again.

Hard luck came. I fought with adversity, I looked back. I thought of the ecstasy of the mansion, of the coachman, of the time when nature sang, and somehow forgot all about the sickness, the pain, the remorse, and the uplifted hand vowing to the moon that I would never drink again.

You know the rest. Here I am down, and the world is keeping me there. Hope? No, I have none. Lend me a dime, will you?

My friend of ten years ago took the dime and disappeared behind the swinging doors on — Street, where cares are forgotten, and where joys are loaned at a horrible rate of interest.

***The Time That Is To Be***

O LD Israel's God, a God of War,  
 Out of the ages came  
 With blood and dust and smoke afar,  
 A war-god still the same,  
 He lays His hand  
 On sea and land,  
 While struggling nations see  
 The night of gloom,  
 The breaking doom,  
 Falling on land and sea.  
 O, lingering dawn,  
 Bring riding on  
 The time that is to be!

See nations rocked by foreign foes,  
 And torn by inner strife,  
 Thro' pangs of death and travail throes,  
 Born into higher life.  
 Thy wars, oh earth,  
 Still bring to birth,  
 The liberties men own ;  
 So tho' through flood  
 Of seas of blood  
 Thou findest the unknown,  
 Still bless the strife  
 That brings thee life,  
 Into its fulness grown.

And yet 'tis known, oh God of War,  
 Thou makest strife to cease ;  
 And men have seen the Bethlehem star  
 And heard heaven's song of peace.  
 Who sent the pain,  
 Send peace again,  
 And bid the nations see  
 'Tis half men fight  
 Towards the right  
 In struggles to be free.  
 When love rules hate,  
 Men arbitrate—  
 O, time that is to be !

## *A Surgeon in the King's Navy\**

W. H. SPENCE, '04.

"WE just knew you'd come this way, Tom; we stole away. We wanted to see you just—just—." But the sentence was not completed, except in the silence, which spoke volumes more than words could utter. Tom was going away—away to far-off Canada—Tom, who had been their playmate, hero, champion—going away where they would never, never—they couldn't bear to think of it. They were three very sad little girls.

The object of their admiration was a long, lean, lanky stripling, of some fifteen summers. He devoted but little attention to either personal appearance or the conventional usages of the time. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" was a saying he unconsciously lived to the letter. Thus far, he had spent his life, like almost every other boy, in endeavoring to assimilate sufficient nutriment to keep pace with his rapid growth, and in finding out myriads of things, many of which he was not supposed to know anything about. From his series of investigations and juvenile experiments he had acquired a love for elementary Latin, cricket, writing poetry, and for Mary Olgey, the second oldest of the little group, who ran off from school to bid him a last good-bye.

On this occasion, Tom lumbered down the sidewalk with an awkward stride and stooped shoulder. He carried, in his right hand, an old-fashioned travelling-box, labelled and ready for transit; his left arm swung protestingly by his side. His kindly, thoughtful face mirrored the remaining reflections of his lonely soul. He was going away—for no reason other than that Fate had decreed it. He rebelled against the coercion; but irresistibly it bore him onward. He was leaving Liverpool perhaps forever. On down the street he tramped, unconscious of the presence of those he met. The salute he received from his little circle of friends awakened him. His step became more elastic; he would appear brave anyway, he thought.

"So you came to see if I would flunk out, didn't you?" said he, forcing a smile. No response; nor did he venture another word. Hurriedly he shook the hand of each. In another moment he was gone.

\* The main features of this sketch are actual biography.

They watched him as he went down the street. He knew they would watch him until he had passed out of sight. This consciousness gave him a firmer step. He passed one corner and then another before turning his head. When he did so he could distinguish in the distance three little forms and three little handkerchiefs waving him adieu. He tried to swallow the great lump that rose in his throat. Soon he reached a more crowded thoroughfare, and was lost from view.

Tom had known but little kindness in many years. Once his life had been happy, but that was long ago, when his father was a well-to-do barrister on — Street, and his home a place of ideal enjoyment. Then came a change. The first cloud arose one day when a maiden aunt came to live with them. A year later another maiden aunt joined the circle. Six months later the mother of these ancient aunts deposited her belongings at the front door. Next morning Tom's father left for parts unknown. Troubles followed each other in close succession until finally, a couple of years later, his mother died and left him in the cold world, at the mercy of circumstances and under the elaborate supervision of three uncongenial relatives. Day after day he listened to them as they tried to impress upon him their express purpose regarding his future welfare. At other times they indulged in, what Holmes would call "a steady flow of mutual undervaluation." He decided to run away, but where could he go? Home became a prison-house. His only comfort was his playmate, Mary Olgey, who praised him to his face, and sympathized, and even said one day that when he got to be a man she would—indirect narrative is insufficient to express the remainder of the sentence. Tom literally swallowed all she ever said or looked, and built many mighty castles in the air. Now were they about to topple down? For days his heart ached for liberty. At last, through the assistance Dr. Barnardo offered, he decided to go to Canada. In a few hours after he left his playmates he embarked for the New World, there to work out the problem of his destiny.

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"Pete, six times seven? Fifty-three. Och! Nonsense! Next? Forty-nine. Next? Twenty-one. Humbug! your ideas are about as clear as mud. Go to your seats and prepare those tables. Alex., you stay in after four. Turn! Forward!"

There is only one place on earth in which the above dialogue could be heard—the Canadian country school-house. And it is here, isolated from friends, and miles from either railway or

post-office, that we next find the subject of the sketch. Five years had elapsed since we saw him last. And such a five years! When he reached Montreal, he was assigned to a farmer in Wellington County. He spent the first year in trying to learn how to wield a pitch-fork. He failed. The farmer pronounced emphatically that "he wasn't worth his salt," and sent him off without even so much as a penny in his pocket. Then he tried the town. He succeeded better there. He did chores in a veterinary's stable morning and evening, and went to school. For three years he toiled on, until he secured a teacher's certificate, and was accepted to fill a vacancy where we have just found him. "Now," thought he, "I will be independent." Little did he dream what was in store for him. The first week passed without anything more serious happening than the loss of his raw-hide, an acute attack of hoarseness, and the barefaced action of moustached, big Bill Saunders, a two-hundred-pounder, who deliberately sat down beside a girl in the back seat, and refused to budge. Bill was in the habit of coming every winter for the purpose of imbibing a little "ritin'" and "spellin'" and of showing the small boy how to be mean.

Tom was never a co-education enthusiast. This affair with Bill gave point to his conviction. However he did not belong to a race who believes in giving in. At first he addressed requests to Bill to migrate, then hinted things, then threatened, and finally, assuming the bellicose attitude, wielded the stove-poker over the miscreant's head. The giant smiled insinuatively and, wrestling the weapon from him, threw it vigorously out through a window, breaking ten panes out of twelve. Tom dismissed school. The trustees dismissed him.

Many a younger man would have been completely nonplussed. Tom was not. After the first shock was over, he gathered himself together and applied to a Teachers' Agency for a position. In three weeks' time he entered an old, log structure in Algoma, and there addressed himself to some seven or eight youngsters. "Plenty of time to think here," he said to himself at recess. He walked to the west window—stumps—stumps—stumps. Then he walked across to the east side—the same uniform and uninviting prospect. Surely he had plenty of time to think, and his thinking did him good. He did his professional duties faithfully, and after hours took long walks with himself through the great forests and amongst the rocks. Very often, in the quiet of an October evening he would wander down to the cliffs overlooking majestic old Huron, only three miles away.

For hours he would let his thoughts carry him where they would. Not infrequently his supreme loneliness bore him back to by-gone days, to playmates and home and loved ones—if he could but see them all again—if he could get on board a steamer at the very foot of the cliff upon which he sat, and go to sleep, and not awaken until he was amid the scenes of his childhood. Then his thoughts turned to the present—if Mary Olgey had but written to him and been true to that mysterious little message she gave him that once, when no one else was there to hear. Invariably would he rise at this juncture, and hastily return to his humble quarters. Many a night he sat and listened to the mournful autumn winds as they wailed about the eaves of the farm-house. No other sound greeted him except the tick-tick of his little clock, and the racing of the rats in the garret. He read much, tried his hand at making verse, and even read a little of his favorite Latin. Yet, ever and anon, the consciousness of his isolation overwhelmed him. Glad he was when his fall term closed on Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> and he was free. “I’ll go down and spend a few weeks with the boys,” he thought, “and then I’ll try what Uncle Sam’s dominions can do for me.” In another day he was en route for Toronto.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

“Humph, I haven’t had a square meal for a month,” said a long, spare-looking fellow, as he half tossed his lunch ticket and twenty cents through the wicket in the restaurant office. With a discontented shrug of the shoulder he passed out into one of the main thoroughfares in Chicago. Upon close examination we can easily recognize the person—our old friend Tom. After spending Christmas with his acquaintances, he headed for the great metropolis of the Middle West and found employment in one of the offices of the Union Stock Yards. Tom was never good in mathematics. Because he couldn’t simply juggle with figures, he found his employment up-hill work. Many an evening he would leave his desk with a racking headache and a fevered brow. A hastily devoured meal at a lunch counter, a short walk in the impure air of the city, and an hour in the Public Reading Rooms completed his day. Every evening found him searching out the new magazines, the perusal of which afforded him his only real pleasure. He encouraged few friendships, awarded none. Consequently he spent most of his time alone. One evening he picked up an English publication and happened upon the account of a great law case, involving a large Scottish Estate. The singular thing was that the counsel

for the defence, located in Aberdeen, bore a name identical with that of his father. Tom started wondering. He wondered so hard and long that he finally decided to write this barrister, and ask him a few questions. There intervened four long weeks of suspense, so long that he gave up all hope. But one morning he found a packet, bearing a foreign stamp, awaiting him at the office. Breathlessly he opened it and read the following:

“Aberdeen, January 28, 19—.

“ My Dear Tom :

“ I am your father. Enclosed find transportation. Come.”

Tom received the joyful communication on Wednesday morning. He left for New York and home on Saturday night. In two weeks he was in his father's palatial residence, overlooking the sea. We need not dwell upon the meeting, upon the hours which father and son spent together. Little by little Tom learned his father's history—how he had left Liverpool and practised law in Cape Town, how he had learned of the breaking up of his home, the death of his wife, and the disappearance of his son—how he had returned to the scene of happier days, and finally married and settled in Aberdeen, where he soon became favorably known and enjoyed much professional distinction. It was soon arranged that Tom should enter the university. He did so at once, working his way from the preparatory school, up through the heavy course in the Faculty of Medicine, until at the end of six years he carried off the highest award, and entered the King's service as surgeon on board the man-of-war —.

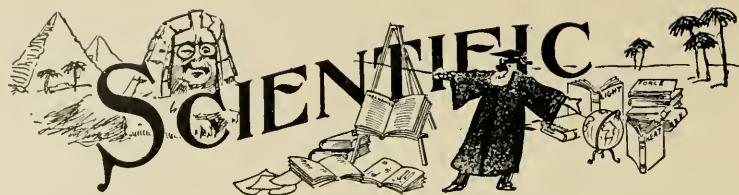
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“ No, I never forgot you, Tom, never for a moment. We moved away and I lost you; I didn't forget.”

“ And I have found you.”

It was in far-off Australia, and the soft radiance of the moon lighted up two faces already beaming.





## *An East African Shore*

A. P. COLEMAN.

TO the west, across the intense blue of the Indian Ocean, we could see the dim, green shore with a shifting rim of white where the long rollers dashed in surf. The sun was hot, for the equator was only four degrees to the north, but the fresh south-east trade wind fanned us comfortably as we approached Mombasa and saw its spick and span light-house, and a few brightly-colored houses with red roofs rise out of the dark green of tropical foliage. Close to a long coral reef, where the shoaling sea varies from blue to green, and dashes itself into creamy white, we turned our back on Mombasa, and swung into a narrow channel with groves of cocoa palms on one side and grotesque baobabs on the other. The roar of the surf on the barrier reef grow distant as the big ship moved gently up the channel, in water still as a mill pond, toward Kilindini, the deep water port of British East Africa. Soon we were out of sight and sound of the ocean in the heart of a green and mysterious forest. There was no city to be seen, only a few huts and houses half hidden among the trees, and an ugly store-house of corrugated iron, where the engines stopped and the anchor rattled down. We were hours ahead of time, and there was no sign of life on the shore to meet us.

The only craft in sight was a dug-out canoe, so narrow that the crew of two spindle-legged Malays could scarcely move about, each at his own end, and so cranky that a log outrigger at each side kept her right side up. As the canoe drifted past our stern, we could look down on the brown legs and back of the fishermen, and count their catch of little flat fish, like our sun fish, but silvery.

Soon there was a stir on shore, and figures in white under pith helmets, gave orders to figures, also in white, but with bare black heads and legs, to row out to us. For a "tickey" (three-pence)

we were rowed ashore, and landed in Central Africa. A road leads a mile and a half across the island to Mombasa city, but I found the strip of sandy shore, bare at low tide, quite irresistible, and wandered over it towards a mangrove thicket.

The smooth sand was alive with soldier crabs, each with a fierce red claw bigger than himself held out in front. As I went on they scuttled into innumerable holes in the sand and then valorously came out again when I had passed by. The only way to see them close at hand was to stand still for a time.

There were the mangroves which I had always longed to see, thick leaved bushes ten or twelve feet high, straddling over the water on a framework of roots, and dropping their seeds seaward, so that an advanced guard of young bushes pushed out into the shallow water. Soon a promontory of ragged coral rock cut off the beach, and forced me to scramble up through a tangle of climbing plants to the bank above, where an inviting path led through a plantation of bananas and cocoa palms to a low, veranda-fronted house.

Having no desire to call I sauntered in the other direction through beds of gay flowering bushes, when a more circumstantial house with verandas on two stories stood in the way, and brown women, clad in white, retreated into mysterious open doors. With a sense of being looked on as a tramp, or at least a trespasser, I circumnavigated the house, and at last found a road, apparently leading out toward more open ground through an avenue of palms. Jolly little weaver birds were dodging in and out of an unknown flowering tree close by, at work on a half-finished nest of grass stalks. The cock bird was splendidly arrayed in bright orange shading tailwards into delicate green, while the hen was clad all in green.

Soon the road widened and seemed to become public, but quite unfenced except by the tangle of jungle bushes and bamboos; and instead of palms with their light shadow, huge, dense mango trees cut off the hot sunshine with a welcome gloom. The road was clean and hard, made of crushed coral, and little paths led off here and there toward low huts with wattled walls and overhanging roofs of palm leaves. One such path, through ragged leaved bananas and a little patch of pine apples, tempted me aside to make a photograph, which was a failure, owing to the shadows of a mango tree. Two little brown, black children, clothed only in innocence, howled and vanished toward the house, where the portly black owner, and some chocolate-colored ladies sat in the shade, the latter, evidently disturbed by my

coming, though surely they had not often met the camera fiend. I said "Good morning" to the head of the house; who replied, I have no doubt courteously, and then I retreated to the road again.

Here a crow in full evening dress of black with natty white waistcoat and collar hopped close beside me, complaining in a hoarse voice at my intrusion, and looking up at me cynically; so once more I moved on, feeling that the native inhabitants did not wholly approve of strangers.

Presently the road turned shorewards, away from the cultivated patches through tangled jungle dominated by gigantic baobab trees with trunks swollen like monster hogsheads, and spindle-shaped fruits three feet long apparently hung from the branches by long bits of cord. Here the trade wind tempered the steamy heat in which I had been perspiring, and my saunter became more brisk, so that I passed two black women with loads on their heads, chattering gaily on their way to town.

A crumbling old embrasured tower on the shore cliff attracted me with its suggestion of the former days of Portuguese and pirates, and while I loitered three men in white with bare heads and silent bare feet passed along the road, and presently disappeared into the narrow strip of jungle between the road and the shore. That looked mysterious and attractive, so I followed, nearly breaking my neck in a narrow fissure which opened the cliff of coral, before jumping down upon a sunny beach with pools of clear water left by the tide.

It was a perfectly enchanted bit of shore, carved by the waves into monuments and caves, and cup shaped hollows in the coral, while the sand and fine gravel was crowded with lovely shells of a hundred shapes and bright colors. Many of the coiled shells crawled around briskly on the back of the hermit crab who inhabited them. Picking one up the crab retreats to inner apartments and only his biggest claw can be seen barring the door. Incautiously gathering some of these inhabited shells with the others which were crammed into my collecting sack and my pockets, the inmates lay low till night in my cabin, when they crawled out of the basket and climbed everywhere, clashing down to the floor now and then, to the disgust of my room-mate.

The pools of crystal clear water looked attractively cool, but were really almost too hot to put one's hands in when fishing for shells and frightening the brown crabs and little fishes. The sea-weeds were not striking and seemed less thrifty than on our Pacific Coast near Victoria.

The men who had gone ahead across the tidal flat joined others who had just landed from a canoe, and I went over to look at them, and take a photograph. They showed me the same silvery little fish I had seen in the morning, and demanded backshish, which it did not seem to me they had earned.

Half a mile's walk brought the beach to an end, where low, bold cliffs dipped into the sea, forcing me to climb up at even a worse place than where I had come down. On top of the cliff I disturbed a handsome sea otter, which splashed into the sea and disappeared.

A short walk along the shore road, past the lighthouse, brought me to the bustle of Mombasa, a thoroughly Oriental city; and at dusk a tram-car, propelled alternately by two black boys, brought me back to Kilindini and dinner on board the *Durham Castle*.

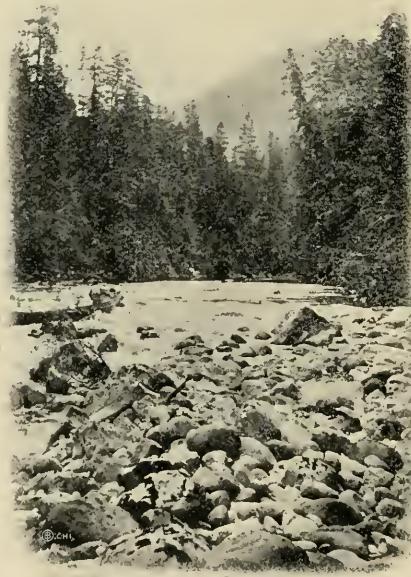
Next morning many of us breakfasted at sunrise, and were ferried over to the landing stage, specially to see the tree climbing fish, which I had not thought of looking for the day before. Two black imps of boys constituted themselves guides for Professor Cole and myself along the perfectly obvious paths through the mangroves; and there for sure were the fish roosting comfortably on sloping mangrove roots or branches a foot or two out of water, little fellows two or three inches long, and bigger ones up to six or eight inches. Square headed creatures with front fins like hands. The slightest disturbance sent them into the water like a flash; but with perfect quietness they slowly crawled out again, and sat chummily on the branches with certain big brown crabs.

When we had amused ourselves long enough with the fish, our guides, now increased to five, variously clothed with once white or colored garments, or with what now appeared to be shoe-strings, lined up and led us to a rude set of steps leading to the path I had followed the previous day. We wanted to get rid of them, and backshish was clearly in order, but we had only four pennies for five boys, and even Cole's Irish pursuasiveness could not satisfactorily arrange the division. We left them debating this serious matter, and hurried down among the palms.

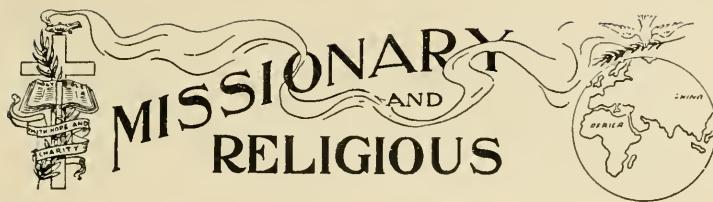
It was still fresh morning, and not much was stirring as we passed the great house; but in the avenue toward the landing a jolly-looking darkey, clad only in a breach-clout, put down a large earthen pot he was carrying, at the foot of a palm tree, touched his crinkly forelock and proceeded to climb the tree. Aloft he emptied a cocoanut shell, which had been fastened at

the cut end of a leaf stalk to collect the sap, into a calabash slung round his waist, and coming down again poured the liquid into the large pot, smiled widely on us and passed on to the next tree. While he was aloft we observed that the liquor was clear and slightly foamy. It is said to taste like ginger beer, and to be seductively intoxicating. It is also said that the sap, like that of the maple, may be evaporated down to sugar.

We had but one day left to see the bazaars and quaint streets, and old fortifications of Mombasa, as well as to journey some miles inland by the Uganda railway, to get a glimpse of the interior, so that further rambles along this entrancing shore with its swarming life, its resounding surf and its balmy trade wind under the hot sun had to be given up; but the name Kilindini will always recall to me the charm and the wonder of far away tropic shores.



A VIEW IN INTERIOR OF VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.



## *Evangelization of Japan Imperative*

ARTHUR OZAWA.

THE following article is based upon the conviction and the principle that there is a God who rules the universe, that the universe is moving towards some definite end, and that God has revealed himself through Jesus Christ, and that Christ and His kingdom are to be the end of the creation.

The great historic war between Russia and Japan is now ended. The principle for which Japan fought is practically, if not actually, realized. The Japanese are beginning to concentrate their attention, after twenty months' continuous struggle, anxiety and strain, upon the national and international affairs of the country. There are questions of further military and naval expansion, of economical adjustment, of policy of government, of restoration of commercial and industrial activity, and of transportation. Again, there are questions of international character, more particularly with regard to Korea, China, Russia and England. Of the former three the questions are more or less concerned with the actual settlement of the Portsmouth peace terms, and of the latter it is a question of friendship and responsibility in consequence of the re-stipulated and re-strengthened Anglo-Japanese alliance of which we are specially proud. It is evident that Japan needs to-day a wise, a prophetic and a God-fearing statesmanship. For should the nation be misgoverned, the fruit of her victory vanishes. Should the nation fail to see her great mission and responsibility to her immediate neighbors she may not have the opportunity again. Should the nation ignore the great truth of the providential government of the universe and its destiny she shall be forever left alone. How important and critical it seems!

It is the deep conviction of careful observers that Japan must be evangelized, and evangelized soon; primarily for her own sake, also for the sake of other Oriental nations. This convic-

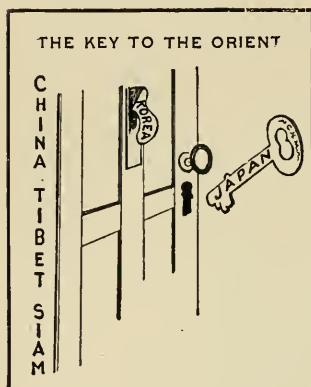
tion is strengthened by the fact that there is a growing tendency among the Japanese, especially since the conclusion of the war, to overvalue the teaching of Bushido and disregard the essentiality of a real religion for the highest development of national and individual life and character.

In the first place, Japan must be evangelized for its own sake. It is true that Japan has made rapid progress in modern civilization since the opening of the country in 1884 to foreign intercourse and influence of Western ideas and institutions. The Government was reconstructed from medieval feudalism into modern constitutional monarchism, wherein the freedom and liberty of human conscience are clearly recognized. She has exchanged her old swords and junks for rifles and battleships; instituted a modern educational system, embracing kindergarten and university training. She has

an excellent system of postal service and police force. She has built railroads, dockyards, factories; modern electric science is studied and applied freely; she has organized the Red Cross Society, established hospitals, adopted gold standard, promulgated civil, commercial and criminal codes. If civilization imply nothing more than systems, forms and methods, Japan may be well said to be civilized. But if, on the other hand,

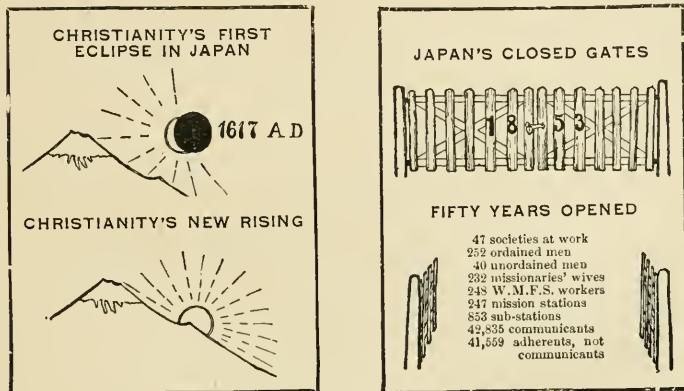
the true essence of civilization consist in noble character, sweet homes, social purity and religious simplicity, then Japan certainly cannot stand on equal footing with advanced Western nations in civilization. When we turn the eyes of our investigation to the condition of social morality and religious belief of the people the optimism of the first became sadly tinged with the pessimism of the latter.

Licensed public prostitution is the iniquity and open shame of Japan. "There is no country," said Mr. Mott, "where the vice is made more attractive, more accessible, more cheap, attended with least risk, and therefore more deadly; so it is not to be wondered at that so many young men in that land are going like sheep to the slaughter." His word is not at all too strong. The general tone of her social morality is low when compared with other Christian nations. Woman's position is still inferior.



Frequent divorces, multitudes of unwholesome literature. Atheism, agnosticism and materialism and worse forms of religious indifference hold sway among the educated and influential classes of our people. The uneducated and lower classes are ruled by religious fanaticism, superstition and gross ignorance.

Japanese are often charged with instability and untruthfulness. It is said that they are great in small things and small in great things. All this may have some measure of truth in it. Of course there are a few stars here and there which are equal, if not excel in its brilliancy even those best of Christian homes and lives. Indeed, we have imported a great skeleton and political machine of the West, but we have not yet its full life and oil, or, to use Dr. Griffis' phrase, "First of all, beyond locomotives, steamships or gunpowder, the Japanese need God and a



real religion." A nation cannot live without God; a real religion is absolutely essential for the highest development of national life, as well as noblest attainment of individual life and character. Atheism is philosophical and ethical suicide; it is obsolete. As Dr. Bowne says, "Life is more than logic." The study of comparative religion and comparative ethics teaches us that Christianity is the best religion, and Christian ethics the best ethics. Japan needs Christianity; and that Christianity alone is able to save Japan from its errors is evident. "And in no other is there salvation, for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men wherein we must be saved." This is not a dogmatic statement, and even if it were, what can a man say against the overwhelming evidence of the historical demonstration of its truth and reality. "Where have you," said

Daniel Webster, "the life-giving waters of civilization, ever springing up, save in the track of the Christian ministry?"

In the second place, Japan must be evangelized for the sake of other Oriental nations. The battlefield of the 19th century was in America and on the Atlantic, and of the 20th it is evidently in Asia and on the Pacific. Geographically, Japan's strategic position in future commerce and in warfare, for both offensive and defensive purposes, is unequalled. The mighty transition, the process of dissimilation, assimilation and integration, disintegration of two types of civilization, occidental and oriental, which is now in progress in Japan, must be also taken into careful consideration in connection with estimation of Japan's influence for future Asia.

Japan's paramount influence upon Korea, in moulding her national life and character, is a well-known fact, and better convinced by silence than argument.

Passing over to China. There are more than four thousand young Chinese students attending the Japanese universities and colleges; studying the languages, science, literature, engineering, law and militarism. Its influence and possibility who can judge? And, again, there are several hundred Japanese instructors, professors and teachers in the Chinese universities and colleges and military schools. And, again, we must take into consideration the commercial and political relationship of the two nations. Dr. Zailer told us the other day: "One of the officials of the China Inland Mission, on his way back from his visit to their mission work in China, came to Japan and donated several thousand dollars to the Japan missions, with the word that this is the best investment for Chinese mission work." There can be no doubt that Japan is the key to the East, Japan's influence in Korea, China and other Asiatic nations may be commercial, military, educational or political, or all these combined, but these are only influence nevertheless, and not her mission. Our question is how to utilize this influence in discharging her mission. The true mission of Japan, which we believe she has, and unhesitatingly state, is to import true civilization to them, the essence of which civilization is founded on the Christian Gospel truth. But how can she import it to others when she has it not herself? Considering these facts we are convinced of the imperative and urgent necessity of the speedy evangelization of Japan.

Victoria College, Fe'y. 9, 1906.

## *The Call to the Christian Ministry*

REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.

METHODISM has not over-emphasized the supreme importance of a Divine call to the Christian ministry. To recede from the strongly-taken position of our Church in this particular would be to invite deterioration in the moral quality of the pastorate, and to fasten an unspeakable injury upon the people whom our ministers are set apart to serve. May the day never come when we shall be content to regard the work of the ministry as a profession, a mere alternative choice amongst other choices open to the youth of the land.

It is, however, sadly possible to teach this essential truth in a misleading and hurtful manner. This is done when we pre-determine the exact manner and nature of the call. The Spirit has always spoken to men through divers voices and in divers ways. We recognize varieties of Christian experience, and decline to insist upon any one form as the normal type after which all others must be fashioned. So the call to the work of the Christian pastorate may not come to any two men in precisely the same way. It is not given to every one to be called after the manner of the Pauline vision, even as it is not the fortune of every believer to enter into the Christian's birthright through the door-way of the Pauline experience of salvation. It is unsafe to fasten upon anyone recorded or known experience as typical. "The wind bloweth where it listeth."

But there must be some notes, or signs, of a Divine call without which one may well decline to take upon himself the duties and responsibilities of the ministry. This article is not an attempt to find the irreducible minimum, but to suggest certain evidences, which, when co-ordinated in any one life, may well be accepted as the expression of the mind of the Holy Spirit in regard to a matter so vital.

i. He who enters the ranks of the Christian ministry should surely be able to plead the call of opportunity as a justification for the choice of his life work. By this something more specific and personal is meant than the invitation, universal to all Christians, to work in the world's great harvest field. The needs of humanity may appeal very strongly to the heart of a man whom the Holy Spirit has not set apart for the Christian

pastorate. It is when the general invitation to labor for the Kingdom of Christ becomes personal and specific that the call of opportunity demands serious consideration.

To illustrate. A young man listens to a fervid appeal on behalf of Christian missions. His heart is deeply moved and he asks himself, "What may I do to win men to the blessed Saviour?" If he is approached at such a time by a judicious pastor, who presses home the question, "Should not you devote yourself to the work of the Christian ministry?" he may well raise the question, "Is this the mind of the Spirit coming to expression through His servant?" The same suggestion may be made directly to the conscience without the intrusion of a human voice, in which case the young man may wisely seek for counsel and advice, and if the inward impression is sustained by the opinion of the Church expressing itself through the judgment of one of her teachers, it is unsafe to treat the opportunity indifferently. So far as the Church is true to herself she is the Body of Christ, and the organ through whom the Holy Spirit manifests His will to man. If one be set apart by the Spirit for specific work, such as the Christian ministry offers, the Church will probably become aware of the fact. And so when opportunity presents itself through the suggestion of the Church, though the call of opportunity may not be regarded as final, it should be regarded with great seriousness and with somewhat of a prejudice in its favor as the voice of God.

2. Where the mind of any young man is duly surrendered to the Spirit of Christ, if the opportunity to enter the ranks of the pastorate be the expression of the Divine will, the call of opportunity will be followed by a sense of obligation. As soon as the consciousness of privilege deepens into a sense of duty, but one thing is wanted to complete the inward assurance that the will of God will be met by the choice of the pastoral life.

3. The call of opportunity and of obligation should be enforced by a conviction of the possession of the necessary qualifications for the ministerial office. Unless these exist it must be concluded that the mind of the Spirit has been misinterpreted. These qualifications are wisely characterized by our Church as gifts and graces. When the call of the Spirit is heard these gifts and graces may be of the most elementary character, implicit and latent rather than explicit and patent. But it is no compliment to Divine wisdom to imagine that any man should be summoned to the work of the Christian ministry in whom these gifts and graces do not appear. Who is to judge of their

presence? The man himself should be conscious, to some extent at least, that he possesses them. But a Church, loyal to her Head, will not fail to detect them. Hence private judgment must, as a rule, submit to the judgment of the Body of Christ as represented, let us say, in the church court before which the candidate for the ministry appears. A modest, self-distrustful man may doubt his qualifications for the great work to which he is invited, even when the church declares that he has them; but in the overwhelming majority of cases, nothing but self-conceit will seek to set aside an unfavorable verdict.

This much, therefore, seems to be implied in the call to the ministry: An open door of opportunity, which the beckoning finger of the Church, through some properly qualified representative, invites us to enter. Where this opportunity is of Divine appointment a sense of obligation will be created in the heart of the man whose spirit is responsive to the voice of the Spirit of Christ. Opportunity and obligation in their turn are to be tested by a careful and honest inquiry as to the presence, in character and life, of the qualifications demanded for so high an honor. If these appear, the call of opportunity may well be taken as the expression of the will of God. More than this none of us need demand; less than this should probably turn our feet into some other pathway of Christian service than that of the ministry.

Centenary Church, Hamilton, Jan. 24th, 1906.



BUFFALO AT BANFF.

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C. E. MARK,  
Editor-in-Chief.

W. E. GALLOWAY,  
Business Manager.

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## Editorial

The people of Great Britain have pronounced CANADA themselves with no uncertain sound as being AND PREFEREN- averse to the adoption, at present, of a preferen- TIAL TARIFF. tial tariff in favor of the Colonies. Does this mean that we are being disinherited by the Motherland, and henceforth are to occupy but the same place in her regard as other and foreign states? By no means. This ought not in the least to affect the bonds that bind us to her, nor to weaken the forces which are tending to knit the Empire together. It has been said—and we can easily conceive of such a possibility—that the adoption of a preference for the Colonies would breed strife and jealousy among the different parts of the Empire.

It is not so certain that such a policy, if it involves in any way the crippling of our own manufacturing industries, was desirable even from the Colonial standpoint. It is not quite self-evident that our own best interests would not be better served by protecting and developing our home industries to their fullest extent. Which latter would tend more to self-sufficiency and independence, and would thus be more in harmony with the recent movements towards assuming our own defence, the much-mooted building of a Canadian navy, and the proposition to secure for Canada the treaty-making power.

At any rate, we may still retain the preference in the English market, which, other things being equal, we already enjoy. The superior quality of much of our produce is already recognized and creates a demand for itself. And if we but enforce stringent laws against all such methods as would put the largest and reddest apples on the top of the barrel, we can rest assured of a place in the front ranks of all competitors. The establishment of a fast line of steamships, the installation of a perfected system of cold storage, and the opening of the proposed shorter ocean route, will greatly enhance our present advantages. Canadian raw-stuff does not need a handicap in the race. And considering our coal beds, and other rich mineral deposits, and our

unexcelled water power, we confidently look forward to the time when the label "Made in Canada" will place our manufactured goods also on an equal plane of excellence, though it is rather in quantity only and not in quality, that we are now deficient.

The best preference we could wish for, is that which the inherent superiority of our products creates for itself.



This is the season of the year that certain TWO TYPES OF MEN WE MEET. types of the man at College are led to bring their characteristics into prominence. The elections will soon be on, and man by nature desires power and honor. The aspirants for office accordingly are not hard to recognize, and are a very agreeable lot of persons to meet these days. The pleasant smile, the cheery greeting and even the handshake are very much in evidence (would there were a continuous election throughout the year).

While a healthy ambition is to be commended and encouraged, yet (though we are having a striking example set to the contrary by many candidates for the legislature) we ought to frown down the fawning, wily arts of the demagogue, and all efforts at "wire-pulling," "red-tape" and the underhand and secret working of cliques and clans. A man ought to be elected on his true merit which he carries about with him continually, and not at pre-election times only.

The other type which is equally prominent and easily recognized, is that well-known and much-abused creature—"the plug." The exams. are in sight. He goes about now with a more earnest, pensive, preoccupied expression than ever. Books are his constant and sole companions. He repeatedly repeats, "Get thee behind me, Athletics." His watchword is, "Tempus fugit," and he keeps jealous account of every minute. An hour at mealtime is an unpardonable sin. Every day seems to leave him older, thinner and more careworn. Well for him when his four years of prolonged, patient plodding are past.

While the former class—the demagogue, if such there be in our midst—calls forth our contempt the latter elicits our pity, for though he possesses a partial truth has he not fallen far short of his possibilities? An effort should be made to give him a proper perspective of the end of College life and training.

The "Bob" might fulfil its mission even more effectively if part of the time were spent in caricaturing the type rather than devoting sole attention to individual.



# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

**A**T the December meeting of the Board of Regents, Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., B.D., was appointed to the Chair of Homiletics in Victoria University. It was generally known that the College authorities were contemplating an addition to the staff, and the announcement that Mr. Bowles had been selected was received with great pleasure by the whole student body.

Mr. Bowles was born in Peel County, and matriculated from the Brampton High School. He graduated from Victoria with the Class of '85, taking his M.A. degree in 1888. Although he has been in the ministry only about sixteen years, he has been pastor of several of the most important churches in Canada. Among these are Sherbourne Street and the Metropolitan Churches in Toronto, and Grace Church, Winnipeg.

Mr. Bowles is well known to many at Victoria, and uniting, as he does, broad culture with keen intellectual faculties, he will no doubt greatly increase the efficiency of our theological faculty and add strength to our College life as a whole.

MISS M. HARVEY, '98, formerly of Alma College, St. Thomas, has accepted a position on the staff of Brampton High School.

MISS E. WALLACE, '05, has received an appointment from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and will leave shortly to engage in missionary work in China.

WE have been shown a neat Year Book of the West End Methodist Church, New Westminster, B.C., of which Rev. A. J. Brace is the pastor. We are glad to see that Bert is having great success in the West, and we wish him all prosperity.

MR. F. W. K. HARRIS, '04, has charge of the Presbyterian churches at Kendal and Oakhill.

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## Obituaries

### IN MEMORIAM.

REV. E. I. BADGLEY, LL.D., 1844—1906.

In the course of a month our Alma Mater has been called to mourn the loss of two of her most promising students of the

fourth and third years, two of her oldest ex-students, one of whom was the oldest living graduate of Victoria, and two of her professors—a series of bereavements without parallel in the history of the University. In a previous number of the *Acta* references were made to all of these except the one to whose revered memory the following sketch is written:

Eratus Irvine Badgley was born in the township of Thurlow, near Belleville, Ont. He was of U. E. Loyalist stock. His great-grandfather was a *King's man* in the war of American Independence, who, when the war was over, found himself



REV. E. I. BADGLEY, LL.D.

stripped of his possessions and reduced to poverty and exile. From his intolerant fellow-countrymen in the day of their triumph he found a refuge in Canada with many others who had not joined in the revolution, but who had preferred to stand by the old flag in the expectation that England would in the end recognize all the reasonable claims of her American colonists.

Dr. Badgley was born in April, 1844. He had in his early youth, like so many of our strongest men, the advantage of a farmer's home, with all its strenuous and simple life. And, better still, he was blessed with parents of earnest and intelli-

gent piety. They loved both sweetness and light, and they undertook no small labors and self-denials in order to secure for their children the best education that the country could supply.

In 1861 Dr. Badgley, then a youth of seventeen years of age, entered the Belleville Seminary (afterwards Albert College), and after seven years of preparatory training and undergraduate work he graduated in 1868. But he did not cease to be a student when he became a graduate. His first degree in arts was but the foundation of his liberal education. In 1872 he received his M.A. degree, in 1873 his B.D., in 1876 his LL.B., and in 1878 his LL.D. These degrees were taken on examination in the several faculties. Few examples can be found in these days of such broad intellectual culture.

On his graduation in 1868, Dr. Badgley entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In this ministry he did not shun the most trying fields of labor, or shrink from the severest tasks, but he endured hardness as a good soldier of Christ Jesus. In 1871 he was recalled to his Alma Mater, when he became, under Dr. Carman, the assistant Professor in Philosophy, and when in 1874 Dr. Carman became Bishop of the M. E. Church, Dr. Badgley was appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Albert College. On the union of the Methodist churches of Canada and the consolidation of their university work, Dr. Badgley joined the staff of Victoria University in 1884 as associate Professor under the late Chancellor Nelles, after whose death, in 1887, he became Senior Professor of Metaphysics and Ethics. In 1892, when the work of Victoria was removed from Cobourg to Toronto under the provisions of the University Federation Act, Dr. Badgley was appointed Professor of Ethics and Apologetics. This position he continued to hold in growing honor and usefulness to the end of his life.

Of Dr. Badgley's work as a professor we may not now say many things, but in a few words we may say much. His work was thorough and conscientious. His sympathetic view of opinions differing from his own never took from the clearness of his own perceptions or the strength of his own convictions. To his students he was not merely a guide and a philosopher, but a friend and brother. On the other hand, it has often been observed in College circles that his students paid him as their instructor the noblest tribute in the high standing which they usually secured at the examinations.

Dr. Badgley has left to us College men such a memory as good men always desire to leave—a memory that will help us to higher

thinking and better living. Thousands of old students will remember him as from week to week he took his turn in the conduct of worship in the College chapel. They will think of him as a man filled with reverence and awe in the presence of the unfathomable mysteries of being, and at the same time fixed in assured convictions of the great spiritual verities, and resting in childlike loving trust in the Eternal goodness as manifested to the world in Christ Jesus our Lord.

He being dead will yet speak to us, and hearten us to reverence and faith and hope and love. Such a life is worth living and such a memory is well worth leaving when we go in our turn to join the Choir Invisible.

Farewell, our brother! Farewell, till the day break, and the shadows flee away!

A. H. R.



ROGER DAVID CONGER, who died in this city on Dec. 9th, was a former Victoria student. He was for years a prominent citizen of Belleville.



JAMES C. HEALY died in Los Angeles early in December. He was the pastor of the Asbury Methodist Church in that city, and was at one time a student at Victoria.

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## Marriages

ON Nov. 23rd, Miss Hulda May Culbert was united in marriage to Rev. Chas. R. Carscallen, '01. The ceremony took place at the home of Richard Culbert, Esq., of Biddulph, and was performed by Rev. S. Bond, of Forest. After spending some time in Toronto and in the West, visiting friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carscallen sailed for China, where they will engage in missionary work. Before leaving Toronto Mr. Carscallen addressed the College Y. M. C. A., and his message will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Carscallen every success.

ON November 23rd, an interesting ceremony took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bailey, Lenas Street, Belleville, when their daughter Alice L., became the wife of G. Oliver Duprau, B.A., D.D.S. Rev. R. H. Leitch was the officiating clergyman. Mr. and Mrs. Duprau will reside on High Side Street, West Belleville. Mr. Duprau graduated from Victoria with the Class of '96.

FROM the heart of Sz-Chuan comes the news of the marriage of another of our graduates. On October 3rd, 1905, at the British Consulate, Chentu, Miss Lena M. Dunfield became the bride of Mr. Richard Orlando Jolliffe, B.A. The ceremony was purely civil in character, and was performed in the presence of a few of the immediate friends. After a reception at the home of Dr. Kilborn, at which all the foreigners in Chentu were present, Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe started down the Min River to Kiating, from there they made the overland trip, in sedan-chairs, to Yuin-Hsien, where with Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith they are appointed to work. ACTA wishes them both much happiness.

ON November 29th, 1905, Rev. E. J. Hodgins and Miss C. P. Rye were united in marriage. The ceremony took place at Sunnyside Farm, Duagh, Alberta, and was performed by Rev. Mr. Conoly, the resident pastor. Mr. Hodgins graduated from Wesley College, Winnipeg, with the Class of '01, but afterwards took post-graduate work at Victoria. He is now stationed at Airdrie, Alberta. We offer our hearty congratulations.

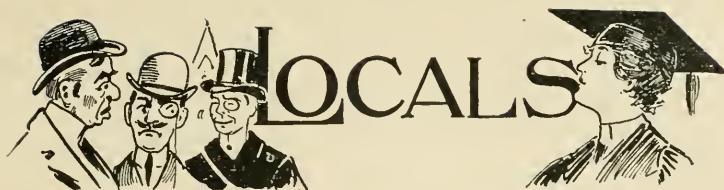
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### Exchanges

WITH joy and respect we always greet the exchanges which come from the British Universities. At first we almost feared to open some of the journals from the Old Land, for their names seemed to suggest thoughts of days long dead. But when we did peer within, lo! there was talk of rugby and of fair co-eds, and we knew that even the cannie Scots in Edinburgh were mortal as well as we.

It is always with pleasure that we see *Vox Wesleyana* among our exchanges. It brings with it a certain freshness and vigor, born of the gusty leagues of snow-clad plain. If we may offer one criticism it is that *Vox* deals a little too exclusively with the jokes and incidents of College life, and fails to reach out into the broader fields of literature and science, which are a student's peculiar heritage.

If we attempted to criticise *Vox Collegii* our incapacity for the task would be as certainly discovered as was the Prince in the College of Psyche. But we wish to express our appreciation of the excellent quality of the work to be found in the columns of the magazine, and of the many kind things which have been said about ACTA. If the young ladies of Whitby could see with what avidity *Vox Collegii* is read at Victoria they would have no doubts as to its popularity.

*What's the Matter With the Ice?**A Solution.*

**H**OW they quiz the Rink Committee!  
Senior maidens, cultured, witty,  
Juniors, interesting and pretty,  
"Sophettes," ceasing to be flitty.

That important group of men  
Is most non-committal, when,  
Snug ensconcé in their den,  
Queries thus, come to their ken.

They're most likely making bets—  
On what? May we whisper? Let's!  
That the rink this winter, gets  
An o'erflowing of Freshet(te)s.

—E. J. M.

SENIOR to Freshman—"Have you 'The Heart of Sz-Chuan?'"

Freshman (blushing)—"No, but I guess Herb Baker will have; he seems to have the hearts of most of the girls around here."

THEOLOG—"Torrey and Alexander are in town, Miss —, I would like very much to take you to hear them."

Freshette—"I should be very glad to go, Mr. —. What are they playing?"

Collapse of Theolog, and a hasty dissolution of the engagement.

SOPHETTE to Luck, at the '09 reception—"What a lot of B. D.'s there are here."

Luck—"Yes, summer's coming, and they're not nearly all engaged yet."

PROF. MISENER (at a Hebrew lecture)—“These feminine forms will give you considerable difficulty. Don’t you find it so, Mr. Foreman?”

And Arthur had to acknowledge that all *feminine* forms were outside his line of country.

BROWNLÉE—“I had a lovely dream last night. I was on the bottom of a ladder leading up to heaven, and all the angels at the top had Annesley Hall faces on.”

ROBERTSON—“I can see a smile on Mr. Morgan’s face, so I imagine there are more ladies coming.”

SOPHETTE—“It’s awfully funny, Mr. Saint, but you’re the first Freshman I’ve had to-night.”

ARMSTRONG (at mass meeting)—“I have only one love song, and it’s not suitable for a mixed audience.”

G. B. KING, explaining the intricacies of the Senior Dinner charge—“By paying 75 cents a year a man pays for the dinner which he gets free in his final year.” Which is, we believe, about as lucid an interpretation of the clause as we have ever heard.

STRANGER—“What is that terrible noise? Is there anything wrong?”

Junior, composedly—“Oh, no! That’s only Prof. Allison lecturing to the Freshman Class.”

MORGAN (re the S.P.S. Rugby game last fall)—“Yes, that man seemed to be possessed of an evil spirit, and I wanted Jimmie to knock the *ceil* out of him. The pigskin was there, too, so it might have entered into that.”

Truly the B.D.’s swear by the Scriptures!

THE first year reception which was held on the 19th of last month was, as usual, a great success. The Wee Freshettes and Freshmen were keyed to “concert pitch,” and sapped their nervous energy for weeks to come in their efforts to outdo every other Freshman Class. During the afternoon preceding, dozens of perspiring Freshmen might be seen with their arms piled high with cushions, making their way to the upper regions, while others equally moist were engaged in stringing flags from every imaginable point of vantage. The host of scurrying forms lent to the upper hall the effect of an ant-hill which some one had inadvertently kicked over. However, their efforts were royally rewarded, by the very evident enjoyment of all their guests.

HEMINGWAY—"What kind of soups do they have at the Senior dinner?"

Clarke—"Barley, of course."

HENDERSON, at 'o'g reception, looking at his programme—"I can't fill mine, darn me!!"

THE roll-call at an astronomy lecture—"What is the name of the gentleman at the end of the row?"

"Saint!"

"Where from?"

Voice—"Heaven."

DAVY WREN, singing to the tune of the "Old Apple Tree"—  
"There's a hole in my sock I can see."

MISS THOMPSON (who has seen Morgan talking with D. A. Walker)—"Oh, Mr. Morgan, I want to see a Freshman. Was that one you were speaking to."

FENNELL, looking meditatively at the bust in the library—  
"Well, it does look rather busted."

DR HORNING—"I love all my students, you know."

You could easily tell that Dr. Horning was a "moderns" man.

#### PICKED UP ON THE RINK.

ROBERTSON—"Well, as long as I live I'll never go on the rink again without a handkerchief."

MISS WHITLAM—"I *do* like Dr. Bell, he's so nice and shy."

CERTAIN Juniors who are in the habit of playing "Crack-the-whip," have promised to hand over all the children slain to satisfy H. W. Baker's passion for dissecting.

BROWNLEE—"I feel like a baby elephant."

MISS HAMELL—"The girls in our year are much older than the boys are."

FRESHMAN—"What's that V. C. A. C. on the board there?"

Jerry—"Oh, that's Henderson's select few."

HENDERSON—"Look at that poor arm. A hundred and seventy-five pounds. By gosh!!"

MISS GALE—"I'm too near cooked to wiggle."

\* \* \* \*

ELMER—"Now that Shea's is burnt down I'm simply lost."

CONRON (at "Lit.")—"Every man here knows what a young heart Dr. Horning has in his old head."

A. D. MACFARLANE (re Torrey and Alexander)—"I hate those meetings for men only."

WOODSWORTHII—"Miss Cullen is nice enough to be a '07 girl.' It is high time that the students of Victoria awoke to the enormity of the sin of hiding their poetic light under a bushel. Here is a gem, written by one of our revered B. D.'s when a blushing boy of fifteen summers:

"Adorable—

O would I had but Raphael's skill,  
Some paint, a brush, a quill;  
That on the canvas I might trace  
The beauties of *thy* face."

E. W. S.

If such genius was existent at that early age, what might he not do at this, the noon tide of his amorous passion.

FRESHMAN (at '09 reception)—"May I have a promenade, Miss ——."

Freshette—"I'm sorry, Mr. ——, but my promenades are all taken, but I would like to have your autograph on my card."

Freshman—"No, thank you. I don't want to blunt the point of my pencil."

DAVY WREN, seeing a Freshette—"Is she going into the Itinerancy?"

MISS WILSON (to Miss Hamill, who is standing by the desk)—"Would you please tell Mr. —— I want to see him.—Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you were Miss Barker."

M. DE CHAMP (calling the roll)—"Sister Green, ees he present?—This next name, what ees it? Ton, Son, ah, Todd, *Oui, Oui!*"

FOUND sometime ago in a book belonging to W. T. Brown, '07, a blot beneath which was written, "Made by W. Hiles, blotted with Miss ——'s blotter—sacred—."

MACDONALD, '08, in a burst of eloquence—"We have laws protecting *our* children."

CASMORE, '09—"If a man went to Fiji with Main's 'Ancient law' under one arm and Blackstone's 'Commentaries' under the other—why, they'd make porridge of him before morning."

Miss P. B. F., '07—"Oh, well missionaries may be all right, so are dentists, but I don't like to hear about 'them.'"

Miss P——L, '08—"Is Mr. Brownlee going to take Miss ——? Won't she be in the seventh heaven?"

Miss B——rd, '08—"She certainly will if she reaches his level."

E. J. MOORE—"It's almost like a transition from hell to heaven. You start at the Central *church*—"

N. E. BOWLES—"I don't think I know any Freshettes."

Hemingway—"Well; you've missed the best part of your College course."

Miss P—R, '06—"I'm an unappropriated blessing—no one has asked me to the Senior dinner yet."

G. A. KING (re Nashville)—"I know there's a *glad* side to it—I don't mean Miss Grange."

GREEN, '09 (after Freshman reception)—"Three girls asked to be introduced to me last night."

MR. C—P—D, '07, at the close of the '09 reception—"Where will I meet you Miss D—h—m?"

Miss D—"Down below."

Mr. C—"How many years hence?"

On the ice.—She—"Miss B—— and I have been talking about the moon."

He—"What a luny subject!"

JENKINS, '07, on discovering a hole in his glove—"Well, I guess I'll have to get me a wife."

EXTRACTS from Freshmans' Essays:

"He broke out in ulcerations of anger."

"She was so overcome by the lustre of his piety that she eloped."

"Each monk possessed a small garden in which he cultivated potatoes, chickens, pigs, etc."

Also from the Sophomores' essays:

In the monks the first germs of clinical medicine were developed.

"Skirting the head was a fringe of hair, which had almost become white in an endeavor to hold its time-honored place."

THE Dean to Miss Br—, '08, as the latter was leaving the breakfast table—"What will you do when you get to heaven Miss B—? Will you be in a hurry there?"

Miss B— (with a sigh)—"I don't know Miss A—, but it will keep me hustling to get there."

HEMINGWAY, speaking of the compactness of his members—"Is you aware how well together I is put."

BOWLES, '03 (re mission work in the north)—"I found that soda biscuits were the only thing that wouldn't freeze in my shack."

HONEY, '09—"I suppose that's what you call a cracker of a story."

DR. RAYNER went down to Massey Hall one Saturday night to hear Torrey and Alexander. It happened that Marie Hall, the violinist, was there that night, but the worthy Doctor did not know this. At the door he was stopped and requested to pay fifty cents. Thinking that this was somewhat high for an evangelistic service, he reasoned with the ticket seller, only to receive the answer that it was their usual charge. Whereupon the Doctor, being of a guileless nature, paid his fifty cents and took his seat. Not, however, without some feeling against the sharp practices of Americans, of whatever occupation.

SOPHETTE—"When I first met Mr. Teddy Todd, I thought he had such innocent blue eyes, but since I've known him better I've found out differently."

PROF. HORNING—"My class in first year Honor German is a mob."

*"Where are the grand old Seniors?  
Out in the wide, wide world."*

*—College Song.*

We beg to take this opportunity of mentioning the "Senior Dinner," which is to be held in the College Hall on the evening of February the twenty-third. If we needs must say farewell, let us at least before we part, join once more in revelry, in the Old Hall, and drown our sorrows in the oyster soup.

IN reply to H. F. W.:

He is charming in his Rugby suit  
When on the field he goes,  
In his vest and trousers spotless  
And his pair of scarlet hose.  
My bosom fills with rapture,  
Though I feel an inward dread,  
When I see him buck the scrimmage  
With a head-guard on his head.

But when on the rink he cometh,  
In his brand-new skating gear,  
And a smile that's quite magnetic  
Though its rather broad and queer;  
Ah, then I gaze delighted  
On his cheeks so round and pink,  
And Eden isn't in it  
When *he* is on the rink.

SHE.

# ATHLETICS



## *When the "Stuff" Came Out*

C RACK! went the sharp report of the starter's pistol, and the five young athletes, who had been hunched up in various grotesque positions on the starting line, were off down the "stretch" of the track like a new-born cyclone. "Bixy" sprinted for thirty yards till he got away from the bunch, and then began to settle down into his "stride."

Stevens, the old coach, had called "Bixy" into a corner of the dressing-room a couple of days before. "Look here, Ingram," he jerked out, "I want to know, honest and out, whether you can beat 'Tim' Fielden in the mile. We've simply got to make our points in that against the Ripley bunch on Friday. 'Tim' beat Langmead, their fast man at the meet two years ago, by half the 'stretch,' but Tim's bad ankle bothers him, and he's not so fast this year. You're a youngster, but you can run—you're built for it—if you want to, but you don't dig in." Mental visions of big "Tim" Fielden as he had seen him several mornings previously, grinding round the track with a six-foot stride, came to Bixy, and he felt very doubtful. He said so, but added that he was willing to do his best for the College. "That's all right," said the coach. "I know that. Better take a rest to-morrow, anyway. We'll let you know what's what in plenty of time."

A few minutes afterwards Stevens put the matter to Fielden himself. "The kid could beat me all to bits," said that worthy, "if he wanted to, but he eases up as soon as he gets a bit o' feeling in his legs. I believe he's got the 'stuff' in him, but whether it'll come out when we want it is the question. I dunno what to do."

Finally, the matter of who should do the heavy work in the event was left to Stevens, and on the morning of the meet Bixy came out of the coach's office with a somewhat relieved feeling. "Sprint like the mischief," were his instructions, "till you get well ahead of the bunch. Tim'll be right after you. Keep the pace hot for five or six laps, or as long as you feel like

it, so we can tire out most of 'em, and then, if you're 'done,' drop out. We'll trust to Tim's big 'stride' and his staying power to win for us."

"Bixy" felt good that day. The big steam roller had made the track like a hard rubber cushion, and the spikes in his new running shoes bit gleefully into the close-packed cinders. He forgot about the people in the stands, and began to feel a little disappointed that he had been chosen only as pacemaker. He'd give Fielden pace enough to make him stretch some, anyway, and this thought made him quicken his stride a little, involuntarily. On the third lap his "wind" began to bother him a bit, and when a sharp little breeze up the "stretch" struck him he had to ease down a little. Then one of the Ripley men came up outside him, on the turn.

Stevens was standing inside the track, opposite the club house. "The little fool," he muttered, half to himself, at this juncture. "I wonder if he's 'done' already. He started out like an auto."

"Bixy" wasn't done, however. Out of the breeze around the corner the Ripley man tried to pass him, but with the easier going his "second wind" came with a jump, and he again quickened his stride. Then something else cheered him, for he heard long, regular snorts just behind him, which he knew came from "Tim." The old chap was just then having troubles with his "wind."

Things went about the same for three more laps. The Ripley man held doggedly to his position on the outside, but began to run for a minute at a time on his heels. He was getting dopy. "Bixy's" "wind" was good, but his mouth went horribly dry, and he began to feel crampy pains in the calves of his legs. He wondered if it wasn't about time for him to drop out. Could he go another lap? As he came round the corner next the club-house he looked for Stevens' signal, but the coach's familiar figure had disappeared. This time the breeze caught him badly, and the pain shot up into his back. He'd drop out at the quarter-post. Going round the corner he looked back to see where "Tim" was. He hadn't heard him puffing for quite a while.

As a result of that glance "Bixy" stumbled and almost fell. "Tim" was nowhere to be seen. Two small men, whose colors he couldn't distinguish by reason of the sweat in his eyes, were twenty yards behind, but "Tim"—could he have hurt his ankle and dropped out? "Bixy's" heart jumped to his throat and he went cold all over. He didn't dare to look

again. Then the Ripley man, who had been working ahead of him, turned in on the inside of the track.

"Bixy" gave up for a moment. There seemed no hope. He was "done" now. How could he finish the distance? But Stevens' words, "You can run—but you won't dig in," came to him. Could he do it? Then the "stuff" came out. This race evidently depended on him, "Bixy" Ingram. He had promised to do his best—for the College. He straightened up and tried to get into his "stride," but seemed to be going in rather staggers fashion, and the joints of his backbone felt ready to pull out. Then they passed the club-house, and somebody sang out "Two laps more." He edged in closer to the Ripley man in front to miss the wind. That chap was blowing like a small locomotive, but was going doggedly, though unsteadily. Then regular crunches from a long, steady stride, made themselves audible from behind. "Bixy" didn't dare to look, but supposed this was Langmead. Could he keep him from passing? Going round the corner he summoned what he thought was his last pound, and worked up into a feeble, wobbly sprint, which put him past the man in front. Still the long, steady crunches came from behind.

For a second "Bixy" thought again of dropping out. A lap and a quarter to go. It might as well be ten. He couldn't do it. His legs didn't trouble him now. They went of their own accord, like a machine, though in an irregular fashion. But his back. It seemed as if fifty red-hot gimlets were at work there. And his heart was going in queer long and short beats like a telegraph ticker. Then they got into the "stretch" again and came up against the breeze. "Bixy" tried not to think of it, but got his eyes on the quarter-post at the further end, and determined to reach that—for the College. He did, but all the time the crunch—crunch—crunch—from behind was getting nearer. Langmead must be almost up to him now. When they got to the white half-way post "Bixy" found himself going over in a confused way, "If you dig in"—"for the College." Next he looked for the three-quarter mark and saw he was getting near it, but suddenly something in his head went wrong, and he forgot everything except the crunch—crunch—still steady, behind him. He couldn't see, and thought he was staggering all over the track, but he knew somehow when the man came up beside him and tried to pass. He tried to push on his feet, but couldn't feel anything below him. He didn't know whether the man had passed or not. Then everything went white, and after a sharp shock and a dim sense of falling he seemed to be stowed away in

a bed of cotton wool. A choking sensation brought him back to earth and he found himself wrapped in a big bathrobe with his head on Stevens' lap, and a comfortable taste of ginger ale all the way down his half-fried throat. Big "Tim" Fielden was rubbing his legs and laughing in great gulps.

"Did you hurt your ankle much, Tim?" "Bixy" stuttered out between pants, "and did Langmead beat me much?"

"My ankle?" Tim looked up perplexedly, "Langmead?"

"Didn't you have to drop out? I couldn't see you."

Then the truth dawned on "Tim," and he jumped up and exploded into a big whoop. "Say, youngster," he fairly yelled, "Don't you know you beat *me* in by three yards? I was behind you all the time. Don't you know you cut five seconds off the College record; and unpaced at that? I wondered what in the mischief you were killing yourself to beat me for. Say, 'Bixy,' you've got the stuff in you, you have."

E. J. M.

#### **NOTES**

A SLIGHT mistake was made in erecting the building across the way. We should have had an ice plant instead. This suggestion ought to be taken into serious consideration by the rink committee.

We understand that the said committee is threatening ominously all robins that come near its territory. The bird of ill omen is not always black.

STUDENT interest in the athletic building ought not to slacken. All who have tried the baths pronounce them excellent, and a sure cure for ennui. Stand by the institution.

DAVIDSON assisted Varsity in defeating McGill. One of the papers remarked that he looked like a comer. By most Vic. students he is regarded as a goer.

F. E. COOMBS (to Our Lady of the Snows)—"May I have the pleasure of your company?" Ans.—"Not this month, thank you."

We sympathize with Freddie.

DOCTOR (to Jerry sick in bed)—"You are burning up with fever. I must give you a pill to reduce your temperature."

Jerry—"Nonsense, Doctor, give the weather a pill to bring down its temperature, and mine will come down accordingly."

The doctor had not properly diagnosed his case.





# MARCH

Now swoops the wind from every corner and  
Like filaments of silver, rippled and spun,  
The snow reels off the drift-ridge in the sun;  
And smoky clouds are torn across the west,  
Clouds that would snow if they had time to rest;  
The sparrows brangle and the icicles clash;  
The grosbeaks search for hemies in the ash;  
The shore-lark tinkles while he bleats his nest

Now in the steaming woods the maples drip,  
And plunging in with the last load of sap,  
Beyond the branches through a starry gap,  
The driver sees the frail aurora blow,  
And round the sinking pleiads bend and blow:  
A rosy banner and a silver ship:



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## *Dante*

M. E. CONRON, '06

ONE lesson, Dante, may we learn of thee,  
One solemn life-thought taken from thy close,  
Of strength deep-drawn from wells of travail-throes,  
Rich debt owed to the false world's enmity.  
Thy genius, myriad-sided, was not free  
To shine, till worn by unremitting foes  
And dust-denial of Love's sweet repose,  
Oh, glorious light to all eternity!

Thy great soul might have gained a calm retreat.  
Self-centred in its kingdom dear, but more  
Thou lovedst humanity, and at its feet  
That spurned thee laid in trust thy richest store.  
Within thou mightst have satin splendor meet,  
While the lost world knocked vainly at thy door.

## *Japan's Foreign Relations*

R. C. ARMSTRONG, B.A., '03

IT is only half a century since Japan first entered into treaty relationship with Western nations. Commodore Perry, of the U.S.A. navy, paid his second visit to Japan in 1854, and a treaty of peace and friendship was made, much to the chagrin of a large part of the people. In 1858 the first treaty for trade and commerce was concluded with the United States. At that time certain treaty ports were opened to foreign trade, and a certain portion of each was allotted in which the foreigner might live, and engage in business or missionary work. But in all such cases those who lived in treaty ports must bring their own laws and remain under the juridical authority of their respective consuls.

In 1899 the treaties were revised. Public sentiment had so far advanced that the Government was able to base its treaties with Western countries on the principle of the equality of foreigners and natives before the law, with a few limitations in the case of foreigners for reasons of national protection.

A good example of the way in which our privileges and rights are regarded by the Government and people of Japan was given in the war that has just ended. The Russian Consulate, the Russian cathedral and private property have been strenuously guarded by the Japanese police and militia, even at that most critical time during the Tokyo riots, when the people were disappointed over the peace treaty.

Thus has Japan risen within fifty years to a position of equality with the great Christian nations of the West, and that not alone because of the influences from without but because of the inherent characteristics of this wonderful little people who, closed to the outside world, had developed to a stage of civilization that enabled them to grasp and appreciate Western institutions of thought and religion.

To speak more definitely of the relation of Japan to foreign countries, it is unanimously agreed that her relations with America and Britain are most harmonious. Of these two it is rather difficult at times to say which is the more favored nation.

Last spring a leading Japanese journal said that there was a strong affinity between the Americans and Japanese: "Japanese are lovers of freedom, so are the Americans; Japanese appeal to

arms only when they are forced to, so the Americans; Japanese are a go-ahead sort of people, so are the Americans," etc. This quotation will probably give a correct impression of the feeling in Japan for America. The Japanese seem to consider Commodore Perry one of the factors in the process that elevated them to their present position, and although some of them did blame President Roosevelt for being in too great a hurry to propose a peace conference, yet as a whole the people consider him a true friend of Japanese interests.

The first Englishman to come to Japan is said to have been Will Adams, a chief pilot on ships bound for India. Owing to a storm he and a few Dutchmen were forced to land in the south of Japan. He was taken as a prisoner before the Shogun and very closely questioned. The Shogun learned that he understood ship-building, and when given his liberty he was retained in the country to teach Japanese ship-builders how to build ships in European style. Through the private efforts of Adams the East India Company opened a factory and trading station on the island of Hirado, near the present port of Nagasaki. But owing probably to Dutch competition the company closed this station in 1623.

Whether Will Adams' experience and work was prophetic or not, the position of England to-day is very similar to that held by him nearly three hundred years ago. Japan's great navy is built after the model of the British fleet, and the most, if not all, of those great men-of-war that did such good work in the Sea of Japan were built by Will Adams' successors, the shipbuilders of England.

Great Britain has had a very close alliance with Japan for some time, and it is safe to say that all thoughtful Japanese recognize the value that England's friendship and confidence has been in this war. Nearly all the Japanese newspapers and the great men who have spoken express great satisfaction with the new Anglo-Japanese alliance. That the people appreciate it was seen by the enthusiastic reception given to the British fleet in its recent visit to Japan. It is to be hoped that it will be a means of preserving not only the peace of Asia, but of the whole civilized world.

Owing to the friendly feeling for America and British peoples we have a great opening in Japan for Christian and educational work. At present, and perhaps in the future, because of the fact that the Japanese church is beginning to produce great leaders of its own, this opening can best be grasped by the visits from

time to time of great teachers in education and religion, who will be able to inspire and strengthen the native Japanese workers. Let us Anglo-Saxons fully perform our duty and privilege in this respect to a people who have in many ways our own characteristics.

About three hundred years ago the Portuguese and Spanish entered Japan, but having abused their privilege they were ejected from the country, and their standing has never been the same since. It is not altogether improbable that the standing of all Roman Catholic countries is affected to some extent to-day by these experiences of the past, even though it must be remembered that the Japanese Government has been great enough to grant liberty to all religious bodies.

The attitude of the French officials to the Baltic fleet in its journey to Japan was very annoying to Japan, and at that time I heard the remark that France would be the next country to try the valor of the Japanese soldier. Added to this, about the same time a French captain was arrested and severely sentenced by the Japanese for investigating and disclosing Japanese military secrets. He was, however, pardoned by the Emperor, and permitted to return. At present the relationship between Japan and France is very good, so far as one can judge from outward signs. Perhaps the Anglo-French entente will have an influence in bringing the three countries nearer together.

The protean attitude of the German Kaiser during the fore-part of the war made it very difficult to know what to think of Germany. But the Japanese admire the Germans very much, especially as scholars.

At present Japan has no foreign relationship so interesting and promising as her relation to China. The Chinese Empire is showing signs of life, as is seen by the fact that the opposition to Chinese in America is tending to affect the standing of Americans in the far East. The Chinese boycott is very significant. China is not dead. The monster lives and moves slowly but surely. Mr. Wong Kai Ka, Imperial Chinese Commissioner to the World's Fair, is a graduate of Yale. A Japanese is reported to have advised him to leave his boys in America to be educated, but he replied, "I like the educational system of America, but this country is too annoying to the Chinese." The two sons were subsequently sent to Tokyo where they are now studying. "Japan is truly the salvation of China." The relationship between these two countries in languages and customs would naturally tend to make Japan very influential in China.

Japan can supply the culture and spirit that will bring life to that great mass of people who, if properly trained and organized, would by very force of numbers command the respect of the whole world.

Just eight years ago the first private students came to Japanese schools, followed in 1898 by sixty-eight private and Government students, whose numbers have increased as follows:

	Government Supported.	Private.	Total.
1902 .....	59	81	140
1903 .....	184	335	519
1904 .....	838	753	1591

But it is noteworthy that in the present year up to August the estimates give a total of 2,641 students from all parts of China which, according to the same magazine, has increased in October to at least 3,000 students.

The majority of these young men have entered a teachers' training school, but many of them are preparing for the Imperial University examinations. Others are training in military schools, schools for sheriffs and policemen, and railroad engineers. Others in schools for politics, literature, technology and law.

It is significant that in the decree by which China abolishes the ancient system of literary examinations a very explicit reference is made to Japan in words like the following: "Indeed the examples before us of the wealth and power of Japan and countries of the West have their foundation in no other than their own schools."

After encouraging modern schools and modern education (according to a Japanese paper), the edict goes on to say that "The ministers of education have suggested the gradual abolition of the examinations, but H. E. Yuan Shihkai, whose experience and knowledge are admitted, asserts that 'unless these old style examinations be abolished once for all the people of the empire will continue to show apathy, and hesitate to join the modern schools of learning.' Hence, if we desire to see the spread of modern education by the establishment of a number of schools we must first abolish the old style of studying for examination," etc.

It is very remarkable that Viceroy Yuan Shihkai should take so strong a position in regard to reform. He is said to have been the official that instigated the Empress Dowager to oppose the proposed reforms of 1898. Now he comes forth as the

champion of reform. Surely it would seem that the influences that have held China and the Chinese in the dark cave of ignorance, are losing their power, and China is about to step out into the pure sunlight of modern knowledge.

But to come back to my subject. It seems to me that the change that is coming over China is largely due to the influence of Japan, who, having first stepped out into the light, is by her example and position beckoning China and Chinese statesmen to follow her example.

Perhaps it would not be altogether irrational to predict that in less than half a century China and Japan will be able to form an alliance that will stop European and American aggression in the East, and give Western nations a wholesome respect for their yellow BROTHER, even when he goes West.

Hamamatsu, Nov. 4th, 1905.

### *Song*

VERNON NOTT.

WHEN ways are ill and chances frown,  
Petitions dourly spurning,  
Press on! for care's a common crown  
To prince and peasant, sage and clown—  
And every lane's a turning.

When ways be better, Fortune's frown  
Have proved her more discerning,  
Press on! for Fortune wears a gown;  
When luck is high, the turn is down—  
And lanes are always turning.



**Daddy Smith of Tenderfoot Gulch**

P. McD. KERR, '04.

SOME summers ago I met a good friend of my student days. We had entered our dear old Alma Mater together, graduated together, and separated with a very subdued good-bye. He was tall and massive as ever, now slightly bowed from study or burden—who can tell? The lines upon his forehead—God's index to the heart—were slightly deepened, his eye bright and clear, his mouth firm and true.

He spoke with evident enthusiasm of his work—of the pleasure of pioneering, of the boys—his boys up in the hills. He narrated many incidents of his life in the camps, which illustrated the goodness or kindness or big-heartedness of the men, and I listened as behooved me attentively until, in a huckle-skinned moment, I interjected:

“And some fell among thorns.”

He turned on me quickly.

“What do you Easterners, with your petted, pampered bodies, know about hunger or toil? From the shelter of your little chimney pots you look away at men who inhabit another sphere, whose life is as free as the breeze that sweeps over the mountains, whose only canopy is the sky, whose cotch is mother earth and you pity them! And what do your starveling souls know about human hearts, or brotherly love, or temptation or sin? Who ordained you a judge of the sins of mind and body? And so your stingy, pitiful pharisaical commiseration wears away its cheap emotion with the giving of a paltry dole to save the souls of those threatened holus bolus to be damned. Do you know”—here he transfixed me with his steady eyes—“do you know that the poor, sinful men of the hills would scorn the meanness, the pettiness, the chicanery, the smugness and the piousness of the noble and kind-hearted Enlightened?”

I saw that I had, so to speak, “put my foot in it.” I knew that something was to be said, as a matter of course, on the other side, but I understood that I was dealing with an enthusiast, and so wisely held my peace. Still I could not help thinking that it was strange indeed the view he took of sins, physical and spiritual. By the way, though, it was Plato—was it not—who affirmed that the lie on the lips was not so much to be feared as the lie in the soul?

My friend noticed my pre-occupation, and so in order to atone for the impetuosity of his remark—as he said, but also, I should

imagine to nail the argument—he began to tell me of his experiences among the miners in a certain mining canyon named Tenderfoot Gulch.

“ Dear old Daddy Smith. How well I remember him! I made camp just at dusk—one lone mule carried my outfit—I was on foot. Forty miles since breakfast, and the famous bannock only between me and starvation.

“ So I sagged into town at the tail of my noble steed—past the groups of small ‘A tents’—down the stump-strewn street still full of logs, brushes and boulders, past the bakery, past the famous lounging place, the blacksmith shop, and of course the Waldorf-Astoria of this paradise to be—‘The Bucket of Blood.’

“ This hostel, with the sanguine name, was presided over by a rubicund deity with the euphonious name of Baggs. On one side was a rabbit-warren—in the rear a chicken coop—in the somewhat distance was a general store. The chamber-maid and bell-boy was Baggs; the chef was Baggs; the waitress was Baggs; the flunkey was Baggs; the call-boy was Baggs; the counter-girl was Baggs; the attendant of the domestic fowl was Baggs, Baggs, Baggs.

“ Some gentleman had brought a pot of red paint to town—so the story went—to finish his domicile in more than ordinary style. And some of the wags pouncing upon it had painted a bucket blood-red and hung it down above the door-way with this gruesome inscription: ‘The Bucket of Blood.’

“ But Daddy Smith—yes, I remember Daddy well—”

Here he paused in his tale and smiled amusedly without opening his lips. “ Not a tall man, nor yet small, broad-shouldered and stocky, with pure white hair falling over his ears, with long moustache and mingling beard, pure white, except where it bore a yellow, dirty tinge. Clad in the regulation leather trousers and canvas shirt and hob-nailed boots and—strange as it may seem, with a tall, black silk hat upon his head, I saw much of Daddy that summer, but I never remember seeing him drop his hammer and start out down Main Street (he was a carpenter), without his Bounder.

“ Twas Daddy who read the Pilot’s first notice about Divine Service. It was no easy matter to pin it up before the careless gaze of half a hundred. It was harder work still to screw up a smile and invite the boys across the way to the school-house and church. Possibly the pilot was not as green as he looked, for about eight o’clock they began to drop in, in a quiet way, and to fill, as usual, the back seats. And before the service opened in came Daddy and the Silk Hat and down they sat in the front seat.

"It was a mighty poor sermon, but the boy's heart was in it. It was Daddy who was Deacon and passed about the Big Silk—yes and it was Daddy who dropped a 'four-bit' piece in it when he had exhorted the boys to give—and he told them to be very particularly quick, too.

"Somehow Daddy took a liking to the Boy, the Big Boy—but still just a Boy—and he told him about the little home in the South and the two beautiful children, and how the little babies went, and then—then, well there was nobody left but just Daddy. And the Boy, strange—when he knew so much about philosophy and Plato, and some about the Bible, too—strange that he didn't say anything to Daddy—but he just couldn't and he wished after that he had. Perhaps he did not know how Daddy felt."

Here the boy—or was it the man—the Boy-Man, looked at me with fire in his eyes as he continued—

"And Daddy was chewing tobacco when he said this and he said he didn't believe there was a God, and he defied the preacher to show him—

"Going to hell, wasn't he?" he inquired of me, but I hadn't a word to say.

"Well, the Boy couldn't say anything either. None of his arguments were ready, even though he had always taken first place for the cosmological demonstration of the existence of God.

"And so the summer passed, hunting, fishing, visiting men preaching and helping as he could and the time came for the Boy to move out again.

"But now affairs had changed; the camp had "gone bust," the mines were not panning out, the miners were moving. The tents vanished little by little and back over the mountains went the great hearts in corduroy.

"One fine morning Daddy Smith packed his little store down to the roaring torrent in the Gulch, launched his flat-bottomed craft, and swung off. He hailed a long farewell to the boys upon the bank and swept down out of sight.

"Daddy never passed the narrow Gulch alive—he may have struck a rock or have been overturned by an eddy, but Daddy they never saw again. Down in the rapids they found his stranded boat, and near it floating around in a silly circle Daddy's tall silk hat."

The boy looked at me long and hard. "Did Daddy go to hell?" I never answered.

**Book Notices**

*Selections from the Canadian Poets.* By E. A. Hardy, B.A.  
Toronto: Morang & Co. 128 pp.

THESE selected poems are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they were specially designed—as a course of supplementary reading in the public and high schools and for the general student of literature as well. Most of the foremost writers of Canadian verse, from pre-confederation times to our own day, are here represented by poems characteristic of their style and thought. The selections consist chiefly of patriotic and nature poems, with a number drawn from social and domestic life. The love and ardor of the true patriot, the freshness and beauty of the fields and woods, lakes and streams, the peace and warmth of the homelife, all are here. It may be that several of the poems only gained a place by their intensely patriotic sentiment; however, the reader cannot but feel that surely we have the beginnings of a Canadian literature which will occupy no mean place; and this little book ought to do much to bring our poets of promise to occupy that place in the public eye which is theirs by right of conquest.

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*The Sovereignty of Character.* By A. D. Watson. Toronto:  
William Briggs. 300 pp.

This is a courageous piece of work in face of the already numerous books that have appeared on the same subject, yet in spite of this the author has produced something quite his own. It is another "Life of Christ" in which the events and teachings of that life are presented in chronological order, while in each case application of the teaching is made to the life and character of the reader. A pleasing feature of the book is the very sane interpretation given to the facts, neither striving after startling effects, nor bound helplessly by tradition. While its pages are full of the philosophy of life, yet the style is remarkably simple and readable for old and young. Any attempt at exposition is perhaps suggestive, rather than full or comprehensive, but it is none the less valuable to the student on that account.



### *Economic Botany*

O. BOWLES, '07.

(Read before the Natural Science Association, Jan. 25th, 1906.)

THE subject of botany may be viewed from a theoretical or from a practical point of view. The theorist may revel in the many interesting and curious phenomena connected with this division of animated nature; or he may deal with evolution and variation, and trace from the primary groups down through the ages the lines of descent which link them with our present forms. The practical botanist, on the other hand, applies the fundamental laws of botany to questions of plant growth, the solution of which would result in industrial advancement. During these later years the economic aspect of botany stands out in greater prominence. Wonderful discoveries are being made which lead the ignorant and unthinking to scoff and jest, but which force the intelligent and reflective to pause in breathless expectancy as they catch momentary glimpses of future possibilities; for the scientific mind, as it probes in so many hidden places, has not failed to touch upon the secrets of plant life and growth.

Even elementary botany has its practical value. The spread of hurtful weeds would be greatly reduced if farmers could recognize these enemies on sight without waiting until dear experience taught them the lesson after the harm was done. A lady in Northern Ontario found growing by her door a pretty plant with white petals and swollen calyx tubes. Ignorant of its nature she watered and cared for it, and exhibited its nodding flowers to her admiring friends. Five years later the surrounding fields, instead of displaying their customary luxuriant greenness at the end of June, were white as snow from fence to fence with blossoms of the Bladder Campion (*silene inflata*), which has become the dread of the rural population.

If we leave aside elementary botany and take a further step into the domain of scientific research, we may read something concerning the effects of electricity on plant growth. It has been found that an alternating current of low intensity increases the growth of plants about 37 per cent. Atmospheric electricity, drawn to the earth by a pole surrounded by steel points, made seeds grow 55 per cent. faster than normally for the first 48 hours, 23 per cent. faster for 72 hours, and 17 per cent. faster for 96 hours. A positive charge increases the growth of roots, while a negative charge has a similar effect on leaf and branch. This has been practically made use of by market gardeners. Crops such as radishes, where growth of roots is required, are charged positively, while lettuce and cabbage are charged negatively.

Prof. Bailey, of Cornell University, has shown that electric light greatly increases the growth of plants, but in such a case the plants must be covered with glass.

Strangely enough, to a practical botanist has fallen the honor of discovering a process by which city water supplies may be purified. In many places, especially in southern cities, the water reservoirs are contaminated by algae, which become so abundant that the water is positively nauseating. The great difficulty met by all investigators was the same; the reagent which killed the algae tended to have the same effect upon the unsuspecting citizens who drink the water. But Dr. Moore, of Washington, has found that copper sulphate, in very small quantities, is fatal to the algae, but entirely harmless to human beings. An experiment was conducted with a water supply in Kentucky, which was so infected that the disagreeable odor was almost unbearable. After a careful determination, a sufficient amount of copper sulphate was added to make a solution containing one part of the reagent to 4,000,000 parts of water. The result of a microscopic examination indicates the value of this discovery. On July 6th, an alga of the genus *Anabaena* was so plentiful that 3,400 filaments were found in one cubic centimeter of water. The copper was added on July 9th. On July 10th, there were only 54 filaments in a cubic centimeter; July 11th, 8; July 13th, 0; July 15th, 0; July 20th, 0.

Dr. Moore has gone a step further and has proved that one part of copper sulphate in 100,000 of water destroys typhoid and cholera germs in from three to four hours, and the copper can then be removed from the water by precipitation with a soluble hydroxide or carbonate.

But the subject of most intense interest to the practical botanist of to-day is the bacteriology of the Leguminosæ. For years it has been known that nitrogen is the very foundation of agriculture. But modern systems of sewage are draining the land of its nitrates. Only one per cent. of the vegetable kingdom can utilize atmospheric nitrogen. Hence scientists have been prophesying a remarkable state of affairs, when all plant life will be languishing for nitrogen food, while at the same time 38,000 tons of nitrogen will be suspended in the air over every acre of land. With such a startling prospect looming up before him, it is little wonder that the scientist gave time and study to that peculiar one per cent. of plants, which are enabled to obtain their nitrogen from the unlimited supply in the atmosphere. This small group constitutes the order of the legumes or the pulse family.

Without entering into details concerning the development of our knowledge on this subject, I may state that certain bacteria (*Pseudomonas radicicola*) make their home in the roots of these plants, and absorb nitrogen from the air, which, by a peculiar process, is in turn absorbed by the host plant. The presence of these bacteria is shown by nodules on the roots. By means of these the plants may flourish in land devoid of nitrates. The effect is greater than one would at first suppose; for not only are the legumes benefitted, but they leave the land rich in nitrates, and ready to produce a more abundant harvest of any non-leguminous crop which may immediately follow. This unique property of the legumes was known even among the ancients. Pliny wrote, "The bean ranks first among the legumes. It fertilizes the ground in which it has been sown as well as any manure."

Dr. Moore, of Washington, came to the conclusion that by increasing the number of bacteria manifold there would be a proportional increase both in the yield of the legume and in its fertilizing value. He therefore tried to devise some way by which the bacteria could be introduced among the plants.

Attempts were made to cultivate the bacteria and have them in a condition for inoculation of plants. German investigators sought to rear the bacteria on the plants which they naturally selected. This was not marked with success, for though the creatures grew, the abundance of nitrogenous food at their disposal rendered them incapable of gathering it from the atmosphere, and thus deprived them of that quality which makes them of practical value. Drs. Woods and Moore, on the other

hand, gave the bacteria very little nitrate, merely enough to sustain life and permit development. The microscopic creatures grew and seemed hungry for more nitrogen. Instead of increasing the supply the scientists diminished it, and the result was wonderful. Instead of retarding their growth it made them robust and increased their nitrogen-gathering power.

It is the next step which imparts to the discovery its practical economic application. After the bacteria were reared to full maturity they were soaked up in absorbent cotton and thoroughly dried. Thus they were held in a state of suspended animation. When, after several months, they were immersed in water they were found to be not only alive but extremely active. Fed on a series of nutrient salts they increased amazingly. Tests were then made with seeds. Legumes reared on poor soils from inoculated seeds yielded prolifically, while the same seed not inoculated and planted in similar soil struggled feebly and yielded an insignificant crop.

The bacteria in absorbent cotton are put up in packages about the size of ordinary yeast cakes, and one of these contains a sufficient supply to inoculate the seed for four or five acres, varying according to the size of the seeds.

I may here state that there are unquestionably in the soil a few organisms, probably both bacteria and algae, which can directly fix free nitrogen without the aid or interposition of any other plant; but our knowledge of this subject is as yet very imperfectly developed.

This brief and condensed explanation will serve to place before you the main facts as an introduction to a series of experiments which I have carried on for some time for the purpose of illustrating this paper with living examples.

Owing to the kindness of Dr. A. F. Woods, of the Bureau of Plant Industry at Washington, I have been supplied with two packages of bacteria, one for garden peas and the other for red clover. For one series of experiments pure sand was taken and burned till all the organic matter was removed. The product of this operation is as unpromising a source of plant nourishment as one could well imagine. Four pots were filled with this, two of which were planted with peas and two with clover. One of each was inoculated and the other was not, in order that a comparison might be made to determine the food-supplying power of the bacteria. These pots were covered with glass for some time to prevent the entrance of foreign bacteria, and were watered daily with distilled water.

Another series was prepared to determine the real practical value of this discovery under ordinary normal conditions. Four pots were filled with rich soil which was not even sterilized. Two of these were planted with peas and two with clover, one of each being inoculated as before. These were watered with ordinary tap-water.

The planting was done on Nov. 4th. On Nov. 23rd a daily record was commenced which indicates in tabulated form the average height of the plants under the various conditions. No appreciable difference has been observed in the peas. For some time this was attributed to the fact that the pea has a considerable store of food held in reserve in its bulky seed. But upon examination it was found that for some reason inoculation had not taken place, and no nodules were to be found on the roots. The only satisfaction to be derived from this experiment is its negative proof of the theory, viz., that the absence of nodules on the roots is accompanied by a uniform growth of the plants.

The clover, on the other hand, demonstrates positively the food-supplying power of the bacteria. In the case of the two pots planted with clover in sand, a marked difference is observable. At the time of writing the average height of the inoculated plants is 1.6 inches, and of the uninoculated, 1.1 inches, showing an increase in growth of 45 per cent., evidently due to the presence of bacteria. On the roots of the larger plants the small white nodules were plainly visible; while on the roots of the smaller uninoculated plants it was quite interesting to note the entire absence of nodules.

A comparison of the plants grown in rich soil also gives evidence of this difference. On Nov. 25th, a photograph was taken of an average plant from each pot. A considerable difference is to be observed even at this early stage, the inoculated plants showing an advance of about 20 per cent. Nodules are present on the roots of both, but the inoculated plant shows them in greater abundance. At present the average height of the plants is in the one case 2.8 and in the other 2.2 inches, showing an increase in growth of 27 per cent., due to inoculation. This calculation of percentage is confined to height alone, and consequently is most conservative; for if we consider the lateral increase in growth to be as great as the vertical, we may conclude that a plant which is twice as tall as another is eight times as large.

From the evidence afforded by these experiments, we may reasonably conclude that the nitrogen-fixing bacteria are a real

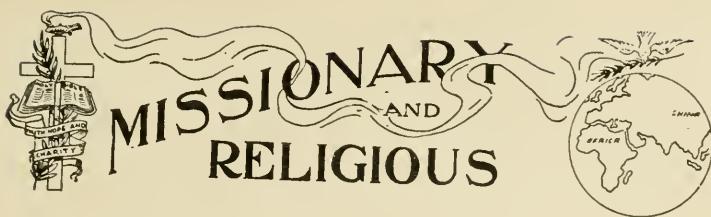
and an important factor in the growth of legumes. Further, since all nitrogen incorporated in plant tissue directly from the air, is a clear gain for the land, these organisms are extremely important agents for the enriching of poor soil. The experiment with clover in rich soil indicates that even though bacteria are already present in the soil, an increase in their number results in a proportional increase in the growth of the plants.

It is gratifying to us as Canadians to know that our own Agricultural College at Guelph is engaged in the preparation of pure cultures of bacteria, and it is to be hoped that those interested in scientific agriculture will take advantage of the earliest opportunity for conducting experiments on a large scale.

Canada is pre-eminently an agricultural country, and in consequence any discovery of this nature opens up to us a most extensive field for enterprise. We can imagine this invisible host of micro-organisms acting as powerful agents for the transformation of our waste lands into fertile plains, urging the already productive land to yield more abundant harvests, and holding out to the nation the prospect of a vastly increasing prosperity.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.



### *British Columbia as the Field for the Investment of a Life*

J. H. WHITE, D.D.

WHERE, within the bounds of his native land, may a young Canadian possessed of health, intelligence, education and ambition, invest his life so that it may count most largely for the glory of God and the benefit of his fellow men? With enthusiastic devotion to the Dominion as a whole, and hearty appreciation of the magnificent opportunities and special advantages offered by each particular province, permit me to present to the thought of such a man the claims of British Columbia.

Most people are tolerably familiar with the idea of its vast size (larger than the states of California, Oregon and Washington combined), its genial climate and unrivalled scenic beauty and grandeur. These constitute in themselves a very valuable asset and will have much to do with the future development of the province. Its outlook upon the Pacific Ocean, its three thousand miles of coast line and spacious harbors, will also have a particular significance for those who believe that the Twentieth Century is to be the century of the Pacific. But there are still many who find it hard to divest themselves of the notion that British Columbia is "a sea of mountains," interspersed with beautiful but narrow valleys incapable of supporting a large population. Truly, there is much in a phrase. Rudyard Kipling's reference to Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows," has given the English-speaking world an impression of the Dominion which is not further from the truth than that conveyed concerning the Pacific province by the characterization of a Canadian statesman. Poet and statesman alike simply voiced the impression made upon his own mind by superficial observation at long range.

The fact is that British Columbia is certain to become one of the most populous, if not the most populous, province in the Dominion. That this is the simple truth is a conviction that will grow upon any one who takes time to study the nature, the immense variety and the unimagined richness of her natural resources. The extent of these is hardly perceived even by those most familiar with the country, but enough is known to make it apparent that vast capital and large numbers of people will be required for their development. The merest glance in outline is all that is possible within the limits of this paper.

The numerous rivers and streams, as well as the adjacent seas, fairly teem with the most valuable edible fishes. The fishing industry is yet in its infancy, but already the value of its products runs into the millions of dollars annually. The largest timber area in North America is to be found within the boundaries of this province. Not only will there be almost unlimited production of the finest quality of lumber for many years to come, but there are thousands of square miles of valuable spruce, one of the best materials for the manufacture of wood pulp and paper. These forests are said to renew themselves every twenty years or so. Those who know the part played in the industrial world by the products of wood pulp will appreciate what this means. The mineral wealth of British Columbia is generally recognized. Gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, iron, are being produced in large quantities, though only a small portion of the province has been prospected except in the most superficial manner. Exhaustless deposits of coal are ready to hand. Coupled with this may also be mentioned the fact that the mountainous nature of the country, with the heavy precipitation of snow at the higher altitudes, furnishes boundless and easily accessible water power. Each of these industries is capable of indefinite expansion and offers the opportunity for wide specialization. Each has also its numerous by-products. What a field for the inventor, the chemist, the engineer, the metallurgist! Among the mineral products should also be mentioned a fine grade of marble, granite, sand and limestone, fire and pottery clay and a splendid quality of Portland cement.

Though not an agricultural country in the ordinary sense of the term, British Columbia has, in the aggregate, a large extent of tillable land. This will be much increased when further large areas have been brought into use by clearing of timber, by dyking and by irrigation. All kinds of mixed farming, stock-raising and dairying are carried on with great success, while

British Columbia fruit has recently won the Gold Medal in London in competition with the world. There is no doubt that fruit growing will be one of the great industries of the future. Owing to the fact that a good living can be made upon a small acreage the agricultural population will be much denser than is the case in most other portions of the Dominion.

The commerce of the Pacific province is already considerable and is destined to vastly increase, beside which her ice free ports will become the channels for much of the travel and the commerce of the Empire and of the world, for nothing can alter the fact that the shortest route from Europe to the far East lies through Canada. Already a portion of the vast wheat crop of the prairie provinces is beginning to find its way through the port of Vancouver, and a large wheat elevator, the forerunner of many more, has been built there. These are a few of the reasons for thinking that many large and populous commercial and industrial cities will shortly line the Pacific seaboard. Even to-day the ships of all nations ply to and from our harbors.

To the Christian man, and especially to the Christian minister, one of the most interesting features of the most westerly province is that it stands face to face with the great awakening nations of the Orient. What this may mean to Christianity and to civilization in the near future it would require the gifts of a Seer to predict. But the most casual observer may discern that the situation is fraught with tremendous importance and significance. These western shores will feel the first impact of the influences from strange and ancient civilizations. From these shores also it may well be, will set out that great army of conquest, the pioneers of which are already in the field, which is to carry the knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the ends of the earth.

Yes, from the standpoint of any department of the world's work, and especially from the standpoint of the Christian ministry, a consecrated and well-equipped young man who wishes to invest his life to the best advantage for God and humanity could not do better than to give the most careful consideration to the claims of the western provinces, and particularly to those of the farthest west province of Canada.

New Westminster, B.C., Feb. 14th, 1906.

***The Call to the Ministry***

N. W. ROWELL.

NO more serious hour will come to any young man than the hour when he stands at the threshold of his life work and listens to the voices that call him, and questions which voice he should heed. Commerce, with its supposedly large financial rewards, tempts; the professions of law, medicine and teaching may speak in persuasive tones; but to some at least there comes a voice calling to a work that is higher and nobler than any of these because of the larger possibilities of true helpfulness to our humanity. It is the call to the Ministry.

Never was the opportunity of the Ministry larger, never was the need of the true Ministry greater than in Canada to-day. We are engaged in nation and empire building. Our success or failure will depend upon the foundations now being laid. The true Minister can and will exercise a much more potent influence in determining the character of these foundations than a man of like talents and ability in any other walk of life.

Into New Ontario, our Great North-West and British Columbia men are coming by thousands, by hundreds of thousands. Railway companies are extending their lines in every direction to provide transportation facilities for the incoming multitudes. Manufacturers and merchants are opening up branches and sending out their travellers to take care of the commercial and industrial interests of the country. Banks are dotting the country with branches to provide for the financial needs of these new and growing communities. Everything that worldly wisdom can suggest is being done for the development of the material side of civilization in these newer parts of our country, but unless this civilization is blessed and ennobled by the spirit of Christ the very richness of its material endowments may prove its greatest curse. In connection with the work of our own Church there are many fields unsupplied with workers, and were it not that the Rev. Dr. Woodsworth—our Corresponding Secretary for Missions—obtained last year some forty young men from the Old Country, just that many additional fields would have remained unsupplied. Where are the men to come from for the additional fields which must be opened or neglected this year? No public service is so useful, no public duty so patriotic, no self-sacrificing efforts more Christlike than that of ministering to the spiritual needs of these incoming peoples.

The words of our Saviour never were truer than of to-day:—

“ And he said unto them, the harvest indeed is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest.”

“ Say not ye there are yet four months and then cometh the harvest; behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest.”

What is the great work to which the Ministry is called? “ We see that the stupendous enterprise we are working at means a spiritual uplifting and remodelling of human life and society in all lands; a spiritual regeneration of men individually and socially, intellectually, morally and politically. It is enterprise compared with which Brooklyn Bridges, Alpine Tunnels, Gigantic Business Trusts are all child’s play, but who can measure the responsibility which this knowledge imposes on us?” The Missionary work in its true idea, in its wide scope, in its stupendous plan and object, is that which makes life worthy of the sons of God, worthy of the Brothers of the Man of Nazareth, Gethsemane and Calvary.

What is the call? Some ask, “ A sign from Heaven.” “ Ye can discern the face of the sky but can ye not discern the signs of the times?”

What is the call? The need, the opportunity and the ability to help. The need is urgent, imperative. The opportunity is at the door, the Macedonian cry rings in all ears. The ability, Love of Christ and of humanity, the dominant passion of the soul; the capacity to tell of that love to others in a manner that will influence the mind and touch the heart; the willingness to go where the workers are most needed.

They who heed not this call “ Neither will they be persuaded though One rose from the dead.”

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### *The Nashville Convention*

FOR many months the thought and prayer of thousands of wide-visioned men and women have been centred on the Student Volunteer Convention, to be held in Nashville, Tenn. That Convention has won a place in the history of great religious gatherings. It is too early yet to weigh the results of a meeting representing the student life of the North American continent, but in the best sense of the term the gathering was

a great success. The chairman of the business committee reported the attendance as follows: Students, 3,060; professors, 286, representing by actual count just 700 colleges, as compared with 453 at the Toronto convention of four years ago. From 26 mission lands were 144 missionaries and 149 delegates from various missionary agencies. There were 8 fraternal delegates, 397 special representatives, and 44 press representatives, making a total of 4,188 as compared with 2,957 at Toronto.

As far as we have been able to learn, no other college invested so heavily in the Nashville convention as did Victoria. One professor and thirty-five students, at a cost of eight days' valuable time and \$1,400 in cash represented, as far as mere figures can represent, Victoria's interest in the Student Volunteer Movement. If each college represented at the convention had sent as many delegates as did Victoria, there would have been 25,200 professors and students present.

This is mentioned merely to show what great privilege has been ours and also to suggest how great is the responsibility resting upon us as a college. No matter what our attitude toward the mission problem, we as a college stand in a different relation to the world about us than we did prior to the Nashville convention. The inspiration resulting from the gathering together of so many men and women, with no less an object than the evangelization of the world will tend to enlarge our souls and broaden our vision, or, on the other hand, it will dwarf our hearts and narrow our conception of the meaning of life.

In his opening address, Mr. John R. Mott said: "The significance of this convention is to enable each of us to understand more clearly and realize more fully the mission of Christ to us individually." Mr. Mott's object was to get every delegate to appreciate what Christ means or should mean to the individual, for then only can the individual appreciate why we should tell of this Christ to those who know him not. The Student Volunteer Movement has many critics. Let me ask our critics to ponder over the above sentence quoted from Mr. Mott. If he does so he no longer will charge the Student Volunteer with neglecting his own doorstep in order that he might sweep away the dust of the heathen world. The Student Volunteer Movement means nothing if it does not begin with the individual. Its aim is to emancipate the individual from narrowness, from low ideals and from selfishness. Then

the student is able to look out and beyond and to ask himself, "Where can I best serve humanity?" The answer to this question is not necessarily the foreign field. A soul in Canada is just as precious in God's eyes as a soul in China or Africa, though, perhaps, not more precious, as many of us have supposed. Nor will the answer necessarily lead us to the Christian ministry, though men are wanted for that service as never before. But the Student Volunteer Movement asks us to consecrate ourselves to the service of man to win this world for Christ. It is for the individual to decide what line of life and in what country he can best contribute his share to this end. But with the facts of the heathen world presented to us as they were at Nashville, with the demand for at least one thousand men for each of the next four years, many of us will be compelled to go abroad, not merely to those who need us, but to those who need us most. "Beloved, if God so loved us we ought also to love one another." "The love of Christ constraineth us."

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## SPARKS FROM THE NASHVILLE ANVIL.

"Religion is righteousness—the infinite *love* lived a perfect life."

"If God calls you to be a missionary, don't dwindle into a king."

"Man is in the making."

"If I don't go to the foreign field how can I ask anyone else to go."

"Our money is God's money. How much will we keep of it for ourselves?"

"The whole creation waits for the manifestation of the sons of God."

"Jesus Christ expects me to do my duty."

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***The Convention from the Standpoint of Women***

MANY aspects of missionary work were presented at the Nashville Convention, which appealed especially to women. The work of women on the foreign field was dealt with; there were many women among the missionaries who

addressed the meetings, and the need of more women to undertake missionary work was strongly emphasized.

The degradation and sufferings of women in all heathen countries, their seclusion in the harems of the East, the condition of the widows of India, are more or less familiar to all, but the facts were brought home with a new force and vividness when presented by those who had just returned fresh from their work among such conditions. The picture of the position of women in the various countries, as presented by those who were familiar with all the details, was such as should not fail to arouse the sympathy and pity of those whose lot has been more fortunate. It was shown that all the non-Christian religions place woman in a position of inferiority. By many she is regarded merely as a slave. In the regions under Mohammedan rule the sanction and practice of polygamy inevitably degrades woman to a very low position. In no heathen country is found the home life which is regarded as one of the most valuable influences of our civilization.

As a rule it is only by women that these non-Christian women can be reached and influenced. Their ignorance is generally so great that the Bible is useless to them unless there is some one to read it and explain it to them. Their seclusion is so close in Oriental countries that none but women can gain access to them. Here the importance of the woman with medical training was emphasized. The need of medical attendance will often open to Christian influences homes that could be reached in no other way. Miss Ellen M. Stone, of Macedonia, whose name has become well known because of her captivity among Turkish brigands, spoke of the condition of women in European Turkey and of the good that is being done by the schools for girls already established there. Where education has begun to spread, the women have shown themselves eager to take advantage of it. In India, especially, there are large numbers of women students, and in Japan and China education is advancing rapidly among women, and the necessity of bringing them under Christian influence was urged, so that they might receive moral as well as intellectual training.

One of the afternoon sectional conferences was devoted to a discussion of the foreign work of the Young Women's Christian Association. Several women who had had experience in this work gave an account of what is being done, and spoke of the need of extending the work, especially among the women

students. The work in Japan was presented by Mrs Helm, who spoke of the great need of extending the influence of the association among the young women at the various schools. At the same meeting Miss Saunders made a strong appeal for increasing the work, especially in India, China, and Japan, where such great changes are taking place and where the widest opportunities are opening up. Much of the future of these countries depends on the evangelization of the women. Strong appeals were made for women who would be able to become leaders and organize the work in foreign countries. The societies were urged to send out those secretaries who had shown themselves strongest in the work at home. The women that were needed abroad were those who seemed almost indispensable at home, but the societies would find themselves strengthened rather than weakened by sending their best workers to the foreign field.

After the presentation of the great needs abroad, a strong appeal was made in the Sunday afternoon meeting for some women who were willing to use their abilities and their training for the service of Christ in foreign lands. We owe our advantages to the long course of Christian civilization; it is only just that we should use these advantages in serving Christ. In view of the great opportunities the question should be, "Why should we not go?" rather than, "Why should we go?" Nothing but the clear conviction that our duty is at home should keep us from spending our lives where the need is so imperative. It was pointed out that many of the mission boards at the present time have vacancies waiting to be filled by women, and all are extending their work. The theme of the afternoon was full surrender of the life to Christ to be used in his service. We must let the constraining love of Christ reach out beyond our immediate circle of family and friends to include the whole world. We have no right to content ourselves with a small work, however good it may be, if we have the opportunity and the ability to do a greater work elsewhere. It is true that some neglect the smaller and humbler duties at home in seeking for greater and more honorable work abroad, but perhaps there is greater danger of erring in the opposite direction. It is only by giving ourselves up wholly to Christ in humble obedience to be guided by Him, without any thought of glory for ourselves, that we can hope to accomplish anything either at home or abroad.

ETHEL L. CHUBB, '06.

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## *Editorial*

CHINESE MISSION PROBLEM.

In our February issue, Mr. Ozawa had a forcible article on "The Evangelization of Japan Imperative." In line with his argument we believe the church would do well to put more stress on the work in Japan, even if it necessitated withdrawal of forces from some of the Chinese fields. Such action might temporarily retard the work at certain points, but would this not be amply justified by the assurance of much greater results in the near future? Concentration of forces ought to prove as effective here as in military tactics, with a definite plan of campaign striking at the most advantageous and strategic point. The point of vantage clearly lies in Japan—"the Key to the Orient." Their race temperament, their customs and modes of life, the mutual bonds of friendship and sympathy, the facility in acquiring each other's language, the influence which Japan already exercises in the matter of education, the access which she has to the upper classes—now denied the foreigner—all point to the Japanese as the chosen messengers to convey the Gospel to China. To check the spread of infidelity

in Japan, to plant the leaven of Christianity in her universities, to construct for them a philosophy of life in harmony with Christian ideals, would seem to be purifying the stream at its source; for the stream of heathen teachers pouring yearly across the sea to China, cannot but exert an overwhelmingly greater influence than our utmost efforts could hope to cope with for years to come. It is better to strike at the root of a corrupt tree than merely to lop off its branches. The evangelical invasion of Japan would surely involve the least waste of energy and prove a much more effective and fruitful plan of procedure.

## •

This time-honored institution was designed in THE "LIT."— the old days down at Cobourg to meet a need, ITS FUNCTION, which need is as urgent to-day as then. What

was the aim of the Literary Society? Obviously its primary function was not mere amusement or recreation, nor was it organized to do the work of the lecture room in quenching the thirst for knowledge, nor (as is sometimes advocated to-day) did its chief benefit consist in the cultivation of a taste and talent for literature or music. All these benefits might incidentally accrue from the main purpose, which was to afford an opportunity for the free and ready discussion of questions of common interest. The frequent, kindly and grateful references which graduates make concerning the good received from their training here, show what function the society performed for many of those who have afterwards become distinguished in active life. They acquired the art of expressing themselves on short notice and of thinking while "standing on their feet."

Experience has proven that to ensure a lively, earnest, interesting and helpful debate, one in which even the reticent men are drawn out of their shell, the subject must not be one of an abstract or foreign nature, but one which intimately and vitally affects the participants. Such subjects are found in student politics, arising largely out of affairs within the college or university. And of course that such discussions be considered worth while it is necessary that the conclusions arrived at should have some weight or compelling power with the executive body.

Then it would seem proper that the body which provides opportunity for free expression of opinion on these important matters, and the society that legislates upon and manages the affairs of the student body, should have a closer connection than

they have at present. In other words, since the Literary and Alma Mater Societies are composed almost entirely of the same constituency, and since the transfer of business from the former to the latter has rendered the former practically void of content, it would seem advisable to reconstruct the machinery of our organization if the Alma Mater Society would not occupy the place of a fifth wheel to a carriage, or even play the role of a clog in the wheels. Something must be done to show that we have room and use for two such societies. It needs demonstration. Or perhaps the lowly-minded and self-abnegating Literary Society will step down and out and complete the surrender already so far under way. Then the Alma Mater Society could step in and carry on the business—a new firm—at the old stand.



Mr. E. J. Kylie, in a recent and able article, *THE RESIDENCE* clearly sets forth the benefit to be derived from *QUESTION.* a college residence in connection with the university. To illustrate his position he cites Oxford and Cambridge as examples, showing that much of their success is due to the plan of residence, and he contrasts the work done here with that of the German universities which have no student residences, much to the advantage of the great English universities. The aim of the German institution is intellectual proficiency merely, while the ideal of the British is to fit men for national service.

The residence contributes no small part in this training of students, so as to develop their personal qualities, giving them the greatest possible number of points of contact with their fellows and thus turning out useful as well as cultured citizens. The need of a residence is not a question of catering to the comfort, taste or social wants of the student in the sense of mere jolly good-fellowship, but is rather a national need of much wider interest than merely concerns the students in actual attendance.

University College is taking active steps in the direction of securing a residence for her men. Are we at Victoria to fall behind? A strong, lively, energetic, persistent agitation among the students and the Alumni is what we most need in order to this end. What is to be gained by any further delay? If we would but address ourselves to this task in an organized way and show ourselves in downright earnest, the residence would not be slow in taking on tangible form.



# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

## Obituaries

THE death of the Rev. Theodore J. Parr, which occurred in Hamilton on Thursday, February 8th, came as a decided shock to his many friends. Mr. Parr had been ailing only for a couple of weeks, and although his condition was known to be serious, no one expected a fatal termination. Mr. Parr had never been blessed with good physical health, but despite this his work had always been carried on with a zeal and energy and a whole-hearted devotion that gained for him a high place in his chosen profession, and a large body of friends among the young people and Epworth Leagues. His life-work was begun as a probationer on the Louth and Grantham circuits of the Niagara Conference, and in 1893 he was ordained into the ministry of the Methodist Church. In 1895 he joined the Hamilton Conference, where he occupied such pulpits as Ayr, Merriton, Simcoe St., Hamilton, Dublin St., Guelph, during which pastorate he was Financial Secretary of the Guelph District. At the time of his death he had just begun what promised to be a very successful ministry in the Hannah St. Church, Hamilton. Mr. Parr was a graduate of '94, and took his M.A. degree in 1898. He was one of the younger men of the Conference and had just reached the stage where he was making himself felt among his fellows. It is difficult to understand why one in his position who had reached, what seems to us, his maximum point of usefulness, should have been taken; and yet we cannot doubt that the all-wise God knows best, and that he has laid down his burden here, only that in that other sphere:

“Where the sick may lay  
Their care away  
And the weary forget to weep,”

he may carry on some work that needs him more. May those who sorrow for his death know that we in Victoria also knew and remember the life that is gone, and can feel with them in their loss.

THE REV. DR. NICHOLAS RAMSAY WILLOUGHBY, whose death occurred on the afternoon of Sunday, February 25th, came as a great blow to his multitude of friends. Dr. Willoughby was apparently in good health, and was at the time assisting his brother-in-law, Rev. J. W. Holmes, of Blenheim, in special services, but after the morning service he was stricken with heart failure, and died within a few minutes.

Dr. Willoughby graduated with the class of 1860, and four years later took his M.A. degree. He entered the ministry of the Wesleyan Church in the Alnwick Circuit in 1856 and was ordained in 1860. Owing to an almost complete loss of sight he was compelled to superannuate in 1901. For the past few years he has been living with the Rev. T. W. and Mrs. Jackson, and, despite his infirmity, has always been a faithful supporter of the Master's work. As some slight token of the appreciation which his fellow-workers felt for him, we might mention that he was a member of every General Conference since Confederation, and has five times been chairman of his district, in three of which cases he held the position of a double term.

With Dr. Willoughby has passed another well-known figure in Canadian Methodism, and all over the country there are those who will mourn for his loss. But even while we sorrow with them we cannot but feel glad that it was while in the midst of the work he loved that

“God's hand touched him, and he slept.”

THE death of Mrs. Maclaren comes as a great blow to the friends of Victoria. Mrs. Maclaren was always a willing worker in anything that concerned the best interests of our Alma Mater. In the efforts to obtain a woman's residence she was an indefatigable helper, and in many other ways she has aided more than we can know or tell. To Justice Maclaren and his two daughters, our fellow students, we extend our sincerest sympathy in their great bereavement.

ANOTHER old student of Victoria has answered death's call in the past few weeks, Judge Thomas Appleby Lazier, who was an undergraduate at Victoria in the early forties. Judge Lazier, who for many years was senior judge of the County of Hastings, died at Belleville on January the 26th, after a short illness. The late Judge Lazier was born in Tyendinaga township in 1826, and was known throughout Canada as one of our ablest jurists, and his death will be a serious blow to his profession. ACTA extends her heartfelt sympathy to the sorrowing friends.

### *Weddings*

ON Monday, February 12th, a very happy event took place at the home of Rev. John Burwash, Avenue Road, when Miss Hazel Kiyo Burwash was united in marriage to Mr. L. T. Burwash, Government Agent, Yukon Territories. While neither Mr. or Mrs. Burwash are graduates of Victoria, yet they are very well and favorably known to many around these halls, and *Acta* joins her voice with the many in wishing them all success and happiness in their new life.

A VERY pretty wedding took place at St. Mary's, Ont., on Jan. 10th, 1906, when Miss Maude A. Roberts became the bride of Sylvester Leroy Toll, B.A., B.D., of the class of '99. *Acta* extends congratulations to the happy couple.

ON the afternoon of Nov. 22nd, a quiet wedding took place at 76 Howard Street, the residence of the bride's parents, when Miss Grace Darling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Kerr, was united in matrimony to Dr. Frederick Nichol Badgley, son of the late Rev. Dr. Badgley, of Victoria University. The ceremony was conducted by the father of the groom, assisted by the Rev. T. H. Mitchell, M.A. The bridesmaid was Miss Ivy Kerr, a sister of the bride, and the groomsman Mr. Harold Marriott. Dr. and Mrs. Badgley visited New York and other eastern points on their wedding trip, and are now residing in the city. Though Dr. Fred Badgley was not himself a graduate of Victoria, yet through his father he was very well known around the college, and also through his own efforts on behalf of the Glee Club, of which organization he was a member, and to which he rendered valuable assistance. We extend to Dr. and Mrs. Badgley our very heartiest wishes for their happiness and success.

A VERY pleasant event was celebrated in Stratford, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Trow, when their eldest daughter, Miss Eva Trow, was married to Professor Walter Libbey, M.A., Ph.D., of the class of '87. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. Martin, of Knox Church. The bridesmaid was Miss Tot Trow, a sister of the bride, while the groom was assisted by Mr. Harold Nelles, of Toronto. Prof. Libbey is on the faculty of the Evanston University, Chicago, in which place he and Mrs. Libbey will reside.

**Personals**

CHANCELLOR BURWASH has just received a letter from one of our distinguished graduates, Mr. C. T. Currelly, who is with the Egyptian Exploration Fund Expedition, working near Luxor, Egypt. His letter tells of many interesting finds that have been the result of the "dig." Among them a bas-relief portrait of a XII dynasty monarch, probably King Usertesen III., and also two mummies of queens of the XI. dynasty, one of whom, Queen Hev-Hevel, Mr. Currelly claims to be one of the most beautiful women he has ever seen. "Her hands," he remarks, "are the talk of the Nile."

Mr. Currelly is indefatigable in his work for his Alma Mater, and is hoping to have many treasures to add to Victoria's already extensive collection of Egyptian relics, as a result of this expedition.

Mr. Currelly's work has met with great favor in the far-off land, so much so that the Khedive has conferred on him the grade of officer of the (4th class) Order of the Medjidieh. As the first class is reserved for royalty alone, Mr. Currelly's title is about the equivalent in English to the "Companionship" in the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

## '03 RE-UNION.

ARRANGEMENTS for the First Re-union of famous Class of '03 are now well in hand, so that it looks as if Convocation Week in Toronto will be more than ever a gala-time this year. It is hoped that all who ever belonged to '03 will be present, and special trains from the four corners of the earth may be expected early in balmy June, bringing back the wanderers to their first love.

The Class Executive are providing a regular carnival of festivities, and as the University College Class is holding its Re-union at the same time, a thoroughly enjoyable home-coming is in prospect.

**Exchanges**

THE last number of the *Argosy*, published by Mount Allison University, is creditable both in appearance and contents. There are several very readable articles, stories and poems, all of which are apparently contributed by students. This, we believe, is as it should be in a College magazine.

HERE is another of the omnipresent Willy stories, which we copy from the *McMaster Monthly*. It is the acme of simplicity:

"Little Willie—box of paints,  
Sucked the brushes—joined the saints."

THE January issue of the *Monthly Maroon* comes to us in the form of an "In Memoriam Number." It is wholly occupied by articles and poems on different phases of President Harper's life, which testify to the universal esteem in which he was held among his students. There have been many high tributes paid to President Harper, but this, we believe, in spirit at least, is the greatest. The outside world, which lauds him so highly, only sees half the man, it is not the truest judge. But one who can stand in that white light of a high position, before a thousand eyes watchful for inconsistencies, and do the little acts of daily life, strongly, justly, and mercifully, he is the great teacher and this the truest test. We have not so many strong men but that the loss of such an one will be felt far beyond his city and the university that he served.

## BITTER-SWEET.

Just to give up, and rest  
All in love secure,  
Out of a world that's hard at the best,  
Looking to heaven as sure;

Ever to hope, through cloud and fear,  
In darkest night, that the dawn is near;  
Just to wait at the Master's feet—  
Surely, now, the bitter is sweet.

HENRY VANDYKE.

In the *Acadian Athenaeum*.

THE last number of the *Queen's Quarterly* is, as usual, filled with interesting, though more or less weighty, articles. One on the poetry of William Butler Yeats we find particularly timely and interesting. The author's interpretation of the poems is extremely good. Notice the fragment which he characterizes as a "complaint of the idealist against the jangling discords of life":

"All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,  
The cry of the child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,  
The heavy steps of the plowman splashing the wintery mould,  
Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.  
The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;  
I hunger to build them anew and set on a green knoll apart,  
With the earth and the sky and the water remade like a casquet of gold  
For my dream of your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart."

AMONG our exchanges this month is the *Educational Monthly of Canada*. It is, as its sub-title states, "a journal of education," and deals with topics of interest and importance in the teacher's profession. Among its articles, the one we would choose for special mention is "The Ideal Teacher," by the Rev. Prof. Cody. This is a reprint of an address delivered at the 44th annual convention of the Ontario Educational Association. It is an appeal for more of idealism in the profession of teaching. As someone has said, "You can gain knowledge from books, but *personality* alone can educate." This is the high ideal that Prof. Cody would advocate; that teachers should cease to be mere machines for drilling knowledge into childish minds and should become rather a loadstone to *draw* them to the paths wherein *they* should tread.

HERE lies the body of Mary Ann,  
Safe in the bosom of Abraham;  
Very nice for Mary Ann,  
But rather hard on Abraham.—*Ex.*

THE February number of *Lux Columbia* is the latest arrival among the exchanges. There are several items of interest to Victoria students, all of which hinge around one old friend and comrade, Bert Brace. As a frontispiece there is a cut of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brace, and also of the West-side Methodist Church, of which he is a pastor, as well as an intimation to the effect that he has been elected Hon. President of the Literary Society. While farther on there is an article on Y.M.C.A. work in the Boer War. It is evident that Bert is holding his own in the far west as well as he did while here at Vic.

A MAID of the quaint name of Dido,  
Of her land was the ruler and Pride, O;  
But Aeneas of Troy  
Stole her heart and her joy,  
And she laid her on faggots and died, O.—*Ex.*

WHY is a Freshman like a hydrometer? Because he is brassy, light-headed, and not much good till graduated.—*Ex.*

FROM the February *McMaster Monthly* we quote the following:

"A maiden from Annesley Hall  
At the rink had a fortunate fall,  
For one of our men  
Quickly raised her again—  
There's to be a church union next fall."



"FIRST it rains, and then it snows,  
And then a storm is brewing;  
And then, the doctors have you,  
And-you-don't-care-what-it's-doing."

DAVIDSON—"Where are your seats for the Mendelssohn, Bill?"

Walden—"Down in the Pit in L."

Davidson—"Mine are in the balcony, in heaven."

DR. JOHN BURWASH (in a Religious Knowledge lecture),  
"And what did the demons enter into?"

Answer—"The Swine."

Miss Spencer, '09—"No! no!"

Dr. John—"Where, then?"

Miss Spencer—"Into the Pigs."

Dr. John—"Well, what's the difference? It's the same thing."

Miss Spencer—"Oh, no; swine are geese."

Later, Miss Grange, '09, was heard explaining, "The swine ate them, you know."

WALKER, '08, to one of the ushers at the Victoria-McMaster debate—"Say, I've got four girls here, don't take me to a front seat; you know why."

*Picked up at the Rink.*

FENNELL (10.20)—"I think Jerry and the Dean have entered into a conspiracy."

FRESHMAN, looking at a certain Freshette—"She's got a nice easy face, hasn't she?"

CLARK—"Hemingway is being seriously mis(s)led."

JERRY (10.30—somewhat warmly)—"Are you holding a matinee here to-night?"

MISS WHITLAM—"Mr. Woodsworth *does* wear a beam—doesn't he?"

KELLY—"Gee! my right hand is stiff."

STRANGER watching the Victoria girls at a hockey practice—"Gracious, don't they play rough! and only one *man*."

MISS B—r, '07—"Who's that fair-haired Freshman that has such a crush on Miss R-y-r?"

ONE of the most charming events of the season was a luncheon held in the Ladies' Study, on St. Valentine's Day. Those who had the privilege of being present were loud in their praises of the attractive decorations, the delightful menu, and the witty toasts prepared in honor of the presiding genius.

FAIR Varsity Hockeyist (in game with Vic.)—"Look out; By Jove, here comes Ross!"

MISS GRIFFIN (after hockey match)—"I'm a regular landscape painting."

SAIN'T—"It's cold on the hands, isn't it? I don't mean the one you're holding."

Miss B., '07—"Well, I can't hold more than one at a time."

JUNIOR (re cocoa stand on the rink)—"I think I will have to patronize Silver Bay."

Miss Whitlam (innocently)—"Who is she?"

MILLER, '09—"I'm blamed if I can talk to any sensible girl."

MISS BIRNIE—"I enjoyed Macbeth *fearfully*."

FRESHETTE—"When I was young I used to do my hair in the funniest way. Very queer—like Gordon Manning's."

MISS M. HILL—"I never wear white dresses. I know I'm a *Hill*, but I look like a *mountain* in a white dress."

HEMINGWAY—"Who shall I take to the Senior Dinner?"

Clark—"Why not Miss G—?"

Hemingway—"Oh, I never was any good in a wind storm."

LUCK—"I have a round, full face, of the Dutch type."

THE Senior Dinner, that function that ominously marks the flight of time and bids the careless student to take thought for the morrow, is now a thing of the past. We believe it, and we say it in all modesty, to have been a success. The numbers were slightly lower than in the last few years, from what cause we know not. For the rest, we believe ourselves to have been particularly fortunate in the choice of our guests. The speeches were, almost without exception, bright and interesting, and chimed in happily with the high spirits of the students. The Senior Song from the hand of that gifted son of naughty-seven, Mr. E. J. Moore, was very much appreciated and lost none of

its force in its rendition by Mr. Ley, '08. The student speeches were, of course, the feature of the evening, and were listened to eagerly alike by ebullient freshmen and somnolent sophomores. The evening was lightened throughout by the snatches of songs, now keyed too high, now too low, but always carried through with the strong courage of conviction; while ever and anon the proceedings stayed to listen to the mournful croakings of "Three—B—D's." Just as the Alma Mater clock had lifted up its musical voice to proclaim the half after one, the happy gathering broke up amid a storm of "yells," and Freshman, Sophomore and Junior retired to their lonely little beds, there to dream of the day when they would sit at the big centre table, looking into the kindly old eyes of Mr. Chairman, and listening with blushing expectancy for their own name in the Senior Song and trying to look unconcerned as one year after another took up the story of the greatness of the graduating class, in more or less melodious tones.

"Percy Blakeley Macfarlane makes pills  
As also Stanley Gordon Mills,  
They know your bones and where each one fits,  
They've chopped old corpses all to bits.  
They've also studied a little "arts,"  
And interfered with some maidens' hearts,  
But they'll get quickly on their feet  
When they hang their shingles on Bloor Street."

"Ever since they've been Freshmen chicks  
There's been something doing in naughty-six."

The Senior Reception this year is one of the brightest spots in the year's history. The programme was unusually good, overflowing with wit and wisdom, and strange tales of the puppy days of the stately seniors. Would that we might quote all the bright things that were said in history, verse, and prophecy, but the exigencies of space prevents; and could we do justice to them anyway? There is something in the Senior Reception that defies description, an underlying pathos that is obvious even to the tiniest freshman present; something strangely pathetic in the closing scenes of every such fete, as the Seniors, forgetful of the flight of time, grasp at any pretexts for protracting the gathering.

Ah, well! four years must end sometime, and we will not forget you—naughty-six.

### *With the Nashville Delegation*

IT was a glorious send-off which the Toronto delegation to Nashville received. There could not have been a scene of greater jubilation over the departure of twenty bridal couples. As the engine tooted its last toot, and as they wildly scrambled for their cars, each delegate thanked the peculiar deity, which had a hand in sending them, that he was southward bound.

But it was a fearful night! After Douglas Henderson had found his pajamas and had subsided, the night was filled with the noise of snoring, and cries of "Robby, Robby"! from some unfortunate individual in a distant part of the car.

Need we tell how, at Detroit, we gave the college yell from the top of a sky-scraper—much to the edification of the sparrows; how Wesley Morgan bought shoes for the entire party of ladies; how at Cincinnati Dr. Wallace and Edward spent their spare moments in the Hippodrome, and Wesley squandered a cent to hear the touching melody, "My name is Morgan, but I'm not J. P." Suffice it to say that the party established a reputation all along the line, and the eyes of the Kentucky piccaninnyies grew very big and round as "V-c, v-c, v-i-c" roused the slumbering hamlets.

The experiences in Nashville were far too numerous to mention: How some slept in churches for the first night, and some amid much less hallowed environments; how Ed. Wallace and Doug. Henderson found a sweet abode in a ladies' seminary; how in our democratic ignorance we occupied seats in the street cars which were reserved for "the colored race"; how Lester Green, thinking to cling to a street car strap, rang up several fares—much to the disgust of the conductor; how Miss Patterson, in her appointed place of abode had, as "the only Christian," to say grace for the family. Much as we would like to mention more we must forebear.

The homeward journey, tired as was the party, was one of delight, even though in the grand *melée* of the final night. Stockton went through the head board of the upper berth and sundry freshmen were slain. As the delegates wearily stepped from the train, to be welcomed by the dear friends from Vic, they felt that there would be few brighter spots in college life than the journey to the Student Volunteer Convention in sunny Tennessee.

On the car to Belmont Ladies' College, Nashville. Ferguson, S. P. S., addresses one of the Vic. men on board: "Where are you fellows going?"

Newt Bowles—"To Kissam (H)all, sure."

Nashville hostess to Charlie Reddick, just come down for breakfast—"Are you all well, this morning?"

Charlie—"Of course, I'm all well, thank you."

Lane—"How are we going to manage; will the girls come in and make the beds for us?"

Hemingway, '09 (coming back from a talk with Miss D-n-t, '09)—"I was just having a talk with the engineer."

Henderson—"There's a nigger boy and three maids at our place—not counting Ed. Wallace."

Voice in car—"Brigham Young Morgan has another wife."

Robertson (in Mammoth Cave)—"Who in the dickens is bringing those lights around here?"

Miss M-l-s—"There is a chap around here with his trousers turned half way up to his knees, who looks just like Dr. Edgar."

Rutledge, '09 (at Detroit Y.M.C.A.)—"Cleanliness is next to godliness, anyway."

Henderson—"It's ahead of it when a man is as dirty as I am."

Woodsworth to Green (in their room at Nashville, looking meditatively into the grate fire)—"Well, Lester, I guess the next fireside I will be beside is at Amiesley Hall."

At Cincinnati M. C. Lane appeared on the platform with a small tin box.

Juniorette—"Is that a corn cure, Mr. Lane?"

Lane—"No, it's a Cornell cure."

Mammoth Cave, Mammoth Cave,  
See the fish that have no eyes,  
Hear the guide tell —— lies.  
Mammoth Cave, Mammoth Cave,  
See the river, sweat and shiver,  
Mammoth Cave!

Host to Miss B-t-g.—"And what are you going to do when you finish college, Miss B-t-g?"

Miss B-t-g.—"Get married, if I can."

Conundrum—Why are there so many feather beds in Nashville?

Answer—Because Vanderbilt plucks so many every spring.

Miss P-t-n, walking along the street—"How far is it? We haven't passed many blocks since the last one."

Scene—Misses B-t-g, H-m-l, and M-l-s, comfortably seated at rear end of a street car, chatting. Enter conductor. "I reckon you all better move up front. This is where the colored people sit."

Mr. St.-l-d—"I'll be glad to get back to my regular habits of life. When I'm in Toronto I study six nights a week and spend the seventh at Annesley Hall."

Miss P-t-n, at dinner—"No, thank you, I don't care for any. Oh! is it butter? I thought it was ice cream."

It has been reported that a theological brother has been lamenting the demoralizing of the "slang" expressions that have appeared in "Locals."

The only remedy that seems feasible is to expurgate Doug Henderson.

Robert, speaking of a threatened illness of Miss Barker.—"She was terrible put out. She must have had a great deal of love for you, young men."

Hostess—"We have had a great many accidents lately, one almost every week.

Cornell—"Oh, that is nothing, up in our city we have a man killed every day by the street cars."

Hostess—"Won't you have some more chicken, Mr. Lane?"

Cornell—"Oh, no, thank you. I have helped myself very liberally, but I eat very fast."

Fair Visitor—"Oh, you must be a Methodist, then, Mr. Lane."

Miss Hamilton, '05 (coming out of Mammoth Cave)—"This passage looks as though it had been blasted, Doctor."

Dr. Wallace—"Yes, but I thought the 'Corkscrew' the most blasted passage in the whole cave."



## *Annual Meeting of the Athletic Union*

### SECRETARY'S REPORT.

*Mr. President, Officers and Members of the Union :*

One more year in the history of the Victoria Athletic Union has passed, and as once more we come before you at this our twelfth annual meeting, we feel that the year has not been without its advancements. It has been a year of continued activity along all athletic lines, and we are glad to say that while we may not have succeeded in capturing many prizes our record has not been one for which the Athletic Society need blush. If athletics can do no more than teach us to quit being quitters, Victoria may still thank the spirit of true sport.

But, gentlemen, do not think that I am adverse to winning championships; for no one regrets more than I our last unsuccessful attempt. If I may be permitted to express my feelings, I think that there are two things greatly needed in athletics at Victoria. They are the Mulock and Jennings' cups. The same may apply equally as well to the handball and association football series.

And now, when so many of our sports are leaving college, let me impress upon the men the importance, not only of turning out themselves, but also of encouraging the new men "to get into the game" early. With such a splendid addition to our athletic facilities there is no reason why Victoria should not place two good teams on the field for every sport, and, what is still more important, why every man should not participate in at least one line of sport. Thus will he build up a strong physique and be thereby enabled to pursue ardently his academic work.

The Union is to be congratulated upon the completion of the athletic building. At last, the hopes of many former students have been realized. We regret that the building was not ready for the fall term. Owing to plumbers' combines and other unforeseen developments, not until Christmas was it ready for use. Next year, however, the men will be able to enjoy all the facilities afforded by it. The shower baths have been a delight to all who have used them. The individual lockers have proven to be a marked advantage. Instead of

two or three men having their goods packed into one locker, each man now has ample room for all his sporting regalia. The large number of lockers affords accommodation for a great many more men than now patronize the building. The office with the phone and desk will form the centre of all athletics around Victoria. The executive is very anxious that all the men should avail themselves of the privileges of the building. From opinions expressed by those who have used it this year, it is one of the best investments that have been made around Victoria.

A committee has been appointed to make arrangements for the rental of the campus. If, as heretofore, the Y. M. C. A. takes over the grounds, we shall receive a cash rental of \$200, along with the improvements and maintenance of the grounds, which are worth a great deal more. The executive intends to have the grass tennis courts placed in first-class condition for the fall, and it is expected that a new cinder court will be put in. This will fill another want, as our students played a great deal more tennis last year than ever before.

The Rink Committee is pleased to present such a good report to-day. Through the efforts of the secretary-treasurer its treasury has been filled, even exceeding that of last year. It is able to shoulder the deficit left by the A. U. and the Maintenance Committee of athletic building, as well as to pay off a large part of the debt. The rink has become one of the factors in college activity and forms the centre of the social and athletic life during the winter season.

In conclusion, we feel that we cannot do less than congratulate the President, officers and members of the Athletic Union on the results of this very successful year of their history.

C. B. KELLY, *Secretary.*

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Following are some excerpts of general interest from the different reports accepted by the Union :

#### I. PROVISIONAL REPORT OF TREASURER.

Balance from last year.....	\$208 48
Fees collected .....	60 00
Received from Rink Committee.....	150 00
	<hr/>
Total expenditure .....	\$418 48
	<hr/>
Balance on hand.....	281 63
	<hr/>
	\$136 85

#### 2. PROVISIONAL REPORT OF RINK COMMITTEE.

Total receipts to date.....	\$2,244 95
Total expenditure to date .....	725 80
	<hr/>
Balance on hand.....	\$1,519 15

## 3. MAINTENANCE COMMITTEE OF ATHLETIC BUILDING.

Total receipts to date.....	\$108 00
Total expenses to date .....	76 29
Balance on hand .....	<u><u>\$31 71</u></u>
Estimated expenses for remainder of the year ...	\$138 50
Amount on hand .....	<u><u>31 71</u></u>
Estimated deficit.....	106 79

On recommendation of this committee the following was adopted by the Union as its future scale of rates for the athletic building:

Large locker, upstairs, including all privileges of building.....	\$1 75
Ordinary locker, upstairs, including all privileges of building..	1 50
Locker, downstairs, without bath privileges .....	1 00

Quite a general discussion was entered into *re* the paying off the debt on our athletic building by the annuity plan. But after the President pointed out some new financial problems staring us in the face, the matter was allowed to drop. This means that the money borrowed free of interest from the Board of Regents will be refunded as quickly as it can be raised.

The vote for honorary members of the Union resulted in the election of H. D. Robertson, P. B. Campbell and W. J. Salter.

### *Our Hockey Record*

IT is with some reluctance that we take up the old, old tale. To be candid, your athletic editor had been lying low, saying little and thinking much. His heart was set on the Jennings Cup and his hopes were high. He longed to break forth in a new song, one full of real inspiration, something yet unheard-of around Victoria. But alas!

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley,  
And leave us naught but grief and pain for promised joy."

Burns, too, had knocked up against adversity, and from his warm heart there comes forth these words of sympathy.

We have forgotten to mention, however, that the fault is probably our own. Borne along by enthusiasm, we made the almost unavoidable blunder of forgetting that one should not even hope

for Victoria to win trophies. "Why," it is said, "our athletic ambition should be away above such mean considerations. Ours is the higher and nobler aim of infusing a manly and generous spirit into sport, of playing for the benefit of the game and not for some paltry prize." "This view," we answer, "is essentially correct, but still our mind wanders back to that cup." And are we inconsistent in this or merely human? Let each one judge for himself.

Well, the virtue of a poor story lies partly in its being short. The tale of Victoria's achievements must needs be interesting then. For to be sure, it is soon over. Our seven met the Senior S. P. S. team and the odds were against them by 11 to 8. Nevertheless, it was a scrap all through. Not until the whistle blew would they give up. The features of the game were close-checking and much fence-riding. Referee Young gave most of them a chance to cool their heels. At one time Robertson forgot to hang on to his stick and was ruled off for five minutes. This resulted in two tallies for our opponents. It was painful to Vic. sympathizers, but better lose the game than fortitude and self-control. Just then we could not help but wish for Davidson. Such a reinforcement would have retrieved the losses of the day. In fancy we could see him dodging through the bunch with the puck, then a lightning shot and the arm of the goal umpire held aloft. But this was not reality. We were rather witnessing a desperate struggle in which Oldham, Stockton and MacFarlane were prominent. The new men were doing their best also, and giving promises of a bright future on the ice. At last, however, it was over and we recognized that the "Cup" had once more eluded our grasp.

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### *A Question of College vs. University*

JUST here it may be added that, though Victoria got nowhere near the Jennings Cup, she has the satisfaction of being represented on the University team. Davidson's presence strengthened this in proportion as it weakened our own. While we regret his loss, yet beneath it lies the principle on which the University depends for her different teams. If the right to choose the best men from the different colleges were denied her, whence would come the husky fellows who uphold our honors against Queens and McGill.

But while this is so, it is our first duty at Victoria to develop a strong college spirit in athletics. Interest in the University is no doubt broader, yet it is in college sports that the great majority of students find opportunity for participation and advantage. The greater the enthusiasm here the more will the men be personally interested and benefited. This must also bring forward an increased number of candidates who seek a place on the University teams.

So then, to whichever interest one attaches primary importance, he must acknowledge in all fairness that our loss of Davidson at this particular time was unfortunate. For even though it be a duty and a pleasure to support the University teams, we are in that position where a little winning would help us wonderfully. Of course, it is mere folly to argue that the trophy was sure. But, with our line thus strengthened, the Dentals, who won out, would have had just cause for doubting the issue. And to be a close contestant is better than to have no show at all. It brings encouragement. If more of this so-much-needed enthusiasm could by any legitimate means be stirred up, we might spare the required men and still be able to win for our college colors honorable recognition.

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**NOTES**

Again our ladies have thrown down to us the gauntlet in the success of their hockey team. While we suffer defeat, they win. But our chagrin loses itself when we see them smiling after a recent victory. They have won two out of the three games played.

The Varsity team proved easy. To the onlooker it was simply a problem as to whether their players could bunch themselves so closely together in front of the goal that no through-passage would be left for the puck. The score of 13 against them proves their failure.

The first game with St. Hilda's was keener. But pluck and ability to play won it for Victoria by a score of 3—2. The return match, however, went against our ladies. During the second half, when it stood one all, St. Hilda's, quite by accident, broke away and scored. Then, though the Vic. ladies pushed the play right in front of their goal for two-thirds of the time, they could not score. Brilliant indeed were their shots, but the solid phalanx of (what shall I say, skirts?) proved invincible.

Our next game is with Varsity, for which weather prospects at present are not very encouraging. On this account it may have to be postponed until next winter.



The Freshmen and Juniors played the only inter-year game of the season. The former challenged and the latter accepted with spirit. Both sides expected to win and went at it with zeal. The play, at least so the onlookers say, was strenuous, marked by no combination, for which deficiency everyone substituted bunting, you'd hardly call it checking, and dexterous stick-handling. The latter made the game furious but not fast. Basing our judgment on the evidence of eye-witnesses, we must give the score as 2—1 in favor of the challengers.



Lack of steady ice did not prevent many interesting games. '08 certainly carries off the palm as sporting enthusiasts. The Pol. Ecoms. and Phils. of their year put up a practical bluff to each other in which the former were more successful. The victorious Ecoms. also played a team picked from the remainder of their year. The game was well contested on poor ice, and resulted in a victory for the latter of 4—3.



Besides these, we have heard rumours of matches between gentlemen and ladies (I mean on the ice). These, so we are told, were played in the very spirit of medieval chivalry. The gentlemen, as true knight-errants, equalized the contests by binding fast their left arms. Many valorous deeds were performed on both sides, but it must be added that the power of beauty, as of old, remains unconquered.



W. L. Trench carries the athletic stick during the coming year. The requirements for holding it are as follows: A man must be interested in athletics and have played on a representative team of Victoria. Besides this, he must have had no stars in his course. Wherefore, let all aspirants beware of walking in the starry way. The present holder has fulfilled these conditions and played on the All Toronto Lacrosse Team as well.





THE MIDDLE RHONE GLACIER



# ACTA VICTORIANA

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## *April*

C. W. STANLEY, '09.

O APRIL, weeping girl,  
With thy sudden bursts of tears,  
And frowning days, and parting ways,—  
Is 't petulance or fears?  
Hark! robins piping, merry,  
'Neath kind or cruel skies,  
And waters ever noisy, glad—  
Have done with whims and sighs!

O April, laughing April,  
Thy sudden smiles are gay!  
Thy happy moods green all the woods,  
And lure reluctant May.  
O weeping, laughing April,  
Attend on all the years;  
Then wilful damsel, joyous, sad,  
I love thy smiles, thy tears!

***Glimpses of Alpine Scenery***

SADIE BRISTOL, '03.

TOURISTS who have described with enthusiasm the beauties of Swiss mountain scenery have in no way exaggerated. Before enjoying my first sight of the famous Alps, I expected perhaps a beautiful repetition of our Canadian Rockies. However, so different are the Swiss and Canadian mountains, that comparisons can scarcely be made. The former seem mountains in spite of man who has cultivated wherever inaccessible cliffs and icy heights have not forbidden. The latter range appears in all its primitive wildness, with man as yet compelled to dwell in shelter at the foot of the mountain heights.

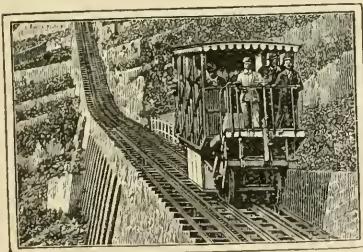
Leaving Paris in the morning we reached, by night, Lausanne, our first stopping-place in Switzerland. During the afternoon of this day's journey, the presence of mountains was indicated by the rolling hills which replaced the level country. The mountains at first were hills, some lofty, some low, but none snow-capped and few rocky. The cultivation of these hills was what first impressed me. Every grass-bearing hill, however steep, was carefully cut by haymakers until the slopes resembled the evenly-trimmed terraces of city grounds. Everywhere sunburnt women worked out of doors with the men, and oftentimes a woman would be seen raking hay on an elevation seemingly too steep to offer foothold to any except these fair-haired Swiss women and young girls, the latter with two blonde plaits of hair hanging down their backs. How sweet-faced, yet stolid, appeared the children who often stood near their fathers and mothers. Seldom would a wave of the hand or a greeting from a passing train elicit a smile or response from these children.

Not only to haymakers do the mountain districts yield sustenance, but also to farmers, whose small farms would scarcely be dignified by that title in Canada. Chalets, with whose picturesque sloping roofs and weatherbeaten unpainted exteriors we were to become very familiar, might often be seen at the top of steep slopes. Around each little dwelling, and even sloping to the base of the hill, wherever rocks did not interfere, were tiny rectangular, square, and triangular fields, all without fences. Each plot was planted with different vegetables and grains, and the whole farm had a mild resemblance, in varied shades of green and yellow, to the "crazy patchwork quilt" so popular with our grandmothers. These irregularly

shaped "patchwork quilt" farms indeed seemed characteristic of Europe, for not only were they found in Switzerland, but also in France, Germany and Italy.

To enter into any detailed description of Lausanne, the beautiful town overlooking Lake Geneva, or other Swiss cities with their surrounding mountain scenery, turquoise blue lakes, and relics of bygone days, would fill many pages, so I shall limit myself as much as possible to mountain scenery only. From Lausanne our route led to Berne, the Bear City of Switzerland, so-called because of the insignia of the first lords of the district, and after a sail on picturesque Lake Thun, we reached Interlaken, at which point begins some of the most magnificent Alpine scenery. No longer were low, peaceful hills seen, but rugged heights and snowy peaks. From Interlaken could be obtained a fine view of the Jungfrau, cold, silent and snowy, though sometimes tinged with the red glow of sunlight.

Although Interlaken seemed at a lofty elevation, we were to climb still higher. We departed from Interlaken by a round-about route in order to enjoy the exceptionally fine scenery of the Lauterbrunnen valley. The journey was different from any I had ever before taken among mountains. Canadians, as a rule, view their snow-capped mountains from the one railway which, for commercial purposes, stretches from east to west. In Switzerland, the railway carries the traveller to seemingly unattainable snow regions. Our train consisted of one open car and a very extraordinary engine. Such dizzy heights the engines climbed, with their boilers at a very peculiar looking angle on level ground, but horizontal when ascending or descending the grades for which they were adapted. The track consisted of the two usual outer rails, but in the centre was a cog rail, and as we heard



INCLINED RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

the click, click of the cog wheel of the engine in this central part of the track, we felt secure from sliding down the steep grade. We wound about a wooded hill, with cool fern groves here and there, and a gray mountain torrent below us, until finally we entered an extensive green valley with towering pine-clad cliffs, apparently closing all egress. Our journey, however, was upward rather than onward, for we had to scale the mountain barriers hemming us in on all sides.

The scenery during the climb was beautiful and wonderful beyond description. Huge boulders, threatening to fall, overhung the track. We hovered on dizzy heights. Foaming cataracts and rushing torrents plunged down the mountain side to join the wild river below.



SWISS CHALET.

People in the valley beneath became like small dolls, and chalets, like tiny doll houses. Yet as we climbed up and up, there were, even higher than we, little chalets on apparently unapproachable heights where it would seem

that those emerging from the doorways of the Swiss cottages would roll down the steep incline.

We stopped from time to time at mountain stations, and the deep sounding bell music of the station signal was in harmony with the almost unreal beauty of our surroundings. Several hours had passed when we reached the station of Scheidegg, situated on a broad plateau at snow level. The scenery at Scheidegg was indescribably wild and beautiful. Apparently a short walk of one or two miles would bring us to the snowy base of the Jungfrau which rose in front of us. Behind to the right we could look down upon the beautiful Lauterbrunnen valley, to the left upon the green valley of Grindelwald. Here bloomed huge pansy-like violets, forget-me-nots, pink and blue, nestling near patches of snow drifted from the glacier, brightly colored mountain roses on green bushes, and numerous small flowers with whose names I was unfamiliar. Herds of cattle whose bells tinkled musically, pastured on the lower surrounding hillsides.

We remained at Scheidegg for some hours, then left for Grindelwald at a somewhat lower level. We now descended a less steep grade than had been our upward climb, though a few people still feared to gaze out of the window at the dizzy descent. At Grindelwald, where we were for a few days, bold mountain cliffs rose perpendicular and high, and a rough climb, fraught with danger to the incautious, led tourists to a glacier, from which a magnificent view was obtainable. Less ambitious tourists might reach a smaller glacier by easier stages in a short carriage drive. A ten-minute-walk brought us to our destina-

tion, where an enterprising Swiss had cut a narrow semi-circular passage through the ice in order to enable tourists to boast of having been within a real glacier. The trip lasted not more than ten seconds. Some traveller went so far as to suggest that the ice had been brought hither in waggon loads and deposited as a paying investment on the mountain side. Certainly the dangerous glacier was the more interesting. During the drive to the smaller accumulation of ice, an old man with an Alpine horn was induced, for a few tips, to blow for our amusement, and many and musical were the echoes, first like deep organ tones, then fainter and fainter like fairy music, "the horns of Enfland faintly blowing." Many pleasant memories of Grindelwald remained with us, when finally we had to return to Interlaken, whence we left for the Brünig Pass and Lucerne, the city of the Four Forest Cantons.

Our next important journey was the ascent of Mount Rigi. No snow levels were reached, but in other respects the trip was somewhat like that to Scheidegg. As on the former occasion we travelled in a car propelled by the odd little engine which I have mentioned before. Our train puffed over high bridges, through gloomy tunnels, and along winding cliffs, whose wooded slopes reached to the valley below. From the summit of Mount Rigi we enjoyed a splendid panorama of almost idyllic beauty, perhaps not so wild and rocky as the view from Scheidegg, but none the less lonely and picturesque. I could count from this elevation, seven turquoise lakes sparkling in the sunlight of the clear summer day, while in the background, enclosing these lakes as in a circle were the Bernese Alps tipped with snow.

After a short sojourn in Italy we returned full of pleasurable anticipation to beautiful Switzerland. No more delightful and novel journey can be imagined than the nine hours' drive in diligences over the Splügen Pass and Viamala. We left Chiavenna in Italy early in the morning to arrive at Thusis in Switzerland by night. Again we were given evidences of engineering skill, as we drove up a road by which armies have marched to victory or defeat in this land of mountains. The road, safeguarded by low stone walls, could be seen above and below us like tiers of seats in a concert hall. Our route was repeated again and again, and each time we ascended higher until the top of the mountain was reached. There were many tunnels, and it was a new experience to travel through these by conveyances other than trains. The water oozed over the damp walls, and often drops fell upon our heads, yet these passages,

though gloomy, were well ventilated by holes cut in the sides of

the rock. Through the openings could often be seen, as in a frame, a pretty picture of natural scenery. Cascades tumbled down the mountain-side and scattered foam and spray as they leaped from one projecting rock to another.



FIRST BRIDGE IN THE VIAMALA.

though gloomy, were well ventilated by holes cut in the sides of the rock. Through the openings could often be seen, as in a frame, a pretty picture of natural scenery. Cascades tumbled down the mountain-side and scattered foam and spray as they leaped from one projecting rock to another.

The descent on the other side of the mountain, which was in Switzerland, seemed more gradual than the ascent, since the grade was less precipitous, but we still reversed our directions many times. From one point of view could be seen as many as twenty-seven turns of the road which resembled white chalk lines drawn at hazard over the country, spread out before us in a gradual downward slope. We drove through thick woods with the boughs of tall trees meeting above our heads. We hastened through little Swiss villages where often halts were made for change of horses. Gradually the wooded scenery was replaced by high bold cliffs. We again passed through tunnels, over edges of precipices and beneath frowning crags. Soon we found ourselves in a deep and narrow gorge, on both sides of which rose steep cliffs. Beneath us thundered the green waters of the Rhine, a swift mountain torrent, soon to broaden into the picturesque river famous in German song and legend. We were all sorry to

reach Thusis, and to feel that only a short time would elapse before our delightful visit in Switzerland would be at an end.

## ***How They Save a Shipwrecked Crew Off Plum Island***

MRS. C. TENNEY.

ONE would hardly have looked for it at the quiet seaside retreat, whither we had betaken ourselves to escape the ubiquitous fire-cracker, and the general confusion of the "glorious Fourth." Yet here in this stagnant, out-of-the-way place we were treated to a display of grandeur and weirdness and bravery, not to mention the absolute danger, such as the writer at least never before witnessed.

The day was calm and delightful as one could have wished it to be until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when a sudden gale of wind sprung up, gradually developing into a perfect tempest in strength and velocity. The heavens grew black and brassy. The sea was choppy, and the breakers, churned into foam, broke upon the beach with a noise like thunder.

We had gone down to the shore to watch the boiling surf. In the offing lay two large three-masted vessels. Both had signalled for a pilot, and as a result a tug lay alongside of each, waiting to convey her through the channel into the harbor. The first tug bore her burden swiftly and steadily toward her haven through the tumultuous waves, but the second behaved in a very strange manner, pirouetting around the ship apparently without any aim whatever, and certainly with no definite result. Finally she left the ship altogether and took her way alone up the channel. We learned later that the hawser had parted, and it was impossible to reattach it in the raging wind. Meanwhile the unfortunate vessel, which was now the only craft visible on the broad ocean, acted even more strangely than had the tug. She also appeared to have decided to make the port on her own account. But in the judgment of the lookers-on she was coming dangerously near the shore. It was soon painfully evident she had become unmanageable and was drifting into the breakers.

Pitching and tossing in a frightful manner she suddenly veered about, and with fearful plunges came, stern foremost, straight toward shore. With a cry of terror the nearest bystanders turned and fled, almost expecting the huge leviathan to be right upon them, fearing to look back lest they see her go to pieces and her crew perish right before their eyes. But neither result happened, for the sand-bar running along the beach held

her for two hours or more fast and firm; albeit she pounded heavily and rolled as though she would be thrown upon her beam ends. Meanwhile the night grew darker and the mist denser. The tug carrying tidings of the ship's peril must have reached her haven, and word had been dispatched from the life-saving station to the neighboring city summoning the coast-guard to the scene of danger. To those who watched and waited upon the shore it seemed as though help never would come. And, as the captain of the ill-fated ship himself told us afterwards, it seemed to those on board that the vessel would pound herself to pieces before they could be reached. But in less than two hours' time the life-saving crew had arrived, the life-boat was run down to the shore, and preparations made to launch her. Now began a pyrotechnic display quite equal to anything the conventional Fourth of July fireworks have to offer on their programme. It was found wholly impossible to launch the life-boat in the raging surf, and the fact was signalled to the waiting vessel in a white, brilliant light flashed from shore. The vessel responded with one in kind, but much less in intensity. Then a fierce red light was thrown by the surfmen, illuminating all of the surrounding darkness with a lurid tinge, and bathing the tumultuous ocean in crimson glory, while the masts and shrouds of the doomed vessel stood forth in bold relief.

Thus back and forth for sometime flashed the cabalistic signs, wholly unintelligible to the onlookers, but full of fateful meaning to the principals in the affair. Human life hung upon these silent signals. Suddenly came a cannon's sharp report, and by the red glare we could see something fall athwart the rigging and drop into the sea. The life-line had been thrown, and the surfmen were putting in order the machinery for working the breeches buoy.

By this time a large crowd had gathered, attracted by the sound of the firing and the news of the vessel's danger. Breathless we stood upon the shore to watch the saving of human life from the angry billows that raved and fought each other in their mad fury to secure their prey. Which would succumb in the unequal strife—the brave surfmen or the storm-tossed ocean? Trembling with fear and excitement we yet put up a silent prayer for the imperilled mariners unto Him who holdeth the sea in the hollow of His hand. Many must have ascended from that awe-struck throng, for suddenly the blinding mist cleared away, the clouds parted, and the full-orbed moon looked down in pitying wonder on the scene. To be sure the wind was still

fierce and strong, the ocean abated not one jot of its raging tumult, and the poor vessel creaked and labored in her brave effort to hold herself together. By this time she had drifted a little further along the beach, and the incoming tide had forced her from the bar upon the shore itself, while a mighty wave swung her around until her prow was now turned toward the land, and she herself was so near we could distinctly hear the voices of her crew in the brief lulls of the wind.

The captain shouted from the vessel that the first line had not held, and a second one was fired.

"She has caught in the rigging of your foremast! Go aloft and you'll find her!" shouted the captain of the coast-guard through his speaking trumpet. Four times the message was repeated before it could be heard above the noise of wind and wave. We almost shouted it ourselves in our agony of desire to have it reach the sailors in the doomed vessel.

Then one of the seamen ran up the rigging with the agility of a cat, though the ship rolled so it seemed a miracle that one could keep his footing on the deck. In breathless silence the crowd below waited. Then came a hoarse shout, comprehended as the first had been—only after frequent repetition: "There ain't no line here—there ain't no line here."

"I tell you she's in the maintop rigging. I can see her!" screamed the voice from shore.

Another spell of anxious waiting, then again from the ship came the answer: "I tell you there ain't no line here. She hasn't caught. Try it again!"

Hearts sank and yearning voices spoke in grief-stricken terror, "Oh, will they fail to reach her! Must they perish before our eyes, and we stand powerless, yet longing to save them?"

A third time the life-line was thrown and a speedy "All right!" from the ship announced she had held. A mighty cheer arose from the relieved multitude. More quickly than we can tell it the cable rope attached to the line was pulled aboard, followed by the hawser which carried the breeches buoy. Expectantly we waited the coming of the first man to be rescued. In a few moments came the welcome cry, "All right! Haul ashore!" In another moment a dark object shot from the vessel's edge, hung aloft a few seconds over the seething abyss, and was speedily landed, while the sailor—an American—was taken from the buoy amid the ringing cheers of surfmen and spectators. In like manner came the second—the steward of the vessel. Then a longer wait than usual, followed by the cap-

tain's call: "They're scared to death. They are most all Portuguese, and they won't get in."

Instantly one of the surfmen got into the buoy and went aboard to help the distracted captain. After that there was no delay. Two more men were landed, then again the captain called, "The next one is a boy—a little fellow. Take him in your arms."

The crowd gathered closer, and the brave surfmen ventured far out into the breakers to catch the child and carry him safely to shore. The captain's only son! Women wept over him, thinking of "what might have been," and men cheered with sobs in their throats. But the surfmen bore the pale, affrighted boy up to the life station, and put him to bed. In this way the crew of seven were landed, the captain being last to leave the vessel, after extinguishing the lights.

It was nearly twelve o'clock before the last man was rescued, and quite seven hours from the time the ship struck on the bar. As we turned from the place to return to our cottage, chilled through, weary and excited as we were, we yet felt a thrill of thankfulness that the poor storm-tossed sailors would rest as peacefully and safely as ourselves although the noble vessel was doomed to destruction. It seems to all who participated in this thrilling scene that one such experience ought to be quite sufficient to demonstrate the absolute necessity of keeping the life-saving crews at their stations all the year round. No month is exempt from its possible perils upon the ocean, and under certain conditions two hours' delay would be ample time to bury both crew and vessel in a watery grave.



## *The Spirit of Eighteenth Century German Literature*

F. OWEN, '07.

THERE is a direct connection between the literature of any period and the political and social condition of that period. The Renaissance in England produced Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and many others associated with them. The Elizabethan Age of English literature was fostered by the rapid development of England's power, by her crushing defeat of Spain, by the wonderful discoveries made in the New World, and the almost fabulous voyages of Drake and his companions. In Germany in the eighteenth century the absolutism of the sovereign reached its zenith. Corresponding to this absolutism the wretchedness of the lower classes had also come to a climax. Ground down by exorbitant taxes levied by the petty princes, who squandered it on gorgeous shows and women adventurers, the people were in much the same condition as the French before the Revolution. Consequently the "Zeitgeist," or spirit of the age, was the spirit of revolution and upheaval. But owing to the strict military despotism of the time and the crushed spirit of the common people, the movement did not become a political one as it did in France. Religion, morals, social conditions and literature were the realms which this disturbing element attacked. Thus we have in Germany, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century especially, its Augustan Age of Literature, whereas the same conditions produced in France a revolution and a reign of terror.

The discontent reached its height in literature in the "Sturm und Drang" movement. The way had been prepared by Lessing, who discarded the old principles, shook off the retarding French influence and placed all lines of thought upon a rational basis. But his followers far outran his expectations or his intentions. They threw off all restraint or authority; they acknowledged no traditional right; they claimed freedom in everything. From the extreme of absolute dogmatic authority they would have rushed to anarchy. No religious authority, no social custom was safe before them. Freedom was their battle cry and the pen their sword. The cardinal doctrine of these Storm and Stress writers was the inherent infallibility of human nature. Man's nature was sufficient to work out his own salva-

tion and to conduct him to the highest heights of human attainment, if it were only unfettered and unhampered by useless social and religious standards. In literature they advocated the following of nature, and consequently their chief model was Shakespeare.

This movement, although the fundamental principles were praiseworthy, would in all probability have made disastrous shipwreck, had it not been elevated and purified by the greatest individual Germany has ever known—Goethe. He was a pilot in the storm. Goethe was a remarkable man. He had received an excellent training during his youth, had entered the University of Leipzig, and had at once thrown himself, heart and soul, into the new movement. There was something within him which made him dissatisfied with existing conditions, and he burned with a desire to remedy them. But his early training, his sound moral nature and his great intellect kept him from becoming a prey to the sensualistic views of the greater number of the Storm and Stress writers. What he longed for was intellectual freedom—freedom for the development of individuality, and the using of it for the betterment of the human race. His mind was above any selfish, narrow vein which concerned merely his own pleasure. It was under influences such as these that Goethe wrote "*Götz von Berlichingen*," the embodiment of the Storm and Stress movement, and the greatest of its productions. In this play, Goethe's intense desire for individuality and personal freedom comes forth. Götz is the champion of what he believes to be freedom; he is opposed to the selfish, grasping aims of the princes who wished the old forms of Free Knighthood abolished in order to enrich themselves. He is loyal to the emperor because he believes his resistance to oppression is loyalty. He protests against the political power of the priesthood and the grinding down of the lower classes. His enemies, however, are too many for him. He dies with the cry, "Freiheit, Freiheit" on his lips.

The Storm and Stress movement engendered another phase of thought, the introduction of democracy into literature. The struggle for individuality naturally brought up the relation of the peasant class to their superiors, and their troubles and sorrows. This form of literature, which the French call "bourgeois," was first attempted in England by Lillo in his play, "*George Barnwell*," and also in a later one, "*Fatal Curiosity*." Previous to this, literature had been aristocratic, the lower classes not being considered worthy of a place in literature. But the

change of thought which swept over Europe at this time was bringing the peasant class rapidly forward. In France it culminated in the establishment of a political democracy. As stated before, the German state of affairs did not allow a revolution politically, but there was a democratic movement in literature. The English poet, Lillo, although of little importance as a literary man, had a great influence on German literature. It was at the time when the Germans had shaken off the French yoke and had gone to the English for models as being more in harmony with their national spirit. Great men such as Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe, did not fail to see the fearful wretchedness of the people and the greed and licentiousness of the petty princes. They could not keep silent. Most of all did Schiller protest against the social condition of the people. His was an active mind. He could not be content with theorizing; he wished to put his theories into practice. In this respect he was much more of a revolutionist than Goethe, who in his later years attained to a classic state of mind, and was adverse to all violent measures.

Lessing was the first to introduce the democratic element into German literature in his plays, "Miss Sara Sampson" and "Emilia Galotti." The former was founded on an English basis, the latter on the Latin story of Virginia. In "Emilia Galotti," Lessing introduced German sentiments and problems. It was the burning question of relation of the nobility to the lower classes. Was there to be a possibility for the recognition of the people's rights or not? The father, as he slew his daughter before the eyes of the tyrant to save her from dishonor, cried: "There, prince! Does she still please you? Does she still excite your desire? Still in this blood that cries for vengeance against you? I go, and give myself to prison. I go and await you as judge. And then, yonder—I await you before the Judge of us all."

Schiller in his "Kábale und Liebe," in which he was greatly influenced by Lessing and Goethe's *Werther*, gives a vivid picture of the times, and his portraiture is very close to his own actual experience in youth. The keystone of the whole play is whether the established customs of society should be broken down, and union of the two classes be permitted. The President represents the scheming, ambitious, unprincipled courtier of the time; Ferdinand is a man of the aristocracy, who asserts his claim of personal liberty and freedom of choice; Louisa is the simple, confiding, lovable girl of the lower classes, too deeply religious to break her oath, fearful of the scornful finger

of society, so depressed by long-continued oppression that her only comfort was that in the next world all distinctions of caste would be broken down. A fearful picture of court life is given. The people are burdened with taxes; the court swarms with mistresses; magnificent displays are held, to defray the expenses of which the German soldiers are sold to foreign princes as mercenaries. Schiller was on fire. He poured forth his eloquence like a rushing torrent. He cries for the social emancipation of the people and the reformation of the ruling class.

Not only was the spirit of the age revolutionary in literature; the movement spread to religion. Klopstock had been the embodiment of Pietism. His "Messias" was a general favorite among the people and also among the educated classes on account of its religious fervor and lyric beauties. But the spirit of philosophical research was beginning to question everything, and subject every thought to close scrutiny. Wieland might be called the first German rationalist, for he was the first to protest against dogma and traditional authority. After him came Lessing who followed in his footsteps. But Lessing did not cast out the old beliefs because they were old; he merely rejected those which were not conformable to reason. He picked out the good points from a mass of superstition and ignorant belief. He advocated tolerance; his "Nathan der Weise" was written to show that all the creeds have something noble and genuine in them, and to show the injustice of persecuting a man because his religious opinions differ from those of someone else. Lessing was an advocate of rational enquiry and unprejudiced research in all religious matters. Of Biblical criticism he says: "The letter is not the spirit, and the Bible is not religion. Consequently criticisms of the letter and of the Bible are not necessarily criticisms of the spirit and of religion. There was religion before there was a Bible. Christianity existed before the evangelists and apostles wrote. The Christian religion is not true because the evangelists and apostles taught it, but they taught it because it is true." Lessing was not hostile to religion; but he claims that man should be permitted to use his powers of reason in his religious belief.

Soon after Lessing came Kant, with his intellectual individualistic philosophy, and permanently replaced the old ideas with a new system. He went beyond Lessing. He maintained there are no demonstrable truths except those which can be verified by experience. In religious belief there is no absolute proof, but man's moral nature asserts its reality, and that is the basis of

all moral law. This new system of thought was certainly revolutionary. In the confusion caused by the change of ideas what wonder that many lost their footing altogether and became victims of doubt and despair.

Goethe, the greatest intellect of the age, had to face the same problem of religious belief, and we find the conclusions at which he arrived in "Faust." Faust is a type of the eighteenth century. He is endowed with high intellectual powers, with an ardent longing for knowledge, not satisfied with a finite grasp of the infinite, but wishing to pierce beyond the veil which guards the Unseen from our eyes. In a moment of despair and doubt he makes a compact with the evil spirit, Mephistopheles, in which he agrees to yield him his soul for ever, if the spirit could give him such joy that he would wish the passing moment to stay. Faust is introduced to revels and pleasures, to scenes of witchcraft and weird orgies. He experienced passion but it finally ended in remorse. He finds that the gratification of sensual, selfish aims cannot produce lasting happiness. In the end Faust discovers that the only true happiness is self-sacrifice for one's fellowmen, and it is this feeling that causes him to say to the passing moment: "O stay, thou art so fair." According to the agreement with Mephistopheles, Faust was to surrender the eternal welfare of his soul, but the Evil Spirit is cheated of his prey. Faust is considered worthy of immortality because he had learned the lesson of self-sacrifice. The underlying teaching of the play is that good will triumph over evil in man's nature if given an opportunity. Goethe's whole life history is compressed in Faust with respect to his creed. His life was a continual struggle to advance beyond the narrow theological beliefs of his day, and get a deeper insight into the inner depths of spiritual emotion. Faust touches all the varying emotions and movements, social, intellectual, literary and moral, of the eighteenth century; and as Goethe had passed through all these phases during his long life of eighty-two years, we must necessarily have a living representation of the spirit of the age.

The same revolution of ideas is to be seen in the scientific thought. Lessing in education, Herder in language, religion, law and art, and Goethe in science, all maintained the theory of organic growth. Everything, they held, should be considered as the product of a gradual process of evolution from inferior forms, and that consequently there was a direct connection between the present state and the past, both being bound together by an unending chain of events. Now, while this theory, which

is the beginning of the modern theory of evolution, was rather startling in its teaching, and created considerable upheaval in all lines of thought, yet its teachers carried it to a magnificent conclusion. If there had been organic growth in all things up to the present, then there would be also in the future. Therefore, the grand end would be the goal of perfection, and all things were continually on the upward march.

Goethe was greatly influenced by this theory, which allied with his leanings to classic symmetry led him to disapprove of all violent measures such as the French Revolution. Had it not been for the unifying influence of the great men of Germany in the eighteenth century, who constructed as well as destroyed, there is no doubt that Germany would have been the scene of as bloody an outbreak as the Reign of Terror.

The eighteenth century in Germany was a period of individualism. The Storm and Stress writers, the growth of democratic literature, the longing for freedom and liberty in every line of thought, all primarily drew their sources from the individual rights of man. But out of this very state was to come the collectivism of the nineteenth century. Its origin was in the rationalistic teaching of Lessing, the evolution of Herder and Goethe and Kant's extended view of moral law and religion. Thus Germany had its revolution as well as France, but the fight was fought in the study instead of on the battlefield, and the fruit of the labors of these great thinkers was to exert a radical influence on the course of the next century.



HOTEL LAKE LOUISE.

## A Primitive Courtship

A. B. FENNELL, '06.

HALF a century ago there dwelt in Camden township a young farmer named William Cross, stoutly-built, ruddy-faced and of unusual strength. He lived with his mother, a Protestant Irishwoman, rather more intellectual and refined than her neighbors, and the son shared these characteristics of mind and heart to a marked degree. A peculiar stoppage in his speech prevented him from talking except in broken phrases, and as he was very sensitive on this point he was usually silent and reserved before everyone except his mother. It was a standard subject for mirth among the young women of the settlement how he would do his love-making, although any one of them would have been much pleased to receive his attentions. Up to this time he had, however, appeared quite indifferent to the charms of the fair sex.

This indifference was far more assumed than real, as is the case with most men who take such an attitude. In fact, in the presence of one particular Mary, William felt himself very awkward, and found his tongue far more unwieldy than usual, and he was conscious of flushing or turning pale most unaccountably whenever he found her looking at him, while Mary usually returned these blushes when she saw that William was conscious of her glance. As these are, I am told, the orthodox signs in the freemasonry of love, I presume that each must have understood something of the feelings of the other although they had never talked together except of the most common-place things.

Now Mary was the daughter of a poor settler, one of seven sisters, who thrrove and grew beautiful in some unaccountable way on salt pork and buckwheat pancakes, and when her father received an offer for her hand from a neighboring well-to-do farmer, he promptly ordered her to accept. The poor girl was much distressed for a time over the conflict of duty and inclination, but finally came to a practical decision. If William had really wanted her, he had had plenty of chances to ask for her; and now that a good respectable husband had presented himself one might very well rely upon the old adage about the bird in the hand. Besides her father was one who had strict ideas of parental authority and would probably compel her to accept the offer of a good home and husband, when the only objections she

had were feelings of a tender nature for one whose name had never been coupled with hers even by the neighborhood gossips.

So Mary prepared, as well as she could, for her wedding which was to come off after the fall ploughing had been stopped by the frost. Her intended husband came occasionally to sit of an evening with the family but never showed any desire to talk to Mary in private; in fact, he took no more particular notice of her than of any of her six blooming sisters.

Meanwhile the news had come to William's ears and had so agitated him that he was unable to say anything for a whole evening, even to his mother. The old lady, having been young once herself, and having had the additional advantage during that period of being a woman, did not take long to connect William's trouble with the marriage about to take place. A few casual remarks from time to time confirmed her suspicions and the day before the wedding she paid a visit to the bridegroom-to-be.

As she and William were at supper that evening she talked volubly of the neighborhood gossip, and finally said:

"You are going to Mill Creek to-morrow in the spring waggon; you can take Mary and Caleb over to get married and bring them back when the parson is through with them. Caleb's horse is lame, and I told him you were going and could take him just as well as not."

William made some effort to speak and say he would not go, but, as his mother said, he had planned on going, and had really no excuse for refusing to do a kindness to a neighbor. So early the next morning he started off somewhat moodily, but determined to see the thing through.

His self-possession was somewhat disturbed by the sight of Mary at her father's gate in an enormous bonnet and red and black shawl over a pink calico dress which had cost three York shillings a yard in Kingston. It was further disturbed by the appearance of Caleb helping Mary to ascend to the back seat of the waggon after she had been duly embraced by her weeping mother and six teary sisters. Then Caleb, too, climbed up and off they started, followed by the farewells and blessings of those left behind.

They drove along the rough, uneven roads, here through a clearing gradually widening about a log house and barn, here over a corduroy causeway through a frozen swamp. And all the time the low red November sun sparkled through the leafless branches of the trees, and the forest echoed again and again

to the footfalls of the horses. Here and there as they broke through the thin ice of roadside puddles, William instinctively checked the horses lest their heavy feet should splash the muddy water upon the pink calico gown and the plaid shawl.

Thus the ten-mile drive passed, and at last they came to the tavern door at Mill Creek where William stopped to let Mary descend and go into the sitting room to warm. Here Caleb left her while he went to the parson to make the arrangements for the marriage, and here William found her alone when he came in from putting his horses under the shed.

She was sitting before the square box stove, the red and black shawl was thrown back over the chair, the huge bonnet lay on the table. The pink gown was cut just low enough in the neck to show the contrast of black ringlet and white throat, and just short enough in the sleeve to show a round tapering arm, somewhat reddened, though, by constant wielding of the butter ladle.

William came to the other side of the stove and gazed adoringly; his breath came in short gasps and his heart thumped fiercely while he tried in vain to speak. Then Mary raised her eyes and stole one look at him. It broke the spell, the words rushed forth in a torrent.

"Mary, what's to hinder you and me driving to Clark's Mills and getting Squire Parker to marry us?"

"Nothing at all," said Mary. "Get the horses and I'll be ready."

In a trice the horses were at the door, the red and black shawl under the huge bonnet had mounted into the front seat, and off they rattled down the hard frozen road just as Caleb returned to the tavern. As he saw them his face relaxed into a broad grin.

"Wall, wall, he done it, he done it. Ole Miss Cross said to me, sez she, 'Caleb, he loves her and wants her.' 'Then,' sez I, 'let him ask for her,' sez I; 'I hed to ask before I got her.' 'Well,' sez she, 'if he asks kin he hev her?' 'Yes,' sez I, 'her pap has got six more like her to hum.' Wall, wall, he done it, he done it!"

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The showers are gently falling on the hillside and the plain,  
The grass is slowly sprouting and the buds are out again;  
The crow is northward flying and we hear the robin's cheer,  
And our hearts are once more gladdened, 'tis the springtime of  
the year.G. A. A., '06.



## *The Great Lakes as a Source of Municipal Water Supply*

JOHN A. AMYOT, M.B.

THE bulk of the water of our Great Lakes is as pure a natural water as is found in the world, in spite of the fact that it receives the greater part of the sewage of the millions of people and animals living in its gathering area.

Nature when given time renders innocuous, decomposes, alters or dissipates this sewage. Sunlight hastens chemical actions already begun, starts others, and kills bacteria not habituated to its direct influence. The dissolved oxygen derived from the air through the movements given the water by the winds, the currents, the variations in temperature and perhaps even capilarity, helps to burn up much of the organic matter. Bacteria of one variety or another are practically omnipresent. The saprophytic ones of these attack all varieties of organic matter. Their products kill many of the infectious forms, or at least inhibit their activities, and split up dead organic matter into simpler compounds. Gases are formed during this activity at the expense of the contents of the original molecules. Often these gases are formed in such quantities as to be a large factor in the disruption of the grosser particles of material. This helps the other forces of nature. Water has a great solvent action; this with the above gas action macerates and separates particle from particle. The heavier and less easily disrupted ones go to the bottom to be farther acted on by the same forces. The lighter ones float away, are buffeted about and still more broken up. Attrition of one particle against another plays its part also. (This force, attrition, is especially active in that great draining river, the Mississippi.) Finally dissipation takes place through enormous dilution. These combined forces of nature, if given time and space enough in which to act, will most certainly keep the waters of the lakes pure.

An unlimited supply of pure water is a necessity and a blessing to towns and cities. The waters of the Great Lakes offer an unlimited supply, but from preventable causes unfortunately are often the opposite to a blessing. Municipalities using this source for public supplies are generally notorious for their high mortality, from especially typhoid fever and intestinal diseases. Typhoid fever is generally a water borne disease. There are other means for the transmission of the bacilli of this disease, by infected dust breathed, carried on the feet of flies and other insects to our food, by direct transference from infected hands to the food in the nursing of the sick, and by milk infected by these last means or through the water used to wash milk cans with.

In cities where the water supply is beyond question, the mortality from typhoid per 100,000 is usually below 10. None of those cities making the Great Lakes their source of water supply have such a low death-rate from this disease.

The average death-rate varies from 20 to 80 per 100,000, of population in the cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo, Cleveland, Milwaukee and Chicago, cities taking their water supply from this source. This death-rate represents only about 5 per cent. of the actual case rate per 100,000 for the same cities, with all the suffering, loss of time, money and after-effects to those afflicted. This disease often leaves its victims handicapped for the remainder of their lives. The typhoid rate in these cities is, generally speaking, in proportion to the quantity of sewage entering the lake front, to the shallowness of the lake water and to the nearness of the intakes of their water systems from shore.

The difficulty in all these cases is that time enough and space enough is not given for nature's forces to become efficiently and finally active.

Toronto's typhoid rate was highest when its intake pipe under the bay was leaky; Chicago's when all its sewage went into the lake. Toronto's rate decreased when the steel conduits were placed, Chicago's decreased when the intake was extended out four miles, and again decreased when four-fifths of its sewage was diverted from the lake by its now famous drainage canal. Toronto's and Hamilton's rates are less than those of the other cities named, because of certain natural conditions existing. Hamilton's rate is lower than Toronto's. Hamilton's bay is larger than Toronto's bay. It has one outlet far from its sewer outlets. Toronto's has two outlets, both closer to the sewer mouths. Hamilton treats its sewage so that less than one-half

of it is potential for harm. Toronto, to make things worse, empties nearly one-third of its untreated sewage directly into the lake at not a great distance from its intake.

Fourteen per cent. of the samples of Toronto's water, taken daily from the tap in the laboratory of the Provincial Board of Health showed the presence of intestinal bacteria in one cubic centimeter quantities (a very small quantity of water.) These bacteria are not found in pure waters. Their presence shows comparatively recent pollution of a water. Typhoid bacilli as they get to water are from the excreta of human beings. They have been shown to live from four to six days in such waters as we have in our lake. Since intestinal bacteria do get to our water system there is not good reason to suppose that the system will be passed by by the typhoid bacilli. The infection of Toronto's water, most likely, takes place at the intake in the lake off the Island. If it were from the bay directly, it being continuously polluted, the samples would practically constantly show infection; whereas the infections are in groups of days, two or three at a time with intervals of sometimes weeks between these groups. On consulting the records of the Observatory during the first year of the examinations there was seen to be a rather close correspondence between the directions and velocities of the wind and the infections. When the winds were of a velocity of ten miles an hour or over, and were from the northwest, northeast, or the east, two days afterwards infections were noted.

The intake of Toronto's water system is a quarter of a mile off the south shore of the Island beyond the bay, in the neighborhood of the lighthouse, thus at about the middle of the city's water front.

On one occasion a direct line of sewage was observed to flow over the intake from the Garrison common sewer. This same phenomenon has been observed frequently from the Chicago sewers out into Lake Michigan. Now this is most likely to take place when the direction of the wind is from the northwest. It is quite likely that a similar occurrence is frequent, and may take place as well from the Dufferin sewer. When the wind is from the west or northwest the outflow from the bay is by the eastern gap; when from the east or southeast from the western gap of the bay. Under these conditions of wind it often happens that a difference in level between the eastern and western ends of the bay of twelve inches is recorded. A difference of from four to eight inches is an almost daily occurrence. The currents in and out of the gaps are frequently of two to

three miles an hour velocity. This means of course the emptying of a large bulk of sewage into the lake; for probably 20,000,-000 gallons of Toronto's 30,000,000 gallons of sewage daily go out of the bay. Twenty million gallons is an immense bulk of fluid. It would require a reservoir 1,000 by 320 by 10 feet deep to hold this quantity. The solids in this would approximate 150 tons. The currents along the south shore of the Island run either east or west, depending on the direction of the winds. If the wind has been blowing in a westerly direction for a day or two, the currents go east; if they have been blowing in an easterly direction the current flows west. There are deep and superficial currents running in opposite directions, and these alternate with the effect of the wind. That the superficial waters may turn down, especially where such suction as exists at the intake is possible, has been shown in an observed temperature at a depth of 65 feet of 60 deg. F. The water of Lake Ontario has an average temperature of 36 to 38 deg. F.

On one occasion, chemically and bacterially, a straight line of sewage for a mile and a half out from the eastern gap was observed with practically no alteration. Now given a change of wind and an opportune current in the direction of the intake infection is quite to be expected.

There is a remedy for all this, and it does not lie in a tunnel underneath the bay to the present intake. Two courses are open. The first is to stop discharging raw sewage into the lake. Toronto is so situated that this must take the form of treating or disposing of the sewage (and this to the bitter end), or filter the lake water. A sewage disposal plant for the first time has been suggested by Mr. Rust, Toronto's city engineer, and approved of by the Provincial Board of Health. It is to consist of an intercepting trunk sewer extending the whole length of Toronto, seven miles, large septic tanks to hold 30,000,000 gallons in the neighborhood of the Woodbine, a pumping plant to then raise the overflow from these tanks to 600 acres of sand treatment beds near Danforth Road. The estimated cost of this plant is in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000. This would remove almost completely any danger of infection except from the thickly populated Island shore and from the shipping in the harbor.

The other course, "to filter the lake water," is the safest one. Zurich, in Switzerland, filters its water; one very similar to our lake water. Its typhoid rate is below 10 per 100,000. Between 1879 and 1885 inclusive, with an indifferent filter and a badly managed one, its typhoid rate averaged 61. In 1886 a

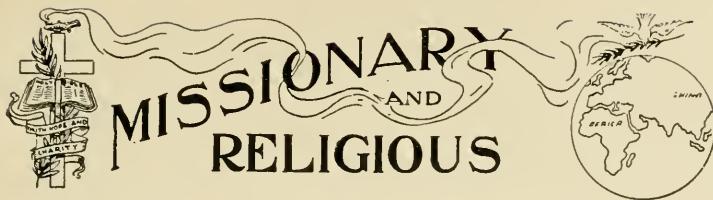
good filter and a well managed one was started. For the next nine years the average rate was 8.8. The experience in other places, though not so brilliant, have been an extreme reduction of the rate.

Perfectly safe waters by such municipal filters (the slow sand, or the English filter) have been obtained at Albany, N.Y., at Lawrence, Mass., and at Philadelphia for the borough of Belmont, from waters many times more severely polluted than Lake Ontario water even at Toronto. These waters at Albany, Lawrence and Philadelphia are turbid waters as well as infected ones.

The filter plant that gives 15,000,000 gallons daily to Albany and is ten acres in area, cost \$400,000 to construct. They filter at the rate of 1,500,000 gallons per acre per day. Toronto requires now 30,000,000 gallons per day, but from the comparative absence of turbidity in our water and the less quantity of sewage pollution to Hudson River water our filter could probably treat effectively and safely 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 gallons per acre per day.

The Island is not a suitable place whereon to construct such a plant. The only places about Toronto where such a plant could be placed so that one pumping only would be necessary would be either Eglinton or Scarboro' Heights. The last is better suited. There is no place around Toronto where the elevation is so great, 350 feet above the lake. This would give, then, through a reservoir and gravitation a steady and the highest pressure to be got for fire purposes. All the suburbs of Toronto could be supplied by gravity. A second pumping, as is now done for Upper Canada College, would not be needed. No alteration of the pipe system would be necessary. We would have a perfectly safe water supply, save lives and money.

If this plan were adopted the treatment of the sewage would be reduced to the minimum in plant and cost, and be directed chiefly to the removal of solids, which now are filling up our harbor, by the use of settling basins, septic tanks and perhaps coke screens. An intercepting sewer would not be required. Three or four down sewers could be directed to a series of tanks along the water front. The effluents from these plants would have practically all the suspended solids removed, the organic matter would have been half disposed of by septic action, and what was left of organic matter would be in a condition to be dispersed in the lake. If by chance any got to the water intake, the water filter would completely correct and remove any danger.



### *The Spirit of the Nashville Convention*

FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D., DEAN OF THE FACULTY  
OF THEOLOGY.

IT was a great and inspiring convention, great in numbers, in interest, in immediate impression, in abiding influence. There was no attempt to force excitement or to snatch at premature results of any sort. There was no under-pressure to constrain students to volunteer for the foreign field. The words spoken were "words of truth and soberness." The enthusiasm was very quiet but very deep. It was based upon intelligent conviction in speakers and hearers.

The most notable feature of the gathering as a whole was its spiritual power. We were day after day brought face to face with great men and great truths, but above all, with the Supreme, Divine Person, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. With perfect simplicity and quietness, but with all the intensity and power of an old-fashioned camp-meeting, Jesus Christ and salvation in Him were made, by the power of the Holy Spirit, a great and vital reality. Very remarkable was the impression produced by the quiet words of that apostolic man, Bishop Thoburn, as he stood and gave his message as from Christ, assuring us that Christ was standing by him, speaking through him. From such a man, such an assurance came to all hearts with strange and thrilling power. And his message was one of personal consecration to our Lord. Are you thinking, said he, of some great thing which you are going to do in some distant field? Then it will never be done. The great thing is to find Christ and be right with Him for yourself, and then to follow Him whithersoever He goeth. You do not know where He may lead you, but you know you will be safe anywhere with Him.

The spirit of the convention was that of personal union with God in Jesus Christ, and then of personal surrender, complete, happy surrender to His service. A missionary in China was

quoted as saying: "Don't talk to me of sacrifices. It has been to me one grand privilege from first to last." The heroic note was often struck. Nothing more solemn could well be imagined than the roll-call, on the last night, of all volunteers who had died during the quadrennium, and in the long list two names were read with the words subjoined, "suffered martyrdom." No man could attend the convention and consider all that it represented and implied at home and abroad without feeling the magnitude and solidarity of the whole Student Volunteer Movement and being constrained to thank God that faith in Christianity is very far from dying out among us. These men were not shouting with enthusiasm, not ebullient with excitement, but they were calmly arranging to go to the uttermost parts of the earth for the propagation of that faith of our fathers, holy faith, of which they sang so often.

To be right with God, to walk with God, to go where God would have one go, to do just what work God would have one do—this was the spirit of every meeting. And many a delegate was lifted to a higher plane of thought and life, saw the world from a more divine point of view, and will henceforth be purer, braver, holier, and more blessed, whether his work be in Canada or in China.

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### *Social Advantages of College Life*

THE advantages that come to college men from lectures, libraries, museums and apparatus are never out of the popular mind. But there are other advantages that are prized by students and that in after years they value more highly than their college lore so much of which they make haste to forget as soon as the examinations are over. It is the personal associations of students that make for character and conduct whose influence abides through life.

Even in the intellectual life more help may come to the student from his contact with the living mind of his instructor—from the sympathy and admiration and imitation—induced by an inspiring presence than from all the facts and theories taught. To catch the trick of a wise man's thinking and enter into a true man's noble feeling is sometimes vastly better than to remember his exact words and thoughts. Something of this may be had through books, for which the extra-mural student may be thankful, but the college man, if he have the grace to use it,

has a great advantage in the living presence and personality of his instructors.

But the subject of this paper is the influence of students on each other—the social forces of college life. This subject may not often come distinctly before the student's mind, especially when he has the fear of the examinations before him, but when college life is over, the old student's mind turns more and more to the things in which he shared the common college life rather than to the things, however precious, in which he was detached from his fellow-students.

Of social life, in the ordinary sense of the word, students do not know much and in many cases do not know enough. In the whirl of society life, so-called, the individuality is too often overborne and character suffers, but in the solitary life there is danger that the individuality may develop into eccentricity and selfishness. The society of good people—people of clear heads and pure hearts and high ideals, is much to be desired, that we may catch their spirit and learn their fine art of conduct. The art of saying and doing the right thing at the right time and in the right way is highly prized by all right-minded people. It is indeed one department of applied Christianity. The conventionalities and courtesies and amenities of social life may sometimes be counterfeits, but they are counterfeits of a true coin which bears the image of Him who said, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." Rudeness of conduct and roughness of speech come in most cases from dull minds and uncharitable spirits, but, as a French moralist has said, "Delicacy is often justice in little things." The fine art of conduct, like other arts, needs practice, and it is only in true social life that the practice is to be found. It is to be wished that our students had more of it.

But if students as a class have not much time or opportunity for social life as commonly understood, they have in the society of their fellow-students a privilege that comes to no other class of men—a privilege beyond price. In a great university are gathered together the brightest and strongest young lives of the nation. In their preparation for the university they have had the best training that the country can give them. They should, therefore, present, and we believe they do present in moral and intellectual qualities an attainment considerably above the general average of the people. It is the privilege of the student to live in the society of these men—to be with them as an equal. Some of the advantages of this life we now proceed to specify.

Students are usually quick to discern and generous to recognize each other's good qualities, and they are at the same time frank and uncompromising in their opposition to the foibles and vices of their fellows. In the drawing-room, compliment and complaisance fall, like the rain, on the just and the unjust, but amongst students there is a nearer approach to that divine justice, according to which it is well with the righteous but, though hand join in hand, the wicked go not unpunished. This severe though not unfriendly criticism of fellow-students leads many times to marked and permanent improvement in manners and morals.

Amongst students, especially in this country, there is no aristocracy of birth or wealth. The mind is the measure of the man. With few exceptions the best man gets the best place. He may be rich and well born, but he knows that the good standing comes to him because of his personal qualities, and not because he has had a father or grandfather. He may be poor and of humble up-bringing, but he is none the less a man amongst men. In either case character is at a premium with the student through life because of the successes of his student years.

The qualities of leadership that are the special gift of some men are often best developed in college life. The solitary student may have those qualities but his environment does not draw them out. He can no more become a leader of men than a solitary musician can become the leader of an orchestra. Hence, one of the great advantages of college life to men who are called to places of leadership, of trust and influence in church and state.

In the students' societies for the discussion of literature, politics, science, theology, art, etc., the stimulation of thought and the art of expression is more helpful than books or lectures can ever bring about. One of the great English astronomers once said that he never really understood his subject till after he had written a popular work on astronomy. In like manner we may say many a brilliant student never understood his honor work till he came to discuss it in his literary or scientific society. Moreover, the practice in public speaking gained in students' societies and the familiarity with the forms of procedure in public assemblies are of great practical value in this land and age where men are called so frequently to take part in public affairs.

Many other social advantages of college life might be mentioned, but for only one more may space be given. The acquaint-

anceships and friendships that knit men to each other and to their country are most frequently made in student years. In college halls to-day and on the college campus are being formed the life-long fellowships that will brighten and hallow the joys and sorrows of personal affairs and that will sustain and cheer in the larger duties and toils that affect the welfare of the millions who dwell in this wide Dominion.

How far reaching are the advantages of college fellowship may be inferred from the fact that already in the halls of our own Victoria College the young undergraduate meets in his first year about three hundred and fifty of the selected lives of our country. Each subsequent year of his undergraduate life adds more than a hundred to his college companions. At the end of his four years he will thus have had the opportunity of meeting seven or eight hundred of the young people who will stand closest to him in the duties and privileges of his future life. At the same time in the wider intercollegiate life of the university that number will be increased manifold.

One word should be added as to the quality of this college society. Not very long ago the writer was speaking to a student of the privilege of meeting so many of the men who were to make the future of this country. The numbers—so many hundreds—seemed at first incredible to the student, but when he was satisfied that they had not been exaggerated, he gave his own judgment of the quality as he had found it in these words, *And there is scarcely one of them that you might not make a friend.*

So may it ever be.

MERLIN.



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H. F. WOODSWORTH, '07,	Personals and Exchanges.	
E. W. STAPLEFORD, B.A.,		Missionary and Religious.
R. J. MANNING, '06,	Scientific.	C. J. FORD, '07, Athletics.
E. L. LUCK, Cartoonist.		

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## Editorial

NEED FOR REFORM. The recent investigations and exposures made in connection with some of our loan and insurance companies lead us to make pause and think. Not long ago we held up our hands in horror at the wholesale frauds perpetrated by some of the great American companies, but now it is our turn to blush. The problem for us to solve is how to remove the beam from our own eye. To discover the cause would be the best way of suggesting a means for the cure of this evil. Is the trouble due to the inadequacy of government control? Have the inspectors been lax in the performance of their duty? Or should we approach from the other side and enquire whether our system of ethics is not at fault? Doubtless proper teaching and training would do much to stamp out such tendencies through time, and meanwhile we can all do something which will tend to make such companies more careful and cautious, if not more honest, by showing that public sentiment is strong against all dishonest methods whether of corporations or individuals. It should be made clear that the

public cannot be tricked with impunity, and to that end we would show little leniency to offenders when convicted. Let platform, pulpit and press join in denouncing and frowning down such practices, and they may in time succeed in generating for the "soulless corporation" a sense of shame and a conscience.



A university course is designed to fit a man STUDENT for better citizenship, and very often to render EMPLOYMENT. him more capable of filling some specific chosen calling. Whatever the end, men deem it worth attaining, and that too, at the expense of considerable effort and, it may be, sacrifice and self-denial.

Many aspire to this goal under most adverse circumstances and with serious handicaps. They willingly undergo privation and suffer discomfort to enable them to realize their end. They have to plan, scheme and economize, devising all sorts of ways and means for making both ends meet. They have to work their way through, thoroughly learning the value of every penny before it is spent.

Such ambition, such grit and perseverance cannot but command the respect and admiration of the onlooker. But when we see some with whom the battle has gone wrong, who have to break in on their course, taking part now and part again, or some who have been compelled to drop out altogether, we ask is all this struggle worth while. We believe it is. The very effort to surmount these obstacles has done the men good, and statistics show that those who thus lead the simple and strenuous life by compulsion usually take a higher stand in their course than those with money and leisure.

Then would it not be a commendable undertaking for the students and authorities in Toronto to evolve some more systematic and organized method of assisting those worthy students to secure employment throughout the year which would be both congenial and remunerative? Some of the great American universities have such organizations, and it is surprising what a choice of occupation they provide, and what a number of men benefit by their efforts. Some of the typical positions offered are: waiter, janitor, driver, coachman, barber, stenographer, book-keeper, clerk, agent, collector, athletic coach, musician, singer, tutor, teacher, sub-editor, lay-reader and minister.

We believe if some such scheme were put on foot here it would receive the hearty approval and co-operation of all people who have need of such services; many men in offices and various lines of business need extra help on certain days or during special hours for which many students would be available, and the class of work done by these earnest and ambitious young men would be far more acceptable than that of many of the ordinary wage-earners.

It may be thought that young men would hesitate to come to university under such conditions, fearing social ostracism. But this feeling of false pride that would blush for honest toil is foreign to the man we want, and besides such a fear would be wholly unfounded, for ours is a democratic country and that spirit we are proud to say dominates the university. The ambitious fellow who is relying on his own resources is as like to be the idol of the men, or president of his class as is the son of the millionaire.

Had we some such inducement to hold out, or assistance to offer, many a fellow whose soul yearns for the higher truths but who under the stress of present circumstances is compelled to plod on in a lower sphere, might thus be enabled to satisfy his longing for the light. And who knows what genius might thus be uncovered, what hitherto "inglorious Milton," or what "village Hampden" might thus be restored to Canada?



ESSAY      The judges have announced the winner of the  
PRIZE.      essay contest, held as per announcement in our  
                 October number, to be F. Owen, '07. We con-

gratulate Mr. Owen on his success, and venture to prophesy that this may be for him but the forerunner of many literary triumphs. He has shown himself to be a clear and comprehensive thinker, capable of expressing himself in a strong and pleasing style. The prize essay, which appears in this issue, is entitled "The Spirit of the Eighteenth Century German Literature."

While several essays were received in the recent contest, it is to be deplored that more students do not avail themselves of this opportunity. We believe that a college journal, supported as it should be by the students, both in competitions and by ordinary contributions, should be flooded by essays, stories, poems and articles of all kinds from all sides. While perhaps all could not

be published, yet it would give the editors something to do in the line of discriminating and selecting, and would give a greater pride and interest to the undergraduates to see more of the product of their own hands in their magazine. Why is this not the state of affairs at Victoria? Is it owing to lack of literary ability? Is it due to lack of ambition? Are you averse to making such mental effort as this would demand? Have you allowed other things to so encroach upon your time that you have not an hour to call your own? Is it a false pride that fears the possibility of the blue-pencil's ruthlessness?

We feel certain that the first excuse cannot stand. Then of which other are you guilty?



An unusual combination of circumstances (which we believe has never operated before, and we trust may never again so overshadow our college) very seriously impaired the sale of our special Christmas number, to such an extent that we have been compelled to issue numbers somewhat less pretentious in size than we had intended for the remainder of the year.

In spite of this fact, it is very gratifying to the Board of Management of ACTA to receive, as we still very frequently do, warm words of appreciation and commendation from many of Victoria's friends—men of letters and hard-headed business men the world over. We prize these words from the fact that we regard these men as competent judges, and men who do not make a business of passing around idle compliments. Are we not justified then in concluding that it is quality rather than mere quantity as such, that counts after all, here as well as elsewhere?



# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

**A**GAIN Victoria has called upon one of her graduates to share in the honors and labors of her professoriate. By the appointment of Rev. J. G. Blewett, M.A., Ph.D., to the chair of mental and moral philosophy, it is felt that Victoria has secured a man who will prove a worthy successor to the late Dr. Badgley.

Dr. Blewett graduated from Victoria in 1897, in Honor Philosophy, with the Governor-General's gold medal. He then went to Harvard and there secured a travelling fellowship. After spending a year in Germany and a year in Oxford he returned to Harvard and completed his Ph.D. course. He was then appointed to the staff of Wesley College, Winnipeg, where he has spent five years in remarkably successful work. We feel that while Victoria is the gainer, his departure will be felt as a distinct loss to the university life of the West.

Dr. Blewett has the highest recommendations from Harvard where he was considered one of the most brilliant philosophical students that has ever passed through that great American university.

Dr. Blewett, we believe, in his outlook upon the great philosophical questions, is characterized by breadth of thought, and at the same time by deep religious convictions. He has also the advantage of being thoroughly acquainted with the modern schools of philosophy and psychology, of Germany and America.

We believe that Dr. Blewett will be heartily welcomed by his Alma Mater, and that he will enter fully and sympathetically into the various departments of college life.

DURING the last few days there has been an exodus of our professors into far countries. Dr. Bell, Dr. Horning and Prof. Misener have all left us to spend over a year in Germany. Professors Horning and Misener go directly to Leipsic, while Dr. and Mrs. Bell go *via* England. We understand that it is their intention to spend a year in research work in the great German universities as well as to spend some time in touring the continent. While it is no slight loss to the university to be deprived

of three of her professors for a year, we feel that such a period of study is well spent. Even a professor will come back a wiser and brighter man after having come into contact with men of different schools, who like himself are also worshipping the goddess of knowledge.

In the absence of these members of the Faculty, Mr. J. S. Bennett, '05, will take part of Dr. Bell's work, and A. D. Miller, '05, will try his hand at Orientals. The remainder of the work will probably be looked after by University College.

CUPID is having a veritable high carnival in West China these days. Word has been received in Toronto of an event which is of peculiar interest to Victoria graduates. On Nov. 29th Mabel Aileen Cassidy, M.D., C.M., daughter of the late Dr. Cassidy, of Toronto, became the bride of W. J. Mortimer, B.A., '02. The civil ceremony was performed by the British Consul at Chentu, Sz-Chuan, China, and was followed by a religious ceremony performed by Rev. Dr. Kilborn. Miss Fox acted as bridesmaid and J. T. Stewart, B.A., '01, as groomsman. ACTA wishes both bride and groom much happiness in their work at Chentu.

MR. B. J. HALES, B.A., '94, has been appointed principal of the Normal School at Manitou, Man.

MR. E. W. DICKENSON, B.A., '00, of Wallaceburg, has been appointed to the staff of the Collegiate Institute of St. Catharines.

S. W. EAKINS, '04, has left Toronto and is now at 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

MR. A. E. ELLIOTT, '05, has left for the West to begin work as a Fire-Escape at Belleplain, Sask.

MISS M. HARVEY, '98, is teaching in the High School at Niagara Falls South; not in Brampton, as was stated in our February issue.

MR. A. T. CUSHING was recently elected president of the Board of Trade of Edmonton, Alta. Mr. Cushing is a graduate of '98, Victoria.

D. W. DAVIS, B.A., '80, M.A., '84, is manager of the National Bank, Derby Line, Vt.

G. S. BEAN, B.A., B.Sc., Ph.D., a graduate of 1885, is professor of Physics and Electric Engineering in the University of Southern California, Los Angeles.

***Exchanges***

THE O. A. C. *Review* is one of the most progressive of our exchanges. It evidently does not aim at being a literary magazine, but it does what is perhaps, better—it represents and appeals to the constituency for which it is intended. Evidently the business manager is a hustler for it is a regular "Munsey" in the amount of its advertizing material. We congratulate the Agricultural College on its journal.

A GAME of draughts Love won, and why?  
 For Love had a dainty grace,  
 A straying curl, and down-drooped eye,  
 A witching, winsome face.

Over the board I looked at Love,  
 So Love won everywhere;  
 Would I were king, her glance above,  
 Crowned on the winning square.

And Love looked up as the omen came—  
 I love Love's laughter eyes—  
 And I had won on a losing game  
 That consolation prize.

PROF.—"We are told here that the prophet rent his clothes. Why did he do that?"

Bob—"Because he could not afford to buy them."—Ex.

"There was indeed a miss-steak," remarked the cannibal chieftain as he finished eating the missionary's daughter.—Ex.

It is natural that the *Varsity* should be of particular interest to students at Victoria, since we are, in theory at least, a part of its constituency. However, we are just far enough away to be able to notice its merits and defects with an unprejudiced eye. In looking over the last few numbers we cannot help being struck by the very evident striving after a Bohemian spirit, which we cannot but think is a little overdone. This roystering, care free spirit, has pretty well died out of college life, and it is like apeing a dying age to make it so prominent. However, on the other hand, *Varsity* shows the handiwork of a number of remarkably clever writers, both in prose and verse, and is a magazine of which all may well feel proud.



**A**T the final meeting of the Class of '06, held on Friday, March 20th, the following permanent officers were chosen: Hon. Pres., Rev. G. W. Hewett, B.A.; Pres., H. G. Brown; 1st Vice-Pres., Miss M. Keys; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. H. Adams; Sec.-Treas., Miss E. Chubb. It was also decided that the first reunion of the class should be held at the commencement 1908.

H. G. BROWN—"Better write to the Sec.-Treas. at Christmas, something will have happened before that. Be sure and keep in close touch with the secretary-treasurer."

ON being asked for her address, Miss Chubb had to acknowledge that while she was living at Toronto Junction at present she didn't know where her home would be by next Christmas.

FRESHETTE—"How are you managing to exist now that skating and hockey are over?"

Freshman—Oh, Alley is keeping me alive."

Freshette—"Who's Allie?"

MISS P. B. F.—, at a *feed*—"Just give me a little off the top, as the Indian said, flourishing his tomahawk."

MISS ST.—, '09, re Mr. McC—n, '08—"O, I know who that is; he is perfectly lovely for refreshments."

**! ! ! Spring Sale ! ! !**  
***! Bargains in Chafing Dishes !***

MISS KEAGY—One chafing dish, built for two, condition fair.

MISSES NORSWORTHY AND DAFOE—One chafing dish, *extra large size*; Japanese tray and spoon; also one small tea-kettle.

MISS SPENSER—One chafing, as good as new; approved hygienic burner, tray thrown in.

MISS GUFFIN—One chafing dish, handles in need of repair, otherwise good; spoon extra.

For terms apply to the above.

Annesley Hall, Queen's Park.

DR. REYNAR—entering a church history lecture half an hour late—"Well, it's nice for you to have something to forgive me for."

MISS —, '07—"Is he really old or just prematurely young?"

DR. EDGAR TO HOWLETT, '09—"Is that tie burnt or is that its natural color?"

LANE—"No use trying to plug now, I guess I'd better start and pray."

THE final meeting of the "Lit." was held on March 23rd, amid the usual scenes of merriment, enlivened with the Socratic sayings of the graduating class, the usual "bun feed" and Robert's annual eulogy of "the finest class of all." With this meeting passed the last of the green oases of pleasure, and before us stretches a hopeless desert of time with only the 1st of May before.

#### ECHOES.

BOWMAN—"Science is a jealous mistress, and a man cannot have a second-best girl."

CONRON—"I've often thought how much at home Balaam would feel in a bunch of Freshmen, if he should hear them talking."

HENDERSON—"The constitution was suspended, but I didn't know where it was suspended or anything about it."

"I saw a young lady who I judged was going to be a Freshette, and I popped the question."

LUCK—"I tried to get into everything in college life, and not narrow too much to my studies."

"I come to my second year—got over the first hurdle all right, owing to good luck, but I'd like to impress on everyone the tremendous value of time."

ROBERT—"If I mistake not, Mr. Truemian came here in short pants, and see how he has developed since then."

ROBERT—"You young gentlemen will all be happy if you *keep in touch* with the young ladies."

REG. DAVISON—"Victoria College is the college for me, and Annesley Hall is the hall for me."

MISS GRANGE, '09—"It's a liberal education to know Mr. Hemingway."

WELLS—"The assistant treasurer is not needed, and that officer has no excuse for his existence."

BUTCHER—"My room is awfully cold. I guess my landlady thinks I need cold storage, like a fish."

GREEN—at "Lit."—"I guess I'm one of the freshettes that were spoken of."

MISS F—, '07—"Now, there's N—, she's been in the field, and is just fitted to be the helpmeet of some missionary, but you and me, V—, are green at the business and wouldn't be any use except to sit on the reaper while the men were bringing in the sheaves."

DR. EDGAR to Howlett, '09, who was reading French—"When did you learn to read French?"

Howlett—"Since coming to college, professor."

BROWNLEE went to the Central Church one Sunday night. The usher smiled a wise smile when he saw him, and promptly showed him into the Annesley Hall pew—??

Wes. and Robby were engaged in plugging up Wesley's sermons, Wes. doing the reading. Things were going finely when all at once, just when the immortal John was supposed to have been holding his hearers spell-bound, Robby broke in: "Say, Wes., we've got twelve of the cutest little pigs at home you ever saw."

"Oh, Robby! have you not a soul above pork?"

ONE more year has rolled by, and another graduating class has said "good-by" to Victoria. The farewell speeches which were delightfully varied in character, were listened to with mingled feelings in the final meeting of the Women's Literary Society on Wednesday last.

DR. WALLACE, lecturing on Revelations—"The bowls were the plagues of Egypt." And now the B.D.'s are puzzling their brains to try and discover which one of the plagues "Newt" Bowles is.

E. H. LEY to Sophette—"Before coming down to College I wrote to the Chancellor to see if I could get in the "Hall."

LUCK at the "Elm."—"First course gone, and still no diminution of my raging hunger."

EWING (just before a band)—"Let's skate down the side and cast our loving glance along the benches."

DR. REYNARD—"He had a smattering of knowledge which he picked up—(doubtfully)—perhaps at college."

MISS P. B. F.—"I used to get fifty cents a week for driving the cow, on horseback."

MISS GRANGE, '07—"You know Mrs. Raff is teaching dramatic theology now."

B. D.—"What is flirting? Can you give me some lessons?"  
Junior—"I can't. You'd better go to Dean Addison."

PROF. LANGFORD (in Greek lecture)—"What tense is that, Mr. Arnott?"

Arnott—"Oh, that's the past future."

It must have been something of a disappointment to Miss B-r-e, '07, to find that the complimentary ticket to a concert at Massey Hall was, after all, only a laundry ticket.

SOME time ago this notice appeared on the Alma Mater Society's bulletin: "M. C. Lane will take a lecture—D. V."

LUCK—"I tell you, it keeps a fellow humping, the pursuit of knowledge like this."

DR. REYNAR—"A guileless person like I am would not have noticed it—but she did."

CLASSICAL expressions overheard at table in an animated discussion re the relative merits of Shakespeare and Milton.

Jenkins, '07—"Shakespeare has Milton all skinned to death."

Stranger—"He has him all beaten to a finish."

Morgan, '05—"He has him all trimmed to a peak and then knocked the peak off."

JUDGING from various small packages which have arrived at the Hall during the last week, we fear that some promises, made on the night of the students' departure for Nashville, have been broken. (Belated from last month).

WOODSWORTH (at a missionary service, as he dropped a nickel on the plate)—"Well, here goes a good square meal for Wes."

MISS G. (at Senior Reception)—"Isn't this just exactly perfectly cooking?"

DAVY WREN—"I've only seen Norm Tribble look human twice."

LUCK—"The Chancellor is looking for me, he wants some advice."

EXTRACT from the Senior Song.

"Our Joseph Henry Wells will preach,  
If he holds himself steady he'll be a peach;  
They say, he will be ordained soon,  
Then you'll be married, Joe—in June."

Piano (The Wedding March).

MISS DAFOE (re the Vic. girls after the final intercollegiate debate)—“Our girls spoke with the tongues of men and angels, and had not brass—”

KELLY (at Athletic Union meeting)—“The Tennis Club held its Animal Tournament, as usual.”

CHRIS. CONNOLLY—“Gee whiz, we had an awful time in our geology lecture this morning. Half the girls in our class fainted.”

Robertson—“How many girls are there?”

Chris.—“Two.”

Trueiman—“What were you doing, dissecting a frog?”

HERE is a bitter wail from some unfortunate—dedicated to the B. D.’s and Freshmen:

“Halls of Annesley, happy memory,  
Where my thoughtless childhood strayed,  
Whence the Dean in anger sent me  
Out into the night’s cold shade!

“Now no more does it rejoice me  
In my old-time haunts to be;  
I must keep without the portal,  
'Cause I stayed too late, you see.”

ANOTHER extract from the Senior Song:

“Miss Margaret Adda Proctor carves  
The fowls, and makes up sweet presarves,  
With Household Science she bids fair  
To furnish castles in the air.  
For who? Of course, for two.”

A CERTAIN very diminutive St. Andrew’s boy was the escort of a very pretty girl on the occasion of the Whitby Conversat.

Charlie Ward, ’04, was there and, feeling a fatherly interest in all St. Andrew’s boys, begged to be introduced.

It was here that the Embryo Rockefeller scented a great opportunity.

“Well,” he said, “if I introduce you will you take off my detention?”

Ward tried to compromise, but the youngster was firm. So at last the bargain was made. Truly, the youth with the pretty sister has discovered the royal road to learning.

# ATHLETICS

## *A Field Day for Victoria*

THE idea of holding an annual Field Day at Victoria has been broached several times during the last month. Though no steps have been taken by any official body to inquire into the feasibility of this scheme, it is not out of place here to direct attention to the project. In doing so we must admit that, since the idea has not crystallized into any tangible form, the many difficulties sure to arise have not as yet presented themselves. There are some, however, that can even now be named. The question of awards and prizes might be hard to solve, though probably not insurmountable, as many would have us suppose. Then there are others, both seen and unseen, which to mention at present would be useless.

But apart from the obstacles to be overcome, a field day would possess some special advantages. Chief among these is the interest it would add to the athletic side of our college life. We have now facilities for sport with which the older graduates of Victoria were not familiar. Our campus was acquired only a few years ago, and the athletic building is yet a new thing. Both these represent a large investment of capital, and their yearly maintenance is considerable. Now, the purpose of all this expenditure is to benefit the student, not the sporting enthusiast but the average college man. The former, from a natural bent, will quite readily find his way into athletics. They are congenial to him. The latter, not being proud of his achievements along this line, needs some special attraction, if he is to get any benefit out of sport during his undergraduate career. A field day would not solve the whole problem. But if one were held with a well graded series of contests, it would help to bring out in his first year many a man who otherwise might never appear on the campus, or if so, only in his third or fourth year. On account of this tendency in the past a great many students have missed the value of an athletic training, and Victoria has lacked material for effective teams.

If the students at Victoria were in residence as at McMaster the problem of arousing interest in sport would not be so difficult. For the men would be discovered and understood sooner, and on becoming better acquainted with the Senior years, would not be so reluctant to turn out. Again, Victoria's contiguity or union, in a sense, with the university has a tendency to absorb her athletic individuality into the larger organization. A field day, properly managed, would help us to solve these problems by centralizing activity in sports, and by strengthening our position as a local athletic entity.

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### *The Passing of Hockey*

AFTER everyone had bidden good-by to skating for this winter, Jack Frost seemed loth to leave, and the rink committee promptly secured his protracted services for another period of social gaiety and healthful sport. Then did he seem to vaunt himself right in the face of theological exams. Thus temptation in a new form appeared to many of the brethren. But he also became conscious of the time of year, and not insensible to their requests, left them in peace to render an account of long hours spent on the ice.

One of the most pleasing results that this extension of our skating period made possible was the victory won by Victoria over the McMaster hockey team. The two met first on March 20th. To describe the sheet of ice on which the game was played is only possible by denying it to have been a sheet at all. It was only a crusty surface full of treacherous holes. However, as no better was in sight the onlookers were treated to a game.

Our line up was as follows: Goal, G. Rutledge; point, Robertson; cover, Stockton; right, Knox; left, L. Green; centre, Oldham; rover, Davidson.

The play began with a rush by McMaster, which resulted in their scoring. This, notwithstanding previous confidence, produced a chilly feeling in Vic. liners. That its effect was different on the McMaster men was clearly evident when their point declared that he only occupied his position for the sake of formality. It was not long, however, before both point and cover had more than enough to do. Our men rushed the puck several times up as close to McMaster's goal as the ice would permit, and considerably before half time was up succeeded in

scoring. As the better ice was near Vic's goal a strong defence game had to be played. In this Robertson showed up well, making a couple of rushes that were brilliant when one considers the dangerous footing. It was very amusing at times to see the men "buck the line" when the puck became lost in the slush. Perhaps mention should be made of the roughness McMaster initiated. It is not unfair to say that the referee would have had his hands full had he attempted to penalize all that happened. A little more strictness, however, would have had good results.

On account of the ice the last half of the game was cut down to ten minutes. During this time, neither scored, but no fair onlooker can do other than accord to Vic. the best of the play. It was always very dangerous for McMaster.

Interesting as was this game, another much more so followed two days later. In the meantime Jerry and cold weather had been busy, and something like a fair trial of skill was possible. The preceding contest had greatly increased our interest, and we watched with breathless attention. Both teams lined up as before. The whistle sounded, and Green carried the puck down the left side, and before we were ready for it, Oldham scored. This stroke of good play, combined with the results of the last game, had its effect. Henceforth every man played to win. The spirit of victory was in them, and a far stronger team than McMaster would have been required to make defeat possible. In order to do justice to every man, credit must not be given to anyone in particular, but praise lavished upon all. Each man played the game at every turn. It was quite apparent also that McMaster meant to win. Their chopping and many other acts kept referee Workman busy. In fact, for some reason or other, he was unable to see them all. Of course, the Vic. men did not endure such play like lambs, and two or three of them found a place on the fence. Manager Woods-worth was kept busy supplying sticks for the grand melee.

But this is a digression. Cheered on by our yelling the Vic. team were pressing their opponents hard. McMaster made some good rushes and got three pretty neat shots on goal. These were well stopped by Rutledge. Once Robertson and the McMaster cover had a race for the puck. An inevitable collision resulted. The McMaster man seemed possessed of a sudden notion to climb over a low part of the fence, in which he nearly succeeded, while the puck travelled on toward his goal. Robertson came back smiling. He evidently hadn't yet felt the inrush of cold air. Somewhat before half-time Old-

ham scored again. This gave us 2 against 0, which was very encouraging.

During the last half the game never slackened. McMaster's star stick-handler, Young, tried in every way to get off with the puck, but was always effectively stopped. Two or three men were on him every time. The tactics adopted by the Vic. team in having our rover and cover co-operate made a very strong defence. At the same time it did not prevent aggressive work being done by the forwards. In one of their rushes Green found the nets again for Victoria, and though McMaster tried hard to do something they were unable. Their left forward was particularly strong, but Knox was always after him, and he could not effect an entrance. Finally, the whistle blew amid a roar of cheers for Victoria. We congratulate Capt. Robertson on the excellent work of his team.

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#### NOTES

'09 and '08 played two games of hockey. In the first, the score was very much in favor of '08. Then to even matters up a little Davidson was left off. This made interest somewhat keener. The next game was the best contested of the year. It resulted in a victory of 4:2 for the Sophomores.

So far as the interyear games in hockey have been played off, '08 stands ahead. It is to be regretted, however, that a schedule was not drawn up earlier in the season so that some decision might have been reached. We have a cup to be held by the team winning the interyear hockey series. But for the last three years this trophy has not been awarded. Such a condition of things is regrettable and ought to be amended in the future.



THE alley board is our greatest attraction at present. Many private teams, such as the Minnie M.'s and the Busy Bees, have been organized for temporary purposes. It is said that the enthusiasm has reached even to the faculty, and that Dr. Horning occasionally shows himself to be as youthful as ever.



THE Tennis Club has organized for 1906-7. Here is the list of officers: Hon. Pres., Dr. Horning; Pres., H. W. Baker, '07; Vice-Pres., Miss H. Graham, '07; Sec.-Treas., C. B. Kelly, '08; Assistant Sec., W. P. Clement, '09; Councillors, Miss H. Biggar, '07, Miss M. Landon, '07, H. F. Wordsworth, '07, J. V. McKenzie, '09.

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We are old Vic Men,—any man who knew the Vic of two or three years ago will tell you all about us.

We are now in the land business in the great and wonderful West, and making things hum as sometimes in our college days we dreamed we might at some distant time.

Our plan is very simple,—we buy large blocks of land, (what would make several hundred farms of the size of those in Ontario), and adding a small amount per acre we retail to farmers in smaller pieces. By our co-operative plan covering this great West no good offers escape us. We own or control the best propositions.

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We can afford to do this as it is cheap advertising. We spend hundreds of dollars every week in advertising, but would prefer to give at least some of this money to Vic men.

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THE HEAD OF LAKE WINDERMERE



# ACTA VICTORIANA

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## *U*erse*s*

*Written on the death of a student during the summer*

H. G. WALDE.

SUMMER and death; not in the grand refrain  
Of summer's splendor and death's majesty  
Should faith unwavering find a cureless pain,  
Or natural sorrow tears no hand can dry.  
Though solemn all finalities remain,  
Far above sorrow be our thoughts addressed  
To see some youthful warrior regain  
Summer and rest.

Ready as stands the veteran stood he,  
An outpost in war's forefront unafraid,  
Waiting the sign to close; when suddenly,  
Ere strength was tried or panoply essayed,  
“Hither to me for I have need of thee.”  
Came low the kindly summons. He laid down  
The virgin armour of mortality,  
And took the crown.

Happy in life's blind battlefield unworn,  
Who from no winter eve's disastrous fight  
In dust and weariness away is borne  
To face defeat, dishonor, and the night.  
Him as he rose this twilight summer morn  
Greeted, returning earlier from the strife.  
A more than Sabbath song, eternal dawn,  
Summer and life.

***Glimpses of South Africa***

MISS K. V. R. SMITH, '02.

TO land in a country eight thousand miles distant from what has hitherto been to you the world, possibly without friends, and ignorant of your surroundings, is in itself a charm. But to have the opportunity of personally inspecting a country whose fame is already widespread, makes life a pleasure. You cherish the hope that the land of the Southern Cross has many a strange and novel experience to offer you. What these experiences may be, you do not attempt to conjecture, but leave to time the pleasure of unfolding the mysteries of a strange land. You know that henceforth summer is to be winter, and winter summer, and long ere this have discovered that the well-remembered face of the man in the moon has somehow in the course of your journey got turned upside down, and on searching the starry heavens for one familiar constellation find that Orion suffers a similar inversion. After that you cannot be blamed for feeling a pang of disappointment that grass at the Cape should still seem green, and nature in such points assume a similar aspect to what you have been accustomed. Yet at the end of three long summers and a corresponding number of seasons, bearing at least the name of winter, it is satisfactory to find the realization equal to the anticipation of the novelties of the Sunny South.

The things of human life are of first importance to all, and in travelling south your imagination becomes all but exhausted over the different races of mankind that meet you on the way. The little Spaniards at the Canaries, who dive into the sea for pennies; or the bigger ones, who insist on constituting themselves your guides about the streets of Tenerife; the witch-like natives of St. Helena; and, finally, the gangs of Hottentots, Kaffirs, Zulus and Indians that swarm the ports around the southern coast, cannot fail to arouse your interest in themselves, their life and the many curious customs pertaining thereto.

Cape Colony is divided into two provinces, between which, I may add, there is great rivalry. In the western province live the Hottentots, for the most part the servants of Dutch and English alike; in the eastern province dwell the Kaffirs with similar occupations. In Natal and the Transvaal are the Zulus and the Indians, to say nothing of the Chinese, whose importa-

tion is causing the British Government such serious concern at the present time. In the towns the natives are forced to live in the "Locations"—certain districts allotted to them, in which they are allowed to build their native huts in their own way. In the country, two or three families, together, build a "kraal," a group of several huts and a large brush enclosure for their goats and cattle, usually on the farms where some of them are working at the time. It would be a very long task to attempt a description of the natives as they exist to-day; both since it would require a minute knowledge of their racial distinctions, and since in each tribe there are some in all stages of civilization, from the rawest Kaffir or Zulu, in his red blanket and beads, squatting before the door of his hut, to the be-ribboned damsel in muslin frock and high-heeled shoes, who sings in the choir on Sundays. Some things, however, may be said of them in common. They are a musical race. The already delicious evenings of the south gather an added charm from their song. As they wander over the hillsides at eventide their voices blend in perfect harmony, and often as if moved by common impulse they break out into the rhythmical stampede they call dance; and the strangeness of both song and scene make you feel that you are indeed in a new land. Happiness, if it consist in freedom from care for the morrow and a full enjoyment of the present, is the outstanding characteristic of their race. Lazy they undoubtedly are, but who, aught to their charge, can lay after personally experiencing the enervating effect of the climate in which they live?

The Zulu and the Indian are to be seen at their best in Natal. The streets of Durban are living pictures of Indian men garbed in white linen; Indian women wound round with silks of brilliant colors, laden with native jewellery, and even poor Indian babes answering to the description of "Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, she shall have music wherever she goes"; of the lordly Zulu in quaint costume parading the street, followed by his many wives in single file carrying his beer barrels on their heads, and to whom he would not deign to cast so much as one backward glance, trusting in their implicit obedience to follow him whither he will; and last, but not least, of the rows of gay Riksha boys in white calico suits, trimmed with scarlet tapes and streamers, horns and feathers on their heads, incessantly jingling their bells and inviting you to ride. Johannesburg, too, boasts of Riksha boys, but in point of apparel they can bear no comparison with their Natal confreres.

In speaking of the natives I shall not pass over the Bushman, whose tribe, though almost now extinct, must ever possess this fascination, that in spite of their low and savage natures they had the instincts of artists. For I have seen the walls of their mountain caves covered with curious pictures, colored with the juice of berries and leaves; pictures of animals, of men and of battle scenes, all executed with considerable skill, or, in the words of a South African poet,—

“ ‘Tis here the vanished Bushman dwelt—  
    He, with his brood, long years ago—  
Beneath the ledge and deftly spelt,  
    In pictures that still freshly glow  
The wild wood creatures, not more wild  
    Than he who hiding thus apart,  
His idle days and hours beguiled  
    At his strange, harmless limning art.”

Comparatively speaking, the South African Railway is as yet but a narrow thread. As soon as it is left on one side, you must use the familiar means of African travelling, the ox-wagon. Trekking in an ox-wagon is the commonest way of getting the most profitable holiday, particularly if sight-seeing is your aim. As the wagon answers to the name of “home,” for the time being, it must be fairly roomy to be comfortable. The work of fitting up a conveyance of this kind, and conveniently stowing away your goods and chattels, is an art known only to the colonial. But being uninitiated into these mysteries, everything is packed away somewhere, and you start on your journey cheerfully assuring yourself that experience is the best teacher. It is no use being in a hurry. Oxen walk very slowly and stop to feed more hours than they travel—twelve miles a day is the usual journey. In the hot weather they travel mostly at night. But it takes some practice before you can sleep; for the best of spring wagons keep up a creaking and groaning as they jag along over the lonely veldt roads. It takes two natives to drive a team: the driver alongside and the leader who goes ahead of the front span. Both these men find it necessary to urge on their oxen with every sort of howl and cry, and the night is made weird with their marvellous din. In addition to this the driver carries with him a long hide whip, or sjambok, which he cracks every now and then, making a sound as loud as a pistol shot. This serves the double pur-

pose of spurring on the oxen and warning other night travellers of your approach. Bridges being an unknown quantity in most parts of the colony, it is no uncommon thing to awake in the small hours of the night to find oxen and wagon floundering in the middle of a "drift." You seem about to be hastily precipitated into the muddy water, but after a few efforts, land safely, and in the course of time thoroughly enjoy the precarious situation. The events of the day may be briefly recorded. They consist in out-spanning and seeking refuge from the heat of the sun under some small thorn bush by the way-side, or lying in the shade of the wagon for the whole of the day. This method of travelling sounds rather doubtful to the luxurious traveller, and yet after one experience you would not exchange it for even the "Train de Luxe," the pride of the Cape Government Railway.

"All-de-wareld, all-de-wareld, all-de-wareld is my home,  
With my meal-sak, and my twaak-sak, and my kettle I will  
roam.

My wagon is my dwelling—my oxen all love me.  
My roof, it is the woof of the blue arch above me.

Yak! lead on Jan,  
Trek! my movi red span."

Probably on your ox-wagon journey you will be accompanied for long distances by droves of ostriches, which run alongside apparently for no other reason than, that once having started, they have no thought of turning back until forced to do so by a barbed-wire fence at the end of the farm. As some one has said: "Of all farms, an ostrich farm is the most curious. It is like a giant's poultry farm, where the cocks and hens stand much higher than a man, where they run as fast as a horse can gallop, where they kick hard enough even to kill a man, if they strike him full; where even the eggs are the size of twenty-four hen's eggs, and it takes an hour to boil one hard." The birds vary very much in value, but an exceptional pair were recently sold at the price of £1,000. If you walk about on an ostrich farm you must be careful, for an ostrich kick is no trifle. A new comer to the country is always told that in case of danger he must do one of two things. The first is to provide himself with a thorn branch of mimosa, so common in the country, and if an ostrich challenges you, thrust it in his face. He is afraid of his eyes among the thorns, and you can dodge

out of his way and walk on, repeating the dose if necessary. But if you are caught defenceless by an ostrich you are told you must lie flat on the ground, as the ostrich, by the peculiar nature of his kick, cannot do you much harm in that position. However unpleasant it may be, it is the only chance of saving one's life. As for the bird, it simply spends its time jumping and dancing on you, or varying the treatment by sitting on you till night comes. Ostriches are very silly birds. There seems at times not to be any room for brains in their flat heads. As you travel along through these farms you soon become familiar with an absurd habit of theirs, which they put in practice, usually in the early mornings. This is to begin and spin round and round, "waltzing," it is termed, until they are so giddy that they fall down. They have marvellous digestions. They love to eat prickly pear leaves. The leaves are good for them, but they eat the prickles, too, which are not, and the result is fatal. But they can eat very strange things and still live. They never hesitate to swallow stones, pebbles and even broken glass. I have heard of one seizing a farmer's pipe, disposing of it whole, and, strange to say, seeming none the worse.

To the lover of fruit and flowers this land must be ever a source of fresh surprise and delight. Waving fields of fresh green there are not, and on the dry and arid veldt you would hardly expect to find a flower. And yet a little shower of rain and this same veldt decks itself out in myriads of gorgeous wild flowers; not like the delicate triliums, violets and May flowers, so familiar to the Canadian, or the primroses and daisies so dear to the heart of the Englishman, but large bright red and yellow flowers on great fleshy stocks, hoarding up the moisture for future days, large proteas, or mountain roses, as they are popularly called; fields of arum (calla) lilies, purple, red, pink and white heather, bidding fair to rival bonnie Scotland; orchids, rare and beautiful; gladiolus, pinks, geraniums, marigolds—all things which we are accustomed to see carefully cultivated here grow at random by the wayside, or on the veldt. Of the garden flowers I shall say but little; the flowers themselves bear comparison anywhere, particularly the roses, but so much cannot be said of the setting in which they grow. It takes long to reconcile oneself to the absence of unlimited green grass and shrubbery, which alone seems a fitting background for such beautiful flowers.

Natal is called "The Garden of South Africa," and there we must go for fruit. Oranges and bananas are in this country disappointing; the colonial will not allow this, and in jus-

tice to him I admit that good oranges can be and are grown, but so seldom do you get one that you easily lose sight of this fact in the interim. But compensation is amply made by the delights of the new and hitherto untasted fruits that await your approval. Here you learn what it is to sit under your own vine and fig-tree. And what is comparable to an "Old Adam" fig? Then if your courage does not fail, you may cultivate your taste with guavas, grenadillas, pomegranates, avocado pears, and custard apples, after which you need no further convincing that Natal is well deserving of its name.

This sketch has but lamely portrayed a few of the many new things which have been revealed to a wanderer in strange lands. It is a goodly land with great possibilities before it; its people are working under many and great difficulties, beset, as is often said, by all the plagues of Egypt, and an additional few of their own. But the difficulties will be overcome, and Canada will one day be proud of her little southern sister, in whose fortunes she herself has had no mean share.

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*St. Cuthbert's—A Novel by R. E. Knowles*

CLYO JACKSON, '05.

S PY HILL is fast becoming famous, and I find myself stretching my strides, painfully trying to step in the footprints some stalwart men have left. One of the first things shown me on my arrival was the circuit jumper—the one W. B. Albertson, '07, had made and ironed off—himself at Brown's; I can vouch for this: It is big enough for two—still, while I am told three have squeezed in it. Prof. E. M. Burwash, M.A., is known here as *Mr.* Burwash, to distinguish him from Proctor, and is remembered for his quiet reserve, the charm of his conversation and for his mandolin, while "Proc." is the bare-headed boy who stayed at Preacher Douglas's.

But Spy Hill's best claim for fame rests not alone upon these. The author of the now famous "*St. Cuthbert's*" served some months of apprenticeship in his life-work practising upon these patient people. They recall his ministry with pride, and if you want a wild tale of western dare, ask some old settler if he remembers Knowles. I have been told he was over-fond of racing, shooting and cream. It has been whispered that he used to skim the milk and would let the cat bear the blame. But although it is twelve or fifteen years ago he earned for him-

self even then an enviable reputation for his eloquence and wit; so, when "St. Cuthbert's" appeared it was with more than ordinary interest that I read the book.

Mr. Robert E. Knowles is at present the minister in charge of one of the largest Presbyterian congregations of Canada—in Galt, Ontario—and "St. Cuthbert's," his first literary venture, is the story of his parish. The novel gets its name, doubtless, from the celebrated church, St. Cuthbert's, of Edinburgh, though the scene is laid in Canada. The story is written in a light, easy style, all too light, almost flippant, at times. Most of the characters speak the Scotch dialect. Now and again a western phrase is dropped. On the way to New Jedboro' the candidate for the vacant pulpit of St. Cuthbert's was accosted by a fellow passenger, and before the conversation had gone far his tutored eye told him that the stranger was "camping on his trail." In due time the call was extended, but the congregation had heard reports that their new minister had known his wife but three short weeks before their betrothal, and an officer was accordingly despatched to investigate them on the spot. His wife "lassoed him at a throw," he tells us, with the hint that this was not the first one she had corralled. Such suggestive expressions would scarcely occur to one who had always lived "down below."

The author seems to delight in witty sayings, often telling them for no other apparent purpose but to tell them. At this point criticism is disarmed, for the most glaring example is put into the mouth of a reminiscent old lady, as avowedly the "grandest thing" their late pastor had said. Wearied of the discourse, a number of the men folk would go out, "some to tak' a reek wit' their pipes an' mair to gang ower the way an' hae a drap just to liven the concludin' heids o' the discourse (for they aye steppit back)," and the venerable doctor stopped one day as some were stamping down the aisle: "Ma freens, we'll bide a wee till the chaff blaws awa'."

The pretty Scotch word "gloaming" is done to death.

The didactic strain, all too evident throughout, is seen at its best in Angus Strachan's address to his fellow workmen.

I miss the deep moral impulse and tone which are in Ralph Connor's work, and in Ian Maclaren's, to which this work has been compared. At times, when reading it, I felt that a standard lower than the highest—to which we all like to be traced up—was presented, and when I had finished, it did not leave me with a passion for righteousness.

Spy Hill, Saskatchewan.

***Canada's Attitude Toward the Orient***

REV. D. NORMAN.

A FAST line of steamers subsidized by the Canadian Government carries freight and passengers to and from Vancouver and the Orient. Three years ago the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Sidney A. Fisher, sent a competent commissioner, who, with his staff, put up a building and made an exhibit of the natural products of Canada at the Osaka Exposition that was a credit to the country, and, doubtless, increased sales of flour, butter, pulp-wood, paper and certain other manufactured articles resulted therefrom. In a few years it is expected that another line of railway will stretch across the Canadian prairies and mountains to the Pacific Coast, and then another line of ships will be added to the already excellent fleet that connects Canada with the Orient, increasing the volume of trade. These things probably sum up to the minds of many Canadians all there is in the question of relations between Canada and the Far East, and the outlook may seem to be very pleasing.

But there are other elements of this question, even if we consider it solely from the point of view of trade and commerce. The recent boycott of American goods by the Chinese, or talked-of boycott, for in reality it has not amounted to anything serious as yet, suggests to many the problem as to whether an increasing trade is probable when the purchasing nation is constantly treated with contempt and contumely by the selling one. Would we individually continue to deal with a merchant who constantly humiliated us, and despised us when dressed in our every-day clothes, and petted us and fawned upon us when we happened to be dressed up in a dress suit? Yet has this not, to some extent, been the treatment accorded to China by the United States? Are not the citizens of the United States free to agitate, discuss and enact traffic laws with the idea of excluding goods from foreign countries? Are not McKinley, Dingley and other tariffs ostensibly aimed at excluding the products of other lands? Then why in the name of common sense should President Roosevelt, or Secretary Taft, or anybody in the United States get excited, or have anything to say, if a few, or many, Chinese simply resolve not to buy the products of a foreign country? This Chinese boycott of American goods suggests that China is advancing from the Boxer methods of

five years ago to American exclusion and alien law methods; that China may one day, not far distant, discover that she is not powerless to exact for her people going to America the same rights and privileges that she has been forced to accord to westerners wishing to enter her territories for any purpose whatever. When China, with immensely increased purchasing capacity, awakens out of her long sleep—and the 8,000 or more Chinese students now in Japan are a testimony to the fact that she is awakening—and when Japan, now controlling Corea, has fully attained her tariff autonomy, is it inconceivable that these two eastern powers may combine and impose prohibitive rates on all imports coming from Australia, United States and Canada, the nations that discriminate against their subjects? The trade between North America and the Orient has been growing rapidly, until now we have some of the largest freight steamships in the world plying between Tacoma or Seattle and Japan. Let this go on for a few years, and then let the combination I have suggested above suddenly say: "We will protect our subjects by *protecting* these goods out of the country," and China, Corea and Japan, one-fourth of the earth's population, suddenly cease to buy American goods (I mean Canadian and United States goods by the term *American*), will it not mean ruin and disaster beyond anything that we have hitherto known in North America, to both agricultural and manufacturing classes? If some one satisfies himself with the *comforting* thought that it also will mean hardship and even disaster for the countries which exclude foodstuffs and other goods which they need, then I would suggest that in the recent war with Russia we have seen how these calm, patient, persevering people can cheerfully endure suffering and disaster for the attainment of a national end.

Let no Canadian flatter himself by thinking that Canada's conduct has been better than that of the United States in regard to treatment of Orientals. True, we may not have yet attained to the same degree of exclusiveness, but are we not following after the United States in such things? First, we imposed a small per capita tax on Chinese, and then increased it tenfold, and in collecting such a tax all Chinese entering the country are subjected to indignities and insults—not because of the manner of collecting it, but because of the fact that it must be collected—and thus we are sowing to the wind of bad feelings and may quite reasonably hope to reap of the whirlwind of retaliation from a nation which, in a few years, may have it in

her power to injure us industrially and commercially beyond the power of endurance. What defence can any intelligent, thinking man have for the anti-Japanese laws enacted annually by British Columbia? Of course the Governor-General-in-Council vetoes those Japanese exclusion laws, but just how this strikes the Japanese may be seen from the headline over the cablegram announcing that vetoing in the Japanese *Times*. It said: "The Dominion Government enacts the annual farce," and in a brief editorial said that British Columbia enacted these annual insults, and the Dominion of Canada allowed them to stand on the statute books for nearly twelve months, only vetoing them because of pressure from England on account of the interests of the Empire.

Is there anything in the "Yellow Peril" talk that at times flusters the West? Yes, I think there is, if meanness, narrowness, prejudice, selfishness, is represented by yellow. It seems to me that there may be a danger that the narrowness, prejudice and selfishness of western countries may turn the eastern nations back upon themselves, shut them up within themselves, and engender in them a like exclusiveness which they will exert to our loss.

Besides the 8,000 Chinese students in Japan there are not a few from Corea, Siam, and even India. These students are not men supported by some institution in Japan, but are men and women—a few of the latter—supporting themselves, or being supported by their friends, or by their countries. They are the pick of the students of their own schools and colleges. Why do they come to Japan? Undoubtedly for the learning that is called western. They are in schools and colleges here—law schools, schools of practical science, technological schools, schools of engineering, military schools, universities, schools for the study of English even, medical schools. In fact, they have come in such numbers that special school buildings have been erected in some cases to accommodate them. Of course the recent successes gained by Japan in war has attracted the notice of other Oriental nations, and they have learned to look up to her. Moreover, in view of the fact that Japan is comparatively near to China, and that they have similarities in customs and matters of faith, it is reasonable to suppose that more students should come to Japan than go to other countries. But when young men with abundant means, deliberately turn away from the West and prefer Japan, then it behooves the West to sit down for a little self-examination. Mr. K. Kawakami, A.M., a mem-

ber of the Japanese Commission to the St. Louis World's Fair, relates the following, which I will quote from a Japanese magazine: "I was acquainted with Mr. Wong Kai Ka, Imperial Chinese Commissioner to that Exposition (St. Louis). He graduated from Yale University years ago, but this enlightened gentleman told me that he expected to have his sons educated in Japan. Upon my suggestion that they had better be left (they were then in St. Louis with their father) there, Mr. Wong promptly declared: 'I like the educational system of America, but the country is too annoying to the Chinese.' So his two sons are now in Tokyo studying under the guidance of Japanese teachers. Such a case as this is not an isolated one. It indicates the spirit now predominant in the intelligent and intellectual class of Chinese."

It is said that we Canadians do not exclude the student class nor the better class; only the laborers from the Orient are to be excluded. But labor is the very thing that is needed in Canada. I have been told in British Columbia that without the Chinese labor land cannot be cleared and made ready for tilling. Of course there are various objections which have been so frequently discussed that it is not my purpose to deal with them. I believe the objections to admitting the Japanese or Chinese labor are superficial; but granted that they are sound; granted that the exclusion laws are not the outcome of selfishness, an American type of Boxerism; granted that there are difficulties in the way of admitting laborers from the Orient on equal terms with the laborers from Russia, Austria, Italy, or other European countries, and I not only grant it, but I honestly believe, there are difficulties, still I ask: Are we not running into other difficulties by adopting such laws and by treating Orientals as so many cattle to be counted carefully at the port of entry, and watched closely in transit if they happen to be crossing our country to some other, for each head is worth \$500 to the Government? I know some Orientals, who, by the sweat of their brow in a foreign land, have earned the means whereby they acquired a thorough education. It was my privilege to meet one, a working man, whose ambition was to lay up enough to send his boys abroad for an education. He was an unlettered man himself, and by hard work he had acquired almost enough to justify him in starting his oldest son off to a foreign college. Is there any one who is bold enough to assert that any country is poorer by having such working men as these? That any country gains anything by excluding such men is a proposition

well worthy of being assigned to the Boxers. But the cables tell us that "Canada proposes to become a party to the Anglo-Japanese commercial treaty, so as to obtain from Japan the benefits of the 'most-favored-nation' clause, and thus end the Japanese exclusion bills repeatedly enacted by the British Columbia Legislature, which are so annoying to the Japanese," and certainly so humiliating to Canadians who intelligently love their country. So far so good, but there still remains the Chinese immigration tax, and the spirit of intolerance which prompted these things.

The article by Mr. Kawakami, from which I have already quoted, is one that shows such broad and noble sentiments that I will give a short summary of its conclusion. He says: "It takes nearly as much time and labor for the Chinaman to learn the Japanese language as for him to learn English or German. The educational system of Japan is hardly on the same plane as that of the foremost western lands; by far the greatest portion of western books of importance are inaccessible in Japanese, therefore, it cannot be because of greater educational advantages that Chinese prefer Japan. The hundred and one obstacles thrown in their way by the western nations, notably America, must be blamed, to some extent, for this somewhat reactionary feeling among progressive Chinese. . . . I rejoice over the rapidly growing *entente* between China and Japan. But, as a citizen of the world, I must confess that my congratulation is not unmixed with lamentation—lamentation, not only for China, but for America as well. By sending her students to the West China could derive a greater educational benefit than from Japanese schools. By welcoming these students the West would be leading the colossal empire of China in the path of civilization and progress, besides indirectly promoting its commercial interests in the Far East. The glory and recompense of declaring the open door in China would be a thousand-fold greater for the nation that would lend her a helpful hand in the onerous task of reform and regeneration."

Of course it is not to be expected that students from China will flock to Canada by the thousand, nor even by the hundred, but is it not better to show such an attitude toward them that they will want to come, than to show such an attitude that they will avoid us? The questions of trade and commerce, of dollars and cents, are not the highest questions by any means, but in the long run our present attitude may put us on the wrong side of the financial question. If suggestions are asked for, I would

suggest that we educate ourselves as Canadians, to have a high national ideal, viz.: to be the friend of all nations, to accept, encourage and utilize all honest, earnest, toil; to appoint a competent Board of Commissioners, who shall see that neither Orientals nor Occidentals introduce and perpetuate any unwholesome or unsanitary style of living. If it is wise to tax Chinese laborers then impose a tax on all immigrants of the laboring class from any country whatever, and deposit that money with the Government on interest, to be refunded within, say, five years, to the individual who paid it, or his heirs, on certain conditions, such as, becoming naturalized Canadian citizens, having acquired a sufficient knowledge of English to understand ordinary conversation; having maintained a clean record in regard to observance of laws, etc. If we had some such regulations we would win the esteem and respect even of Chinese, whereas now we make ourselves the objects of their contempt and ill-will. What England would have lost financially had she refused admission to the Huguenots and other refugees from France and the Netherlands we cannot estimate. We know that these people have contributed largely to the industrial wealth of England. In the Chinese we have a people possessing eminent industrial qualities. They are veritable labor machines, and Canada needs labor in untold quantity. Treat them as men; insist on their living in proper dwellings; let the refund of their entrance deposit (tax) depend upon their attainment of a certain single standard of western life—if necessary make a small charge upon their entrance deposit for inspection and education; in fact, seek to do them good, and I firmly believe that we will find them a great source of wealth to our country, and they will in the not distant future contribute not a little to our national progress and power, and we shall also lend China needed help in entering the path of light and civilization.

Nagana, Shiushu, Japan, Dec. 19th, 1905.

***The Correspondence of Decimal Seven***

DAWSON, YUKON TERRITORY,

March 26th, 1906.

DEAR ACTA,—Decimal Seven, an Apostle of Victoria, from the shadow of the northern pole—greetings. To the Conference Theologues and the B.D. men particularly, to the Arts men incidentally—salutations.

It seems more than five years ago that we discovered sophomores hiding in the roof of Richmond Hall, and submitted them to a speedy trial, the verdict being that they were to be taken from that room to a place where the water ran freely, and from thence to appear before the unerring eye of the camera, that their expression might be handed down to an unwilling posterity!

As I look through my photographs, the old days so full of pleasant memories return again with fresh interest. How scattered are the men who mingled together in my day! Some are in China, others in Japan, many are in the North-West, and Currelly, who stood with me in Whitehall, London, to see the passing of King Edward to his coronation, is now in Egypt, or was when last I heard from him.

The sons of Victoria are ubiquitous. A short time ago I was passing down the west side of Vancouver Island, and the steamer was slowly approaching the wharf of a lonely and yet beautiful settlement on one of the many islands in that locality. A Victoria man had been sent to that field whom I had not seen for a long time. When quite a little distance from the landing I offered the yell as an introduction to my approach, and was delighted to see a cap waving, and to hear a voice joining in the anthem before the selection was half finished. J. W. Miller has good lungs. I venture to say that there are very few places from the Atlantic to the Pacific where the old yell would not call forth some immediate response.

I suppose this field of labor is one of the most northerly stations in Canadian Methodism, if not the most northerly. It is where the world tilts, so to speak. The Klondike is still a busy place for the gold-seeker; but of course the novelty of the thing has passed, and we are getting down to a purely business basis. Large companies now work ground by dredging and other methods, which the individual miner could not attempt. Low

grade gravel, of which there is abundance, can be handled by these modern means, and made to pay; although it will be obvious to all, that such methods do not do for the country what the ruder methods of placer mining did a few years ago. Most of the money is now handled by a few, and very little of it, comparatively, stays in the camp.

Our winter has just passed. It was beautiful; but for three weeks as severe as ever known. The lowest record read by the Government thermometer was 69° below zero. For three weeks it kept in the neighborhood of 60° below. Our parsonage is a frame building, a fact that was impressed upon me during those three weeks! I burned \$160 worth of wood fighting the weather this winter, and have had four fires going night and day. During the severe attack, the frost stood in white patches on the walls of the front room, as though the house was suffering from leprosy, even within three feet of a large heater. But we triumphed, and are alive.

Apart from this three weeks, the weather here is just lovely in the winter. I have ridden for miles over the hard-packed snow when many degrees below zero, and really enjoyed it. At 40° below, and even 50° below, our Sunday School has had the usual attendance, and the children are little lumps of healthy fat.

During the winter our mail matter comes in over the 400 miles of ice and snow by the White Pass stage as regularly as the C.P.R. trains keep their schedules in the East. We get papers and periodicals through now, which is a great boon.

The matter of prices might interest your readers. We have nothing less than 25-cent pieces here. I once paid five shillings, or to be more correct, \$1.25, for a cabbage, and even tried to smile. Oranges are now 20 cents each, and new milk is 50 cents a quart. Bread is 25 cents a loaf, meat 50 cents a pound. Apples rejoice in the distinction of two for 25 cents.

But we live and enjoy life after all. The river will soon be breaking up now, and we shall have the summer suddenly bursting in upon us with all the glory of the wild flowers, which I have never seen in greater abundance—no, not in England. Wild fruit—currants, raspberries, blueberries and cranberries—are to be had for the picking, plus mosquito bites.

The mighty Yukon, tinted with volcanic ash, sweeps down upon its westward way, bringing us a fresh breeze throughout the hot summer. The blue waters of the Klondike hurry to

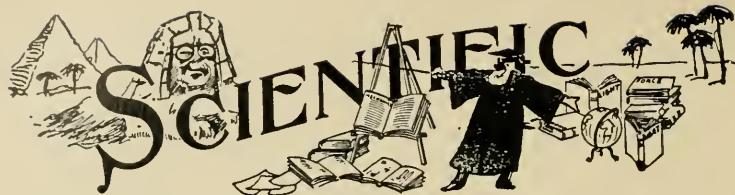
meet the larger stream, and form a conjunction at the south end of Dawson, and for a long way the smaller stream of purer water retains its individuality.

The toilers delve. All through the nightless summer days the sound of the ascending and descending buckets are heard, as man insists upon operating upon nature on a large scale for mineralogical appendicitis. At midnight the children play in the streets, and the sun swings low in the west. At two in the morn, the world has seemed to tilt forward, and lo! the sun climbs east to smite the gravel-stained miner as he sluices his dirt on the high bench of the river. The dust-covered stage comes out of the valley from some distant creek, the steam-boats whistle their way into the quay; the barges float down on their way to the still farthest west gold fields of Tanana, or even Nome; and the hungry dredges gnaw at the river bed and fling the rich dirt from dripping maws into the hurrying sluice, and thus the days are beaten out in the quest for the cruel gold.

Our work here has been very encouraging. Services in the theatre downtown on Sunday night after the regular church hours have met with a wonderful response. Services on the streets during the long summer evenings have also been held, and hundreds of men have been reminded of the old home by the familiar hymns and old, old story.

The West still wants men who are willing to serve. The allurements of our prosperous country may for a moment dull the ear to the call of the Church. Young men and women never had so many opportunities to make money in this country as now. The commercial world opens its arms to the brawn and brain of our midst, and the rapid unfoldings in the west are bewildering to the optimism of youth, and many an active student longs to enter the lists to try conclusions with fortune. Wait. The world's needs have a claim on the attention of every thinking man or woman. Where can I best serve? This should be a question demanding an intelligent answer.

With kind regards to all, yours sincerely,



## *A Botanical Storm Centre*

JAMES H. BOWMAN.

THE earthquake at San Francisco was but a tempest in a finger-bowl compared with the floods which swept this part of the country during the glacial epoch. Every vestige of life was carried away or covered up with the debris from grinding rocks and swirling waters.

At the close of the period, plant life from the far south started on its northward emigration clothed the country again with verdure, and established in each district a growth suitable to its conditions. Our great lake and river systems formed a serious menace to this advance; but eventually, some by wind and some by birds and some by floating pieces of timber, the seedling voyageurs arrived safely on the northern side.

Torri-Celli's conclusion that "Nature abhors a vacuum" might be paralleled by one such as "Plant life abhors unused areas." A vacant piece of land, even though it be desert, cannot long escape an invasion by the plant army, which shows marvellous skill in the selection of its members to wage the war of conquest. If it be water the attack is none the less certain. The oncoming ranks of verdure divide, only to close in again, leaving behind a lake with a fern shore, and, possibly, when the campaign has been fought to a finish, a Peat Bog. The manner by which this transmutation is accomplished and vegetable matter becomes fuel, is worthy of more than a passing glance.

The battlefields of the world are ever of interest. If one visits Brussels, Waterloo is the attraction. So when a botanist stands on the india-rubber moss of a Peat Bog, and lets his eye take in the amphitheatre in which Nature's army, not yet quite victorious in its thousand-year engagement, is still waging war and when he observes the skill of the army's organization and calls to mind the merits of the individual columns, he is filled with admiration for the Infinite wisdom which is directing the battle.

Our Ontario bogs were formerly small lakes of from thirty to one hundred acres in area, edged usually by a circumference of hills. In some cases plant life has completely filled the lake; in others the margin only is reclaimed, but in the majority of cases there is a small body of water in or near the centre, surrounded by zone after zone of the plant army, disposed like the Roman Coliseum, the inner tier being Sphagnum moss, and the outer (climbing the hills for additional height), tall forest trees. All between take their places, respectively, as if each cohort must view over the heads of those nearer the line of attack.

The order of battle by which the plant forces achieve victory is something like this: Members of the group, called "Shore-Builders," take up a position in extended order along the margin of the lake. The characteristics of these plants are that they thrive in very wet places, and, still more important, that they each year throw out, on the water side, long buds, which are to develop into next year's growth. This row of buds forms the warp of a shore extension. The woof is supplied by trailing and twining cranberry vines, or the roots of sedges, and the fabric thus woven constitutes a marginal platform for the earth brought to it by favoring winds.

But the "Shore-Builders" are not the advance guard of the army. The real leaders are the miners and sappers who work out of sight. For behind the "Shore-Builders" (commonly the cat-tail or bull-rush) come the ranks of sedges, of sphagnum moss, of heaths, of swamp willow, of spruce, of tamarack, and then of hard wood forest trees. It may be but the fraction of an inch a year that this army advances, but its march is as inevitable as the law of gravitation.

The climax is reached when the plant-iris closes in on the lake-pupil and the bog is complete.

For reasons not fully understood the plants that have been filling in have not decayed as they would have done under ordinary circumstances, but have been preserved and transformed into a substance known as Peat. It is not our purpose in this article to discuss the final product of this struggle between Nature and adverse conditions, but to take a botanist's view of the process of the metamorphose, which depends partially upon the fact that the waters of our peat bogs are antiseptic and preservative to animal and vegetable tissue.

Ordinarily, vegetable life feeds upon the decomposed matter of animal and vegetable origin. As there is none of this in a peat bog, the surroundings are such that if the plant is to live at all it must provide itself, in some unusual way, with its food.

Per consequence the struggle for life is intense. Every available help to continued existence must be utilized, and the curious expedients devised, whereby victory is snatched from defeat, make a peat bog the Mecca of the botanist—a storm centre of plant activities such as is not to be found elsewhere.

In our human world, if a man lose a leg or an arm, our inventive faculty is called on to supply a substitute; but if a plant finds that its root is no longer of any value, it is almost like losing a mouth or a stomach. The case is critical. The special, though unpatented methods to meet such an emergency, devised by the different classes of plants, are exceedingly interesting. A few examples are appended.

Floating in the water, but not far from the edge of the lake, is a pretty plant whose leaves are dissected into bright green whorls, much like a *myriophyllum*. If you examine its fibrous, spreading roots, which are mostly floating, you will observe that they are beset with small bladdery bulbs. In many of these there is a bubble of gas, and it was supposed that this gave floating powers to the plant—perhaps it does; but pick off one of these bladders and place it under a microscope and it will prove a hollow net, with a trap-door opening. The insect whose curiosity has led it to investigate so singular a contrivance will find that it has sealed its own death-warrant, as surely as the rodent whose unconquerable taste for cheese has led it into a trap of man's devising. While the water of the lake will not cause the decay, for the benefit of the plant, of this small experimenter, yet in the confinement within the narrow cell, decay establishes itself, and the bladder-wort (which is our plant's cognomen), is thereby supplied with its natural food, by this somewhat unnatural method. As each plant has hundreds of these little bladders or traps, and bog insect-life is abundant, we need expend no pity upon it.

On the springy, mossy edges of the bog grow the pitcher plants. At this season of the year (June) they run up a large, red flag, or flower, on a tall, straight, varnished scape, which can be seen from a long distance. Color-loving, flying beetles and dipterous insects are attracted. The flower is the bargain-counter of this insect butcher. When his customers come to take it in, he has other attractions to offer. The red lines down the inner side of his pitcher-shaped leaves are very pretty and look an attractive resting place. Then the open inch of clear water at the bottom strikes the insect's fancy.

Perhaps it is curiosity; perhaps it is some unknown allurement which the plant possesses; but whatever the cause the insect generally walks down the leaf to the water's edge.

It is easy to go down hill, especially when the bristles are all pointing that way; but just watch the attempt to return! Then it is, indeed, uphill work, with thousands of little hairy bayonets to contest each step of the way. Strive and struggle as it will, this trespasser on forbidden ground will discover, like many a human prototype, that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out of it.

Down into the water drops the investigator. Now he swims for his life; but added to the steep side and the reversed prickles is an area of exceeding smoothness just above the water. There is nothing to grip, any more than there would be on the slippery side of an iceberg; and so he sinks, and one more unfortunate is added to the many who have perished in the pitcher plant's well.

The liquid in the pitcher is not pond, but rain-water, and, therefore, not of a preservative nature. Decomposition follows. The leaf has a private causeway to its root, and by a process of suction the decayed insects are drawn down and the plant has solved its commissariat problem.

Of higher type even than the bladder-worts or pitcher plants are the sundews. There are three or four species in our bogs all of them enchanting if viewed under favorable circumstances. The most common is a round-leaved one found on the bog-logs, filling in interstices in the moss and forming small, green and red sparkling rosettes, which on a bright day resemble a ruby sunburst.

The little, round leaves are the plant's chief feature, both because of their elegance of form and of their almost uncanny qualities. They are a vivid green, fringed and covered with slender hairs, each one expanding at its point into a shining red dewdrop. Their rather startling capabilities may be indicated by an experiment, performed by a lady botanist of the United States, and verified by Darwin.

A small live fly was fastened about half an inch to one side of one of these plants. In a short time the nearest leaf had bodily moved itself towards the fly, and had turned so as to present its centre instead of its side. Then the extended hairs touched the fly; saturated it with their mucilaginous dew and telegraphed through the nervous system of the plant for "closing-in-action." The edges of the leaf bent inward and soon the fly was completely enfolded, there to remain until digested, after which the leaf would again open up for business.

This plant exceeds all others indigenous to our bogs, because of its beauty, its sensitive nervous system, its mechanical move-

ments and its true digestion. It is said the dew which it supplies is as nectar to its victim, and also stupefies it, in this imitating the serpent, which charms with an hypnotic spell before it destroys.

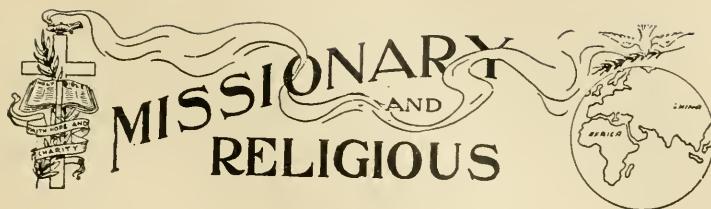
The bog abounds with other curiosities and treasures. There are many orchids with their strange and clever mechanisms for cross fertilization, and their curious æsthetic flowers. There are the poetic heaths, such as Andromeda, Cassandra, Ledum, Kalmia, etc. The bog is the fern's Arcadia, numerous species, including the flowering Osmundas, Cinnamon, Ostrich and Sensitive, finding substance in its oozy soil.

In addition, the bog has a whole flora of its own. Why, then, should it not be attractive to the lover of Nature.

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### ***The Poisons of an Egg***

**M.** GUSTAVE TOISEL, in a paper recently read before the Academie des Sciences, describes some experiments he has been making in regard to the toxicity of certain glands of different animals, vertebrate and invertebrate, and also finds the same result in the case of eggs. He uses in this case eggs from the duck, chicken and turtle. As to the toxicity of the duck's egg, he makes the following experiments: First, relating to the venous injection of yolks of the eggs, which are emulsioned in distilled water. By injecting this emulsion into the veins of rabbits he finds that seven adult animals are killed by eight cubic centimetres of the yolk on an average. The animals die in a variable time, from some minutes to two hours, showing at first a contraction of all the members, followed by paralysis. Second, the injections were made with extract from twenty-one yolks of eggs dried and reduced to powder, extracting with salt water. Using ten grammes of this powder, treated with one hundred cubic centimetres of salt water, then filtered, the solution caused the death of three rabbits when injected into the veins in the proportion of eighty cubic centimetres per kilogramme weight of the animal. Chicken's eggs have about the same effect, but in a somewhat less degree, while turtle's eggs have a greater effect. Not only does the yolk cause the rabbits to succumb with convulsions and tetanic contractions, but the albumen forming the white of the turtle's egg has an equally powerful effect. Subcutaneous injections have the same action. In the case of the yolk, a series of check experiments was made, but without any effect upon the rabbits.



### *Some Reasons for Consecrating My Life to the Christian Ministry*

CRITICALLY speaking, Christ, life and sin are the three fundamental realities in human history,—the revelation of the eternal truth, conscious existence, and the presence of evil. However they come about, whether we recognize them or not, whatever explanation we may give to them, and whether we like them or not, they are actually here nevertheless. They remain unalterable facts in human history. The more we think about them the deeper becomes their mystery and significance.

*Sin.*—I confess that I do not know the philosophy of the origin of sin, but this I know, that sin is here. I feel its deadening effect, its mighty power. Millions are actually suffering from it. How often do I exclaim, with the sense of self-condemnation: “Wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me out of the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord!” Sin is a terrible reality to me. Science, with its new theory of evolution, attempts to give an explanation of the origin and nature of evil in the world. What is evil? The reply of evolution is, Evil is animalism. The hatreds, the greeds, the revenges, the wars of men are but the traces of the beast surviving in man. It is the lower refusing to yield to the higher. According to evolution evil is relative as good is, evil is incompleteness. It is an incident and not finality. Whatever be the truth of the theory of evolution as to the origin and nature of evil, the fact still remains unshaken, that evil is present in the world, and men are suffering, groaning and dying in consequence of it. The terrible representation of sin in 1. 21-31 of the Romans is too sadly a fact of human experience. There is a radical twist in human nature. Whether you call it sin, or evil, or animalism, the terminology does not reduce the evidences of the existence of sin in the world, nor yet does it weaken the deadening power of sin.

“The evil is naught, is null, is silence implying sound.” In fact, the more we have the light upon it the intenser do we feel

its reality and power. Theory does not change the fact. Our supreme concern is primarily not the theory about it, but actual salvation of men from it, and from its eternal consequences. It is "an animation," and does not meet the urgent need of men. An hungry man needs the bread, and not gold; a thirsty man the water and not silver, and a dying man the eternal life and not theology. An actual world, has, as a rule, very little need of the closet theorizers. What it needs is a man of practice, of heroism, of courage, of dead earnestness, and of living conviction. Personally, this is one of the reasons why I decided to give my life for the Christian ministry. Sin is here, men are actually suffering from it. The manifestations of the mysterious forces in human relationship and activities are jealousy, murder, hatred, wickedness, envy, maliciousness, hypocrisy, unmerciful, without natural affection, and hateful to God is an awful reality in human history. The reflection on these sad human conditions enkindles my heart with a feeling of sympathy and pity for the multitudes of the suffering fellow-beings. After thoughtful prayer and meditations, I obeyed the voice of God, speaking to me to consecrate my life, which in reality belongs to Him, for the Christian ministry and service.

*Life.*—I think it was William Penn who said: "I expect to pass through this life but once; if there is any kindness or any good things I can do for my fellow-beings let me do it now, I shall pass this way but once." What a philosophic confession! and what force of his conviction! None but he who has thought seriously of life's problem could appreciate its full meaning. The lost treasures may be recovered; moon shall smile again when the clouds have passed over her face, and the wild flowers shall attire in their glory when the warm spring returns; but the lost opportunities, the wasted moments, and the useless life spent, they are gone forever, irrecoverably gone! A good work done or a kind word spoken to-day, is done or spoken for time and eternity. So with sin, which, once committed, will bring forth its necessary fruits. The inevitable consequences will follow, and the indelible fact will remain. Even God himself cannot remove that fact.

" Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night."

is forever impossible.

It is, therefore, a crime to waste the golden hours, a sin to be indifferent about life's problem. I know that I exist, but

what is the significance, purpose and meaning of my existence, my life? Did you ever ask this question of yourself? I have sought of Confucius, Buddha and Socrates for the definitions and light on these supreme questions of life, but it was not until I came to Christ that my soul was fully satisfied. What was the attitude of Christ towards the human life? He taught that life is a life of service: "Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many;" that the essence of life consists not in national things and external forms, but in moral and spiritual principles. "Is not life more than the food, and the body than the raiment?" "For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Christ claims to be this life. "In him was life; and the life was the light of man." "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." "I am the resurrection and the life." He has promised to give us power which will enable us to live this ideal life also. "But as many as received him to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name." "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life." Jesus taught men to have first things first and great principles rather than detailed applications and rigid rules. He condemned unreality and excessive sensual gratifications and indulgence of the appetites—the superficiality, hypocrisy, unnaturalness, spending time and strength in things that merely please the senses, or serve to kill time, such as the theatre, cards, dancing, eating and drinking for the sake of eating and drinking, and dress. These things are unworthy for a moral being to be slaved, and are detrimental to the highest and healthiest development of his moral and spiritual natures. Christ by his precepts has shown to us what the ideal life should be, by his living example has taught us its reality and possibility, by his power which he imparts to us impels us to mould our life according to his ideal human life. We need a precept and example of the ideal life, but they are not enough. "What mankind needs is not simply a picture of an elaborated human life, but also an agency that will rapidly cast men into the likeness of the ideal picture." Christ amply meets these conditions. Let us be clear and definite at this point, that the most important question of our life is not so much of the character of our several professions, but the guiding principle of our life.

A preacher can be sinner and fisherman saint. The question is, whether you are serving God or mammon. No man can serve two masters. True, but let us remember also that there is a vast difference between loving God with our heart, soul and mind, and with half-hearted earnestness. I shall never forget that day when I determined to live an earnest, serious and sincere Christian life, and to make the test or experiment of my life in the development of moral and spiritual natures, which are the highest and best that are in me, and this supreme experiment of life's possibility I can perform but once in this world. In no other time have I felt the wonderful reality, mystery and possibility of human life as I did then. The reality of life and its moral and spiritual possibility was the second reason why I gave my life for the Christian ministry.

*Christ.*—Though I most firmly believe in the deity of Christ, I frankly confess that what brought me to forsake forever the Buddhistic faith in which I was brought up from infancy, suffered many trials in life, shed many secret tears, sacrificed the good-will of my much-beloved parent, and pledged to serve Christ, even though the whole world go against me, is primarily not because of the accepted doctrine of trinity, nor yet of the doctrine of the deity of Christ, but because of the constraining love of Christ. I have an uncontrollable passion of love for Christ. I love him for that divine love, for that spirit of tenderness, of simplicity, of purity. I love him for that transcendental moral character; for that courage, heroism, obedience and innocence. Thou O Christ art my Saviour, Lord, shelter and friend. His love is the life, the divine and good. His love is the universal principle which regulates the whole creation, suited to all conditions and for all time. Christ is the revealer of the eternal truth. Christ's thought after two thousand years needs no revision; his conceptions of God, of man, and of human society are ultimate conceptions; intellectual power cannot go beyond them, can never even master this entire content. His Spirit has upon it the mark of finality. His character is the full impression upon humanity of moral perfection of the deity. The ultimatum of Christ's thought and finality of his Spirit differentiate his transcendence from that of the greatest and best of mankind, and ground his being in the Godhead in a way, solitary and supreme. No man can deny the universal testimony of history, that Christ and his teaching have transformed human society, elevated the standard of civilizations, enlightened human conscience and thought, and men are actually saved from sin and misery.

Mortincau asserts: "Christ must be called the regenerator of the human race; the world has changed, and that change is historically traceable to Christ."

Carlyle testifies: "The tiding of the most important event ever transacted in this world is the life and death of the Divine man in Judea, at once the symptom and cause of universal change to all people in the world."

John Ruskin declares: "His life has been dedicated—not to the study of the beautiful in face and flower, in the landscape and gallery, but to the interpretation of the truth and beauty of Jesus Christ." Again he says, "Whatever Christ saith unto you, do it; this is the sum of all my writing."

Channing confesses: "When I trace the unaffected majesty which runs through the life of Jesus, and see him never falling below his sublime claim amidst poverty and scorn, and in his lost agency, I have a feeling of the reality of his character which I cannot express."

Dying, Matthew Arnold said: "Christ came to reveal what righteousness really is, for nothing will do except righteousness, and no other conception of righteousness will do except Christ's conception of it."

What other testimonies or evidences do we need more than these to prove the superhuman character of Christ, and the transcendental truth he taught, and his saving power? Whatever else may be illusive, this, I cannot doubt, that Christ has wrought in me a change—a change of heart, of conception, of life, of ideal, of ambition—a change from the spiritual darkness to light; moral infancy to responsibility. Whether you call this commission or regeneration it is a matter of secondary importance, the fact remains, the change has been wrought in me. It is the supreme joy of my life to meditate every day upon Christ's love, imitate his divine character; with his help to sympathize, with Christ's will, feeling and suffering. It gives a peculiar sense of satisfaction to my soul, to cherish at the close of day, that I have overcome certain sins and temptations by the help of God's grace, and laid one more brick to the building up and perfecting of my character. These things money cannot buy; no man can take away from me; they are the golden treasure of my life, which are eternal, inviolable and forever sacred. Let us hasten to confess, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." The Christ's constraining love, and the personal conviction that Christ alone is the Saviour of mankind, constitutes the third reason for consecrating my life to Christian ministry.

ARTHUR OZAWA.

## EDITORIAL STAFF, 1905-1906.

C. E. MARK, '06,	- - -	Editor-in-Chief.
MISS E. L. CHUBB, '06,	} Literary.	MISS M. B. LANDON, '07,
E. E. BALL, '06,		J. L. RUTLEDGE, '07,
H. F. WOODSWORTH, '07,	Personals and Exchanges.	
		E. W. STAPLEFORD, B.A., Missionary and Religious.
R. J. MANNING, '06,	Scientific.	C. J. FORD, '07, Athletics.
		E. L. LUCK, Cartoonist.

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## TERMS: \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS.

Contributions and exchanges should be sent to C. E. MARK, Editor-in-Chief, ACTA VICTORIANA; business communications to W. E. GALLOWAY. Business Manager ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

## Editorial

Picture to yourself, if you can, a young man VALEDICTORY about to start out in life, leaving the old home around which have clustered such hallowed memories, happy thoughts, and boyish dreams; see him as he waves a fond farewell and casts a last longing, lingering look behind. Or picture an old veteran as he fondles the trusty sword he is about to lay aside for the last time, a sword which has been his faithful companion through many victories, or reverses it may be, and you will pardon him if he heaves a sigh or drops a tear. It is with some such tugging at the heart-strings that the retiring board take up the pen and approach the task of issuing their final number of dear old ACTA.

The work throughout the year has been most enjoyable, and many of the associations attendant on these duties will be among the brightest of college memories.

Though our ideals have been far from realized, yet our efforts in that direction have given us a broader sympathy with the

trials and difficulties that future boards will likely encounter as being inseparable from a college paper. However, as we step down and out and pass off the stage of action, we already see signs of activity on the part of the incoming board from whom we all expect much (and those who know them best expect most). We would be proud to be able to reason (were it not a fallacious process) with regard to their success and our own board "*post hoc ergo propter hoc*," and, perhaps, we may, at least to the extent to which they are enabled to avoid our mistake. One fervent farewell wish we make: that while boards may come and boards may go, ACTA may go onward and upward forever!



We regret very much that in our last issue A CORRECTION, that charming little poem "APRIL," by C. W. Stanley, should have been so distorted and mutilated. Contrary to our strict custom this poem was inserted after the other proofs had been read, and carelessly allowed to pass. Putting it in the writer's own modest words: "It would seem as though the printer had done his best to disprove the old adage, 'It is impossible to spoil a bad egg!'"

In justice to Mr. Stanley and to ourselves we forthwith reprint the poem with corrections.

O April, weeping April,  
With sudden bursts of tears,  
And frowning days, and pouting ways—  
Is't petulance or fears?  
Hark ! Robins piping, merry,  
'Neath kind or cruel skies,  
And waters ever noisy, glad,—  
Have done with whims and sighs !

O April, laughing April,  
Thy sudden smiles are gay !  
Thy happy moods green all the woods,  
And lure reluctant May.  
O weeping, laughing April,  
Attend on all the years ;  
Thou wilful damsel, joyous, sad,  
I love thy smiles, thy tears !

THAT RESIDENCE AGAIN.

Since through the generous gift of that builder of libraries, Mr. Carnegie, we are likely to secure a larger and more pretentious building than we would otherwise have hoped for, we note a change of plans on the part of the authorities. The property previously acquired for library purposes—the Drynan estate—is now, it seems, to be leased for a term of years. It seems rather too bad that when we had once acquired possession we could not find some use for it. Would it not very well have served the purpose of a club house? Or since our larger plans for a men's residence do not bid fair to materialize in the very near future, could not this building have been utilized as a temporary shift—a residence in embryo—to test the problem? It could accommodate some twelve or sixteen fellows, and to that number at least we could thus supply the much deplored lack of residential advantages. And nothing would give greater impetus to the residence agitation than to have the men clamoring for admittance here, or for similar accommodation.



WANTED! ENDOWMENT FOR ACTA.

The mention of the library donation suggests another very worthy cause which yet awaits the generosity of some loyal friend of Victoria, or some ardent lover of art and literature. This is no less a cause than a much-needed endowment for ACTA VICTORIANA. An endowment which would yield one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars per annum would place our journal on such a firm financial footing as would make it largely independent of the fluctuating patronage of the elusive advertiser, and would also relieve the business manager of much worry and undue encroachment on his time. We are wondering which of our many friends will be the first to come to the support of so deserving a project, and thus gain the everlasting gratitude of ACTA and her readers.



# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

ON March 14th, 1906, at Calgary, Alta., Miss Evelyn May Perrin, B.A., '96, Victoria, became the bride of Edward Asquith Hargreaves, of Settler, Alta.

FOUR prominent ministers of the Methodist Church were made Doctors of Divinity at our recent convocation: Rev. R. N. Burns, B.A. ('79); Rev. J. H. Riddell, B.A. ('90), B.D., Principal of Alberta College; Rev. Sidney J. Shorey, of Oshawa, and Rev. W. J. Sipprell, B.A. (95), B.D., Principal of Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.

AMONG those who figured prominently in the recent theological examinations at Knox College were: D. H. Marshall, '04; J. McKenzie, '03, and J. R. Van Wyck, '02.

MR. P. D. HARRIS, '95, is now at 794 Victor Street, Winnipeg, Man.

WILLIAM G. CLARK, '95 (V.), has made a name for himself and for Canadians in Western New York by his success as Principal of the Schools at Honeoye Falls. The talent he showed at Victoria in organization and sound business sense in connection with the establishment of the skating rink and putting it on a good financial basis is being developed where he is, for he has lately been instrumental in organizing the Genesee Valley Schoolmasters' Club.

MISS ELLA J. MARSHALL, who entered with the class of '09, has accepted a position as teacher in the Public School at Mono Mills.

MISS JESSIE MAE COLLINS has received an appointment from the General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, to go as missionary nurse to the Indians at Clayoquot, B.C., on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Miss Collins, who is a trained nurse and a graduate of the Methodist Deaconess Training School, has been taking special work in theology at Victoria during the past year.

ANOTHER of our grand old graduates has passed away in the person of Rev. Wm. R. Parker, M.A., D.D. Few names

are better known in Canadian Methodism than his, and few are more beloved.

Dr. Parker was born in West Gwillimbury, Simcoe County, on June 20th, 1831. He received his education at our old college at Cobourg, and was very prominent in his student days. When he graduated in 1858 he was valedictorian of his class. He entered the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in 1856, and was ordained in 1860. Since that time he has held many important positions in Montreal, Toronto, London and other of our cities. His last few charges have been in Toronto, and when he superannuated in 1902 he took up his residence here. But though incapacitated for the regular work Dr. Parker was not idle, and as chaplain in the Toronto Hospital did much to cheer and hearten the afflicted.

Dr. Parker has always kept closely in touch with his Alma Mater. In 1868 he received his M.A. degree, and in 1885 was honored with the degree of D.D. For many years he was a member of the Board of Regents, and was one of those who fought so strenuously to bring Victoria into her present relation with the University of Toronto.

We cannot help feeling that such a life was well worth living. Dr. Parker has done honor to his Alma Mater in the highest sense—by the example of a strong and virtuous life.

THE many friends of Miss I. Burgess, '07, will regret to learn of the bereavement she has suffered in the death of her father, which occurred shortly after the close of the College term. ACTA extends its sincerest sympathy.

At a meeting of the Committee recently held it was decided to hold a reunion of the class of 1905 on the second, third and fourth days of July. All interested will kindly accept this announcement as final. Any communications may be addressed to Miss Walker, 12 Pine Hill Road, Rosedale, and will receive her prompt attention.

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### ***Exchanges***

IN the April number of the *University of Ottawa Review*, we note an able and interesting article on "The Genius of Christianity." Emphasis is laid upon the social significance of Christian philosophy and practice, particularly in regard to distinctions of society, an increase of sociality, the alleviation

of material distress, and the progress of commercial and financial enterprise. "Religion means love of that righteousness and integrity which is essential to the stability of society, and to the proper administration of the business affairs of men." That it is much more the writer also states, and with a suggestion of the infinite want which its disappearance from the world would leave, closes a study which could be extended with great benefit by anyone interested in the organization of society. We would suggest this as summer work for students of Political Science and History.

## ZUM WEINEN.

Is there no place where I can go,  
To hide my face and weep—  
Where none on earth need ever know  
Nor guess the trouble deep—  
Is there no place where I can go  
And throw me down to weep?

Before me lies the endless street,  
All terraced high and steep,  
Where dull-eyed houses, staring greet,  
My burning wish to weep—  
Where restless ever passing feet  
Cry out, "You must not weep."

—E. M., in *Monthly Maroon*.

WE acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of a copy of the first Alberta *Normal Souvenir*. Besides notes and short articles it includes biographical accounts of the graduating class.

WE sympathize with Trinity University in their loss of two undergraduates, who were drowned in Lake Ontario on April 7th.

QUEEN'S University has recently honored Andrew Carnegie with the degree of LL.D. How would a D.D. do from Victoria? At all events Andrew is a versatile millionaire.

WE gladly welcome the second number of the Alberta *Normal Voice*. The institution of a paper in connection with a college is one of the milestones in its history. However small the attempt is at first, it presents an opportunity and a means for greater literary development.

THE April number of the *Lux Columbiana* contains an article entitled "A Mexican Pilgrimage," by Prof. E. M. Burwash, M.A., B.D.

THERE is none so fair,  
With a smile so rare,  
There is no one as tender  
As somebody.

Yet were others fair,  
With smiles as rare,  
I'd still love only  
Somebody.

WILL next year's class be called Onety-nought?—*Ex.*

THE *Monthly Maroon* is not only an exceptionally attractive magazine to handle and to look upon, but it also contains sketches, which, though showing at times a touch of crudeness, are on the whole wonderfully bright and strong.

THE *Acadia Athenaeum* contains a most interesting account of life at Oxford, written by one of the Rhodes scholars.

"WERE you frightened when that cyclone hit you?"  
"Yes, I was all up in the air."—*Ex.*

"WHAT is the spine?" asked the teacher.

"The spine," replied the boy, "is a long, wobbly bone. Your head sits on one end and you set on the other."—*Ex.*

AMONG our more recent exchanges we find a particularly neat well-printed *Review* from St. Andrew's College. The number is almost entirely the work of the boys of the College, and contains several exceedingly interesting and well-written sketches. The contents of the various departments suggest bright and healthy college activities. The *Review*, which is published three times a year—at Christmas, Easter and mid-summer—reflects great credit upon the institution from which it comes. We shall look forward with pleasure to the next issue of the *Review*.

## *Autumn Leaves*

ONE OF THEM.

WIND-BLOWN from their different quarters of the earth, the remnants of the glorious class of 1903 gathered in Alumni Hall, Monday evening, June 4th, 1906. Despite their somewhat shattered appearance, the veterans were fairly cheerful, and to themselves, at least, youth seemed not far off as they met again on the old familiar ground, in the old familiar way. The first evening was devoted to the gathering of the clan; greetings were read from absent members, and the well-beloved Chancellor honored the occasion with his presence, and welcomed the children home again to their alma mater. Children, indeed, they seemed to anyone who might have observed the game of tag which—but we reveal secrets!

On Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock, all but one tardy damsel met at Sunnyside for a good, old-time Humber picnic. The aforementioned damsel arrived shortly before the witching hour of three.

Tuesday evening the business meeting was held at the home of Mrs. J. R. L. Starr, where also the history and the prophecy were read to an enthralled audience.

Wednesday morning saw the indefatigables at Scarborough Cliffs, where they laid on a fine coat of tan, and regretted heartily that only one more event lay before them. For that they met at Sunnyside once more at half-past seven in the evening. A gallant little steam launch awaited them; a glorious moon shone above them; "college chums forever" were they—what could one more? For three hours they wandered over Lake Ontario, forgetting, it may be, or at least ignoring the fact, that one more landmark in their college history was almost past, and that not for seven more years was there to be an official '03 reunion. And yet, despite the sudden sinking of hearts that came with the announcement of "All ashore," the echo of the good old college song stayed with them, as a memory of the days past, and a prophecy of the days to be—

"College chums forever, we will always be,  
Though we're separated by a distant sea;  
College days may pass, but we'll forget you, never;  
Though sad we say good-bye to-day  
We're true college chums forever."



LUCK—"That old principle of whistling to keep your courage up is all right—but dad! it keeps you whistling."

MISS GALE, '09 (at tennis, having just missed a ball)—"Well, I'm crazy."

Kelly (cheerfully)—"Oh, never mind."

YOUNG lady to Miller, '09 (at Senior Dinner).—"I've dropped my serviette."

Miller—"I'll just go into the other room while you pick it up."

ELMER (singing plaintively)—"Will there be any stars in my crown, in my crown?"

It is commonly reported that Dr. Bell arrived in Leipzig with just 4s. and 6d. in his pockets.

STAPLEFORD (under the shower)—"I'd make a good 'sub,' wouldn't I?"

Macfarlane—"No, you wouldn't; you're too lean; you'd dry up too fast."

ELMER—"Have you heard my new song? Kind of a sad note running through it. It runs something like this: 'In the Shade of the Supplimentree.'"

Two perennially verdant freshmen sat on the window-ledge of the Athletic Building, and between them sat a young lady of some six or seven summers.

"Do the boys ever kiss you?" asked one of the P. V. F.

"No," replied the young lady. "You begin."

It is stated that at the recent examinations J. V. Mackenzie, '09, was decidedly up against it when he came to the French paper, but being by nature imaginative he decided to write notes on two of the heroes of the text, named "David" and "Fontaine." In the one case he gave a lengthy treatise on Goliath and the shepherd lad, and on the other on Fountain, 30 Adelaide Street West, commonly known as "My Valet." So much for reading your Bible and ACTA.

YOUNG Lady—"The first thing about Mr. Bull that struck me was his moustache."

MRS. RAFF—"Where are the Missionary Band going next?"

Miss Grange—"To Owen Sound, I think."

Mrs. Raff—"To the First Church."

Miss Grange—"Oh! I guess so, they usually take the first thing that comes along."

W. P. CLEMENT (*re Essays*).—"He said it was all right till I began to give details, then it got uninteresting."

"I found it so, too."

LANE—"You should never let the Examiner know that you've run short of ideas; so I always end my papers—"

"And on the other hand, also — — —"

KELLY (at restaurant)—"Give me two boiled eggs turned over, please."

HEMINGWAY, '09—"When I was in New York I had dinner at the Waldorf-Castoria."

DR. HORNING—"When I get Mr. Misener over in Germany I'll teach him to drink beer and see if he'll get fat."

HEMINGWAY and Miller, '09, discussing the theatre:

Miller—"I'd rather be downstairs with the patricians."

Hemingway—"No, I'd rather be up among the Hell-ots."

ARMSTRONG, '07—"My address this summer will be Heman Armstrong, England."

At the final meeting of the Classical Association—

Jimmy Cohoon—"Well, if there's no other business we'll dismiss.

FRED. GULLEN, '09 (telephoning from the Athletic Building)—"There's a girl over there I want to see. Well, I can't say what I want to just now, but may I have a personal interview next week?"

TRUEMAN—"You deck yourself out in your best goods, and it makes you feel quite uppish, don't you know?"

"It is an experience you will enjoy, and will stay with you some time."

HEMINGWAY (having just witnessed the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet)—"Gee! I'm glad I'm going to the Hall Sunday night."

MISS C-R-N—"Why, Pearl, you're a prophet."

Miss F.—"Yes, I'm a regular Nineveh."

Not only Freshmen, but Sophomores and Juniors, ran away home as fast as they could when exams. were over, leaving the Hall to the revels of the Seniors.

SIX representatives from Victoria will go to the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Silver Bay this year. In '03 only one was present, but the number has steadily increased ever since.

THE withdrawal of the Whitby Tournament this year was a great disappointment to many of the ardent supporters of the players who look forward fondly to this event.

OWING to the presence of a piano and some engaging students from Queen's, Miss P—l and L—e, had a pleasant, though somewhat tedious trip to Deseronto by *Str. Hamilton*. The Iroquois were not the only Indians on board.

### *Indian Relics Fund*

VICTORIA COLLEGE, June 1st, 1906.

The following sums have been received since June, 1905, by the treasurer of the Indian Relics fund, in payment of notes held by him :

1905			
Nov. 5	N. R. Bugg.....		\$5 00
1906			
Mar. 31	W. T. Brown, '07.....		2 00
Apr. 16	H. W. Brownlee, '04.....		5 00
Apr. 17	H. F. Woodsworth, '07 .....		2 00
Apr. 23	J. W. Miller, '04.....		5 00
Apr. 25	H. G. Brown, '06.....		2 00
	C. F. Ward, '04.....		2 00
May 24	W. A. Gifford, '04.....		3 00
	E. C. Irvine, '03.....		5 00
May 29	T. P. Campbell, '05 .....		10 00

The following are the disbursements :

1905			
Nov. 22	Interest on Dr. Potts' note.....		\$10 20
1906			
Mar. 19	Payment upon Dr. Potts' note.....		50 00

I. A. DAWSON,  
Treasurer *Indian Relics Fund*

PER A.B.F.

# ATHLETICS



## *The Victoria College Athletic Club*

THE final meeting of the Victoria College Athletic Club for this college year was held on March 20th. After some preliminary business discussion the Secretary-Treasurer gave a brief financial statement, which showed the organization to be in a very flourishing condition, despite the fact that it has been in existence only one year. The election of officers for the year 1906-07 was then held. The results are as follows:

Hon. President—Miss Skinner, '99.

President—Miss Norsworthy, '07.

Sec.-Treasurer—Miss Hunter, '08.

Representatives—Miss Bicknell, '07; Miss Bearman, '08; Miss Smith, '09.

Captains—Ice Hockey, Miss Grange, '07; Field Hockey, Miss Landon, '07; Basket Ball, Miss Maclareen, '08.

The V.C.A.C., which was organized in March, 1905, was designed to supply a long-felt want in the life of the women students at Victoria. They had, it is true, their place on the Executive of the Tennis Club, and for many years had organized a hockey club during the winter months, but these only imperfectly filled the need, and for some time, especially since the advent of the larger classes, there had been much agitation for a permanent, central organization for athletics. Hence the establishment of the V.C.A.C., which, as we have said, has this year so well fulfilled the purpose for which it was formed.

That the year has been a successful one is attested, not only by the victory of our College in the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament, and its splendid showing in the Intercollegiate Hockey Series, but also in the added interest taken by the girls in every department of athletics. Under the management of strong, enthusiastic captains, each department has itself been thoroughly organized, with the result that there were few students who were not enticed into joining in some game. The

field hockey practices were, with few exceptions, quite well attended, and the enthusiasm over this game was kept up till the snow came. Though basket ball was not so generally popular, a number of the girls kept faithfully at it, and the inter-year games, in which '09 finally won out, were, judging from the number of spectators and the intense excitement, very interesting. Owing to the scarcity of ice this winter, the girls did not take as much interest in ice hockey as was expected, but the regular team kept doggedly at work, utilizing every square foot of ice available, and were rewarded by getting an equal place with St. Hilda's for the Intercollegiate Championship. The final game, however, was not played off, as the St. Hilda's team disbanded early, having no ice to practice on.

Thus we see that much has been done this year to arouse a healthy interest in athletics among the girls, and under the management of the new Executive, with this year's experience as a basis, we are confident that the work of the V.C.A.C. will go on broadening till every girl will be as fully convinced of the benefits to be derived from the same practical participation in athletics as of those to be derived from any other department of college life.

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#### **NOTES**

OUR new Athletic Building appears like a drawing card. Within the memory of present undergraduates, the campus has never been the scene of such varied activity as during the last two months of the recent college year. From four to seven p.m., six days out of the week, almost every kind of sport was in progress. There was baseball, with its enthusiastic supporters and players. Men were seldom wanting to make up two full teams, and we may say without any semblance of flattery that some of the games were well contested. Many promising players are in evidence around Vic., including pitchers, catchers, sluggers, etc. Next year, if the season opens early enough, why not turn out a strong college team?

Besides baseball, rugby had its supporters. Many were faithfully getting into shape for the struggle sure to come in the fall. It is persistent work and hard practice that tells, and we are reasonably certain of seeing these men on the team. Judging from the enthusiasm, so early shown, Capt. Lamb will be ably supported in his efforts to lift Victoria's record one notch higher, which means to win the Mulock Cup.

Nor, in this enumeration, must we forget the ever-popular game of alley. If the others were well patronized this was overcrowded. One game at a time was generally the limit of each set of players. Then another set, well-toned up by waiting and anticipation, took their places. One result of this eagerness has been the development of many good players. Of course, better things are expected in the future from our alley team, as well as from all the others.

In mentioning the increased activity and enthusiasm in sport that Victoria has witnessed, we have already assigned to it a partial cause. After one year's experience one can affirm that the Athletic Building has given every indication of ultimately fulfilling the most sanguine hopes of its advocates. Not only did our athletes lack accommodation, but there existed no centre to our athletic life. It followed that those really anxious about our efforts could not inspire enough of the others with a like feeling to meet the demands for good men to fill the various teams. Now, however, in connection with athletics, we have a rendezvous, a place of common interest. Quite naturally it attracts men to the campus and the many beneficial results followed. Is it over-optimistic, then, to express the opinion that at present our sports are resting on a firmer basis than in any previous time, and that with the *esprit de corps*, sure to be engendered, Victoria will yet win as in her palmy days at Cobourg?

Before leaving the subject of our Athletic Building, a few words should be added. If it is to be run satisfactorily, and in the interests of every student, there must be co-operation among the men. Next year everything points to all its available space being occupied. Still, we believe, there will be room for all who wish to engage lockers. This being so, it is surely to be expected that all who do not become members will not make use of the building in any way, thereby inconveniencing locker-holders. Again, if we desire the building to be a model of cleanliness, and we certainly do, the men should set the example and assist the caretakers in freeing it of orange peelings, paper, etc., etc. Further, a serious difficulty presents itself in connection with the supply of hot water. Late comers will always run the risk of a compulsory, cold shower bath. It is out of place here to remedy this, except to hint that the first men remember those yet to follow. These are but a few of the many suggestions that a year's experience has produced.

THERE has been some convincing talk lately of the probability of a Field Day. Granted that this materializes certain things should be remembered by all. It will in no wise run counter to Varsity's annual sports, but will rather be used as a stimulus to encourage more of our athletes to compete in these games. Consequently the affair at Victoria must come off at least a week before that of Varsity. As this is held about the 25th of October, it follows that very little time will be available after the opening of college, in which to train for the events at Victoria. It would be wise, then, for all who are interested in the way of anticipating laurel wreaths to return to college in the pink of condition.

## \* \*

VICTORIA is again honored in the number of her representatives on the Varsity Lacrosse Team. Last year F. E. Coombs and W. L. Trench, both of '07, were among the number who defeated Swarthmore, and returned inter-college champions of America. This year F. E. Coombs, '07; E. G. Sanders, '08, and I. M. Green, '09, are in the touring party. We hope that the championship will remain on this side of the line.

## \* \*

THE annual outing of the Tennis Club was cancelled this year, owing to the misfortune that fell upon our sister institution at Whitby. It is not the loss of the day's sport and social enjoyment that is regretted at Victoria, though this was looked forward to with the greatest of pleasure, but the bereavement that produced it. Miss Compazzi was well known and highly appreciated among Victoria students, and her death is very keenly felt. In this expression of the sympathy that exists between the two colleges, one can see abundant and beneficial results of the semi-annual tournament that were so wisely begun a few years ago.

## \* \*

GRATIFYING news of R. Pearson, '04, has recently come from the far West. At the Calgary bonspiel, held last winter, he won the Walkerville trophy with his rink from Banff. Of course, Bob (Rev. Robt.) was the skip.

## \* \*

THE following men compose next year's A. U. E.: Hon. Pres., R. Pearson, B.A.; Pres., F. E. Coombs, '07; Sec., R. P. Stockton, '08; Treas., C. J. Ford, '07; '07 rep., R. W. Edmison; '08 rep., J. E. Lovering; '09 rep., L. Green; Rugby Captain, J. B. Lamb; Association Captain, I. W. Kilpatrick; Tennis Rep., L. N. Richardson.





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